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G O N E B E F O R E.

GONE BEFORE

BEING A MANUAL OF
CONSOLATION FOR THE BEREAVED
AND A WELL OF SYMPATHY
FOR THE SORROWING
FILLED FROM MANY
SOURCES

BY

HENRY SOUTHGATE

AUTHOR OF "MANY THOUGHTS OF MANY MINDS," &c., &c., &c.



*"Come unto Me, all ye that labour and are heavy laden,
and I will give you rest."—Matt. xi. 28.*



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P R E F A C E.

“Blessed are they that mourn, for they shall be comforted.”—Matt. v. 4.

No man can write on a subject with which he is unacquainted. But who is unacquainted with sorrow? Who has not had to suffer the anguish of bereavement? Who has not confronted, in thought and anticipation at least, the dread mystery of death? The consolations of God more than counterbalance the afflictions which He sends; but the mind, wholly occupied with the immediate cause of its grief, fails to see that there may be a compensating good. Yet *this* there must be in every dispensation, however painful, of Him whose way and work are perfect. I have therefore thought that if a selection from the writings of the wise and good, of all churches and of all ages, could be put into the hands of the sorrowful in the day of their grief, they might be shown the brighter side of the cloud, and be assisted to see, that even in the darkest forms of earthly trouble, they were not less the objects of the divine interest and favour than in other times when the tide of affairs was smooth and flowing, or when affection could count all its nearest and dearest ones among the living circle around it. To

this impression the present volume owes its existence, and I trust that it will not altogether fail in the object to which it is very earnestly devoted. The selections have been made from many Authors, and the subject might easily have been developed in more extended and numerous quotations, but a larger book was deemed less suitable for those for whom this work is especially designed. Should it be the means of raising the depressed eye to heaven—of alleviating in any degree the burden of the “heavy-laden”—of leading the heart that has been bereft of its dearest treasures to look onward to a world of reunion, where they will be recovered beyond the possibility of loss, I shall have the satisfaction, if not of reducing the *amount* of sorrow in the world, at least of assuaging its *bitterness*.

HENRY SOUTHGATE.

*Elm Cottage,
Forest Hill, S.E.*

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Who are these which are arrayed in white robes, and whence came they? And he said to me, These are they which came out of great tribulation, and have washed their robes, and made them white in the blood of the Lamb. Therefore are they before the throne of God, and serve Him day and night in His temple : and He that sitteth on the throne shall dwell among them. They shall hunger no more, neither thirst any more ; neither shall the sun light on them, nor any heat. For the Lamb which is in the midst of the throne shall feed them, and shall lead them unto living fountains of waters : and God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes.—Revelation vii. 13—17.

AFFLICTION.



WE NEED THE CLOUD.

It was out of the cloud that the deluge came, yet it is upon it that the bow is set. The cloud is a thing of darkness, yet God chooses it for the place where He bends the arch of light! Such is the way of our God. He knows that we need the cloud, and that a bright sky without a speck or shadow would not suit us in our passage to the kingdom. Therefore He draws the cloud above us not once in a lifetime, but many times. But lest the gloom should appal us He braids the cloud with sunshine, nay, makes it the object which gleams to our eye with the very fairest hues of heaven.

Yes, it is not merely light after the darkness has fled away. That we shall one day know—how fully!

But it is light in darkness; light beaming out of a ray produced by that darkness! Water from the rock; wells from the sand; light from the very cloud that darkens; life in the very midst of death!

This is the marvel, this is the joy. Peace in trouble; gladness in sorrow; nay, peace and gladness produced by the very tribulation itself; peace and gladness which nothing but that tribulation could have produced! Such is the deep love of God; and such is the way in which He makes all things work together for good to us.

REV. HORATIUS BONAR.

BOW THYSELF TO LEARN THE ALPHABET OF TEARS.

God alone

Instructeth how to mourn. He doth not trust
This higher lesson to a voice or hand
Subordinate. Behold! He cometh forth!
O sweet disciple—bow thyself to learn
The alphabet of tears.

MRS. SIGOURNEY.

“THE MASTER IS COME AND CALLETH FOR THEE.”

AND, oh! silent mourner, as surely as that affliction has come which makes thine heart know its own bitterness, so surely “The Master is come and calleth for thee.” This affliction of thine was not unknown to Him; it has brought Him nearer to thee than He was before, if one may so speak in accommodation to human infirmity and understanding; the affliction makes it more possible for thee to realize the supporting presence of Jesus than it would have been if the affliction had not come. Thou mayest have been forgetting the Saviour, as thou hast been troubled, but the Saviour has not been forgetting thee; thou mayest have neglected to come to Him, but He sends for thee. And this very affliction has a message which says, “Come unto Me, all ye that are weary and heavy laden, and I will give you rest.”

“Be careful [that is, over-anxious] for nothing, but in every thing [even in this bitter affliction,] by prayer and supplication, with thanksgiving, let your requests be made known to God, and the peace of God, which passeth all understanding, shall keep your hearts and minds through Christ Jesus.” Go to that Saviour who calleth thee, and He will tell thee of strength in the midst of human weakness, and of resurrection life amidst all the circumstances of sorrow connected with mortality; and He will assure thee that wisdom and love have arranged the circumstances of every trial, as well as the circumstances of every mercy; and He will enable thee to acquiesce in all that has been done for the glory of God.

This may be said of the trials of all God's servants in all ages of the world, that love appoints them, wisdom chooses them, providence arranges them, promises are provided for them, grace can support and strengthen those who are suffering because of them, and glory shall be the issue of them when every mystery shall be cleared away, and when He who is the resurrection and the life shall put the finishing stroke to His great work of redemption, and cause death to be swallowed up in victory.

REV. WM. CADMAN, M.A.

LOVE'S STERNER TONE.

God's dealings still are love ; his chastenings are alone
Love now compelled to take an altered sterner tone.

ARCHBISHOP TRENCH.

THE SCHOOL OF SORROW FOR THE WORK OF GREATER USEFULNESS.

AFFLICTION is sent for the spiritual and eternal good of the righteous. Affliction makes Christians holier in heart, and enables them to climb higher towards heaven ; it shows them all life's vanities ; it makes them sit loose to the world and its delights, and it disciplines them in the school of sorrow for the work of greater usefulness in the Church of God ; and by it the Spirit prepares them on earth for the joys of heaven. Affliction makes eternal truth and beauty shine forth visibly ; it revives the drooping Christian's life, and raises the soul to sweeter communion and joys with God. Affliction is the strong wind that severs the chaff of earthliness from the precious wheat of divine life in the Christian ; it is the raging fire that purges away all the dross and defilements of sin from the sterling gold of Christian faith and love, by the power of the Holy Spirit, sealing it for heaven ; it is the battling tempest which shakes the

Christian tree to its roots, and yet only to make it strike deeper in divine power, and rise higher in divine life, and be more lovely and fruitful in God's garden. In fine, affliction is as the plank from the broken ship—the body shattered in death, and the flooding wave which bears the “departing soul” looking to Jesus” in full confidence and love to be for ever with Him in the haven of eternal rest.

REV. J. G. ANGLE, M.A.



GOD'S MESSENGER SENT DOWN TO THEE.

COUNT each affliction, whether light or grave,
 God's messenger sent down to thee. Do thou
 With courtesy receive him ;—grief should be
 Like joy, majestic, equable, sedate—
 Confirming, cleansing, raising, making free ;
 Strong to consume small troubles ; to commend
 Great thoughts—grave thoughts—thoughts lasting to the end.

AUBREY DE VERE.



TRIBULATION IS THE HAND THAT LEADETH TO GOD.

GOD's love, as the active principle in the heart, is the angel-presence that banishes all impatience, all petulance, all rebelliousness, all fear. What the God I love does, must be right. The God I love sends my tribulations, therefore will I glory even in tribulations. Only love can interpret the mysteries of God. I will close with a picture. “After this I beheld, and, lo, a great multitude, which no man could number stood before the throne, and before the Lamb, clothed with white robes, and palms in their hands ; and cried with a loud voice, saying, Salvation to our God which sitteth upon the throne, and unto the Lamb. And all the angels stood round about the throne, and about the elders and the four living creatures, and fell before

the throne on their faces, and worshipped God, saying, Amen : Blessing, and glory, and wisdom, and thanksgiving, and honour, and power, and might, be unto our God for ever and ever. Amen. And one of the elders answered, saying unto me, What are these which are arrayed in white robes ? and whence came they ? And I said unto him, Sir, thou knowest. And he said to me, These are they which came out of great tribulation, and have *washed their robes, and made them white in the blood of the Lamb.* THEREFORE are they before the throne of God" (Rev. vii. 9—14). Thus tribulation is the hand that leadeth to God. It is the pathway to the angels. It is the gateway of heaven.

REV. JOSEPH HALSEY.



"OUR light affliction, which is but for a moment, worketh for us a far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory."—2 Cor. iv. 17.

"FOR I reckon that the sufferings of this present time are not worthy to be compared with the glory which shall be revealed in us."—Rom. viii. 18.



EVEN the darkest things God has explanations for ; and it is only necessary to be let into His views and designs, as when we are made capable of being, we certainly shall, to see a transcendent wisdom and beauty in them all.

REV. HORACE BUSHNELL, D.D.



THE MORN OF JOY, BUT FIRST THE TEARFUL SOWING.

A LITTLE while of mingled joy and sorrow,
A few more years to wander here below,
To wait the dawning of that golden morrow
Where morn shall break above our night of woe.

A few more thorns around our pathway growing,
Ere yet our hands may cull the heavenly flowers ;
The morn of joy, but first the tearful sowing
Ere we may rest these weary souls of ours.

A few more hours of weariness and sighing,
 Of mourning o'er the power of inner sin,
 A little while of daily crucifying
 Unto this world and evil heart within.

A little longer in this vale of weeping,
 Of yearning for the sinless home above ;
 A little while of watching and of keeping
 Our garments by the power of Him we love.

A little while, and we shall dwell for ever
 Within our bright, our everlasting home,
 Where time, or space, or death, no more can sever
 Our grief-wrung hearts—and pain can never come.

'Tis but a little while—the way is dreary,
 The night is dark, but we are nearing land !
 O for the rest of heaven ! for we are weary,
 And long to mingle with the deathless band.

From Hymns selected by Rev. J. C. Ryle.

THE tissue of every Christian's destiny is wrought with threads of mercy, and mercy impresses her own lovely characters on every trial he is called to bear.

DR. RAFFLES.

“IF NEED BE.”

WHAT a blessed motto and superscription over the dark lintels of sorrow ! “If need be !” Every arrow from the quiver of God is feathered with it. Write it, child of affliction, over every trial thy God sees fit to send ! If He calls thee down from the sunny mountain heights to the darksome glades, hear Him saying, “There is a need-be.” If He have dashed the cup of earthly prosperity from thy lips, curtailed thy creature comforts, diminished “thy basket and thy store,” hear Him saying, “There is a need-be.” If he has ploughed and furrowed thy soul with severe bereavement, extinguished light after light in thy dwelling, hear Him thus stilling the tumult of thy grief,—“There is a need-be.” Yes,

believe it, there is some profound reason for thy trial, which at present may be undiscernible. No furnace will be hotter than He sees to be needed. Sometimes, indeed, His teachings are mysterious. We can with difficulty spell out the letters, "God is love." We can see no "bright light," no luminous bow in our cloud. It is all mystery ; not one break is there in the sky. Nay, hear what God the Lord doth speak,—“If need be.” He does not long leave His people alone if He sees the chariot wheels dragging heavily : He will take His own means to sever them from an absorbing love of the world, to pursue them out of self, and dislodge usurping clay idols that may have vaulted on the throne which He alone may occupy. Before thy present trial He may have seen thy love waxing cold, thy influence for good lessening. As the sun puts out the fire, the sun of earthly prosperity may have been extinguishing the fires of thy soul ; thou mayest have been shining less brightly for Christ, effecting some guilty compromise with an insinuating and seductive world. He has appointed the very discipline and dealing needful ; nothing *else*, nothing *less*, could have done. Be still, and know that He is God ! That “need-be,” remember, is in the hands of infinite Love, infinite Wisdom, infinite Power.

Trust Him in little things as well as in great things, in trifles as well as in emergencies ; seek to have an unquestioning faith. We may not be able to understand it now, but one day we shall come to find that affliction is one of God’s most blessed angels ; a ministering spirit sent forth to minister to them who are heirs of salvation. There would be no bow in the material heaven but for the cloud. Lovelier indeed to the eye is the azure blue, the fleecy summer vapours, or the gold and vermilion of western sunsets ; but what would become of the earth if no dark clouds from time to time hung over it, distilling their treasures, reviving and refreshing its drooping vegetable tribes ? Is it otherwise with the soul ? Nay, the cloud of sorrow is needed, its every raindrop has an inner meaning of love. If even now, afflicted one, these clouds are gathering, and the tempest sighing, lift up thine eye to the divine scroll gleaming in the darkened heavens, and remember that He who has put the bow of promise there, saw also a “need-be” for the cloud on which it rests.

THE DISCIPLINE OF PROVIDENTIAL TRIAL.

YE to whom the time of visitation has come through the discipline of providential trial, oh ! take it not hardly that God has thus dealt with you. Be grateful, rather, that as a wise Father He will not spare you pain, when pain is needful and salutary. Be anxious only to obtain the full blessing that your trial is commissioned to impart ; and so your sorrow shall be the prelude of eternal joy ; your cross shall gain you a crown, and your thorny path on earth shall open out into the glories of the unending paradise above.

REV. C. M. MERRY.



A BRIGHT LIGHT ALWAYS ON THE OTHER SIDE.

REMEMBER if the cloud is over you, that there is a bright light always on the other side ; also that the time is coming, either in this world or the next, when that cloud will be swept away, and the fulness of God's light and wisdom poured around you. Everything which has befallen you, whatever sorrow your heart bleeds with, whatever pain you suffer, even though it be the pains of a passion like that which Jesus endured at the hands of His enemies—nothing is wanting but to see the light that actually exists, waiting to be revealed, and you will be satisfied. If your life is dark, then walk by faith, and God is pledged to keep you as safe as if you could understand everything. “He that dwelleth in the secret place of the Most High shall abide under the shadow of the Almighty.”

REV. HORACE BUSHNELL, D.D.



THE TOUCHSTONE TO THE SOUL.

THE more the cross, the nearer heaven !
 Where is no cross, there God is not !
 The world's turmoil doth hide His face ;
 Hell, sense, and self, make Him forgot.
 Oh ! where God draws a blessed lot,
 His mercy some dark lines doth trace.

The more the cross, the better Christian !
God lays the touchstone to each soul !
How many a garden must lie waste,
Did not a tear-storm o'er it roll !
Refining grief, a living coal,
Upon the Christian's heart is placed.

The more the cross, the more believing !
In desert lands the palm trees grow ;
And when the grape is strongly pressed,
Then doth its sweetness overflow ;
And strength lies hid in every woe,
As pearls do in the salt wave rest.

The more the cross, the more the praying !
The bruised plant yields sweetest balm ;
Man doth not seek to find the pole
In quiet seas and steady calm ;
And how should we have David's Psalms
Had he not had a troubled soul ?

The more the cross, the more the longing !
Out of the vale, man upward goes ;
Whose pathway through the desert lies,
He craves the land where Jordan flows.
When here the dove finds no repose,
Straight to the ark with joy she flies.

The more the cross, the sweeter death,
For man rejoices then to die ;
When as his body is laid down
Much pain and sorrow are laid by ;
His cross there on his grave doth lie.
See ! man doth wear the victor's crown !

O Jesus, Lord, the Crucified !
Now let the cross more welcome be ;
Nor let my soul complaining toss,
But plant Thou such a heart in me,
As patiently shall look to Thee
For gain up yonder for my loss.

IT COMES WITH ITS PROPER AND DISTINCT MESSAGE.

EVERY affliction comes to us with its proper and distinct message ; it has a voice for the ear of faith—a lesson for the heart of the child ; it writes upon the wall, for the eye to catch, letters of fire, but full alike of wisdom and love. If, however, the mind of the Christian is distracted and disturbed, the voice will either not be heard, or its import will be mistaken—the writing will not itself be legible, or it will not be in a language which the man understands, and there will be no prophet “to give the interpretation,” for in wisely translating the language of Providence every man must be interpreter to himself. If, on the other hand, a man “possesses his soul in patience,” his eye will be clear, his mind calm, his look steady and penetrating, his apprehension just ; the affliction will cease to seem strange or mysterious ; everything about it will become clear and distinct ; he will “stand still,” “lay his hand upon his mouth,” “fold his face in his mantle,” and listen attentively to whatever he finds God is addressing to him.

REV. T. BINNEY.



COME then, affliction, if my Father bids,
And be my frowning friend : a friend that frowns
Is better than a smiling enemy.
We welcome clouds that bring the former rain,
Though they the present prospect blacken round,
And shade the beauties of the opening year,
That, by their stores enriched, the earth may yield
A fruitful summer and a plenteous crop.

CHARLES SWAIN.



“ALL troubles have their commissions and instructions from God, what to do, where to go, whom to touch, and whom to pass over.”

BISHOP REYNOLDS.

WHAT GOLDEN FRUIT LIES HIDDEN IN ITS HUSK?

I ASK

What He would have this evil do for me?
 What is its mission?—what its misery?
 What golden fruit lies hidden in its husk?
 How shall it nurse my virtue, nerve my will,
 Chasten my passions, purify my love,
 And make me in some goodly sense like Him
 Who bore the cross of evil while He lived,
 Who hung and bled upon it when He died,
 And now in glory wears the victor's crown?

JOSIAH GILBERT HOLLAND.



A DISCIPLINE PRUNING REDUNDANCIES.

AFFLICTION, when it is well sustained, affords the means of improving every part of the Christian character. It is a discipline which by pruning redundancies, discovering and healing diseases, and exciting and encouraging languid actions and dormant principles, diffuses its influence over the heart, and consequently shows itself in the life, in more correct and energetic practice, more diligence, more of the Christian spirit and of resemblance to the Christian's great and perfect Exemplar, more entire devotedness to the service of the Most High.

W. NEWNHAM.



"THOU, O God, hast proved us; thou hast tried us as silver is tried; thou laidst affliction upon our loins."—Psa. lxi. 10, 11.

"FEAR not; for God is come to prove you, and that His fear may be before your faces that ye sin not."—Exod. xx. 20.

"HE is like a refiner's fire, and like fuller's sope; and He shall sit as a refiner and purifier of silver, and purge them as gold and silver."—Mal. iii. 2 and 3.

CAST AN EYE UPON HIS HAND THAT SENT IT.

IF any hard affliction hath surprised thee, cast an eye upon His hand that sent it, and the other upon the sin that brought it. If thou thankfully receive the message, He that sent it will discharge the messenger

F. QUARLES.

THY God hath said, 'tis good for thee
 To walk by faith, and not by sight,
 Take it on trust a little while ;
 Soon shalt thou read the mystery right,
 In the bright sunshine of His smile.

REV. JOHN KEBLE.

OUT OF DARK AFFLICTION COMES
SPIRITUAL LIGHT.

THE school of the cross is the school of light ; it discovers the world's vanity, baseness, and wickedness, and lets us see more of God's mind. Out of dark affliction comes spiritual light.

BUNYAN.

“WHAT TIME I AM AFRAID, I WILL TRUST
IN THEE.”

IF God send us midnights of trial, let these be hallowed and consecrated to us by a more loving trust in that loving Saviour, leading us more fondly to welcome the Lord's voice upon the waters, and to take as our motto and watchword for all the contingencies of an unknown future, “What time I am afraid, I will trust in Thee.”

REV. J. R. MACDUFF D.D.

WHEN afflicted, love can allow thee to groan, but not to grumble.

WILLIAM GURNALL.

“IN the day of prosperity be joyful, but in the day of adversity consider, God hath set the one over against the other.”
—Eccles. 7, 14.

“YOU may have a rough voyage through life, but you have nothing to fear, while you have unbelief below, faith on deck, and Christ at the helm of your little bark.

THOS. JACKSON, D.D.

JESUS HOLDS AND GUIDES THE SHIP.

THE Christian navigates a sea
Where various forms of death appear,
Nor skill alas! nor power has he
Aright his dangerous course to steer.

Why does he venture then from shore,
And dare so many deaths to brave?
Because the land affrights him more
Than all the perils of the wave.

Because he hopes a port to find
Where all his toils shall be repaid;
And though unskilful, weak, and blind,
Yet Jesus bids him nothing dread.

But though His faithful word is given,
Who does not change, and cannot lie;
Yet when his bark by storms is driven,
He doubts, and fears destruction nigh.

Sometimes there lies a treacherous rock
Beneath the surface of the wave;
He strikes—but yet survives the shock,
For Jesus is at hand to save.

But hark! the midnight tempest roars;
He seems forsaken and alone;
But Jesus, whom he then implores,
Unseen preserves, and leads him on.

On the smooth surface of the deep
 Without a fear he sometimes lies ;
 The danger then is lest he sleep,
 And ruin seize him by surprise.

Then sudden mists obstruct his view,
 And he enjoys the sight no more ;
 Nor does he now believe it true
 That he had ever seen the shore.

Though fear his heart should overwhelm,
 He'll reach the port for which he's bound ;
 For Jesus holds and guides the ship,
 And safety is where He is found.

Methinks I see him now at last
 Safe anchored in the port of joy ;
 He thinks no more of conflicts past,
 Wonder and love his heart employ.

He wonders much at all he sees,
 He loves the Author of his bliss,
 And cries while he the scene surveys,
 " Oh, what a glorious land is this ! "

REV. JOHN KELLY.



TRUST IN CHRIST—IN THE STORM.

WE are ready (like the apostles of old) to adore Jesus after the storm, but we do not trust to His power to save us in the storm. If we wish to please Jesus much, and be spared His cutting rebuke, " O thou of little faith, wherefore didst thou doubt ? "—we must pray for faith to trust Jesus in the hour of danger—in the hour of most imminent danger, trust Him when we are even appearing to sink, and pale not with fear before the most giant billows.

But who is sufficient for this ? Let us ever pray, " Lord, help my unbelief ; " " increase my faith. " Let us fear God, and then we need fear nothing else.

After all, tempests are sent for good. Storms in the natural

world purify the elements. Does not the sun shine out in greater splendour through the cleared atmosphere after the storm? Does not all nature look revived and refreshed after the tempest? Herbs and flowers emit lovelier colours and a sweeter fragrance. Hills and valleys resound with the echoes of glad birds and flocks. Man, relieved of a heavy weight, looks upward and around with pleased and grateful emotions. So is it likewise in the spiritual world. Sin and holiness, coming together with a great thunder-crash, purify the soul within. The power of Jesus is adored after the storm more than before; the Sun of righteousness bursts forth in richer glory. Reviving light from above, streams on the sacred page of the Word. New and refreshing views of God's mysterious dealings with His people, once seen through a narrow and perverted medium, now seem to be for the best; and, at the same time, healthful convictions of our own utter weakness and blindness, of our shameful unbelief, peer through the cleared atmosphere of the sanctified mind after the storm. And as tempests in nature serve to drive the ship all the more rapidly to the destined port, so spiritual tempests, blessed to the sons of clay, are instrumental in hurrying the frail and shattered bark of the soul more quickly to heaven, where the Christian ever longs to be; where all life's tempests shall be hushed, time's perils o'er, and sin and the last enemy, death, destroyed, he shall be safely moored in eternity's serene haven, bound by that strongest of all chains—love to Jesus, the only “anchor of the soul, both sure and steadfast, and which entereth into that within the vail.”

REV. RICHARD JONES, M.A.



THE SHIP THAT HAS CHRIST ON BOARD.

WE often speak of life as a stormy and troubled sea; and none have so keen an experience of its toils and adverse blasts as the disciplined follower of Christ. It is very true that it is not all darkness with the believer; if it were so he might soon throw down his weary oars, and suffer his bark to drift whither-

soever the waves of fate might bear her. No ! the star of Bethlehem often looks cheerily down upon him, and guides him on his difficult way. But it might be, if the star always shone with equal brightness, or if the believer were always conscious of the presence and protection of the Saviour that he would not value, so highly as it deserved, a blessing of which he did *not know the want*. We are so apt to get into the habit of considering our mercies as things which belong to us, and form a part of our being, that we require to be taught by their loss the double lesson, that they really were necessary to us, and that they came to us from the bounty of our gracious heavenly Father. And thus the Lord sometimes suffers His people to go awhile without Him, in order that feeling the want of Him, they may in the end be led to love Him, and cling to Him with a more intense affection. Of one thing we are sure, that the ship that has Christ on board, is sure at last of reaching that happy shore where "the wicked cease from troubling, and where the weary are at rest."

REV. JOHN WALTON MURRAY, B.A.



THEY COME TO TEACH US LESSONS.

How weary and how worthless this life at times appears !
 What days of heavy musings, what hours of bitter tears !
 How dark the storm-clouds gather across the wintry skies !
 How desolate and cheerless the path before us lies !

And yet these days of dreariness are sent us from above,
 They do not come in anger, but in faithfulness and love ;—
 They come to teach us lessons which bright ones could not
 yield,
 And to leave us blest and thankful when their purpose is fulfilled.

They come to draw us nearer our Father and our God,
 More earnestly to seek His face, and listen to His word,
 And to feel, if now around us a desert land we see,
Without the star of promise, what would its darkness be ?

They come to lay us lowly and humbled in the dust,
 All self-deception swept away, all creature hope and trust,
 Our helplessness, our vileness, our guilt to make us own,
 And flee for hope and refuge to Jesus Christ alone.

They come to break the fetters which here detain us fast,
 And force our long-reluctant hearts to rise to heaven at last,
 And brighten every prospect of that eternal home
 Where grief and disappointment and fear can never come.

Then turn not in despondence, poor weary heart, away,
 But meekly journey onwards, through the dark and cloudy day ;
 E'en now the bow of promise is above thee shining bright,
 And soon a joyful morning shall dissipate the night.

Thy God hath not forgot thee, and when He sees it best,
 Will lead thee into sunshine, will give thee hours of rest ;
 And all thy pain and sorrow, when the pilgrimage is o'er,
 Shall end in heavenly blessedness, and joys for evermore.

SPITTA.



TIME OF VISITATION.

THERE are providential events which may be regarded in the light of a "time of visitation" to those concerned in them. In trouble, in sorrow, in bereavement, God comes nigh to men, and makes His voice to be heard, enforcing His own claims and their most solemn duty. To how many of you has He thus come? You were deaf to His appeals while all went well with you, as men speak ; and so He took you aside, and in the silent chamber of affliction compelled you to give heed to Him. He sent you a great sorrow ; He crossed you in your most cherished project ; He took away the object of your fondest regard ; He did all this, not for His own pleasure, but for your profit. He could not bear that you should be alienated from Him. How has it been with you in those times of visitation?—that sweet dawn of your life ; those sanctuary influences ; that direct appeal of your heavenly Father to your soul ; the trials that

have met you in your way ;—how have you regarded them all ?
Have they been to you what God has meant them to be ?

REV. C. M. MERRY.

ARE afflictions aught
But mercies in disguise—th' alternate cup,
Medicinal though bitter, and prepared
By love's own hand for salutary ends.

DAVID MALLET.

THERE is healing in the bitter cup.

SOUTHEY.

'Tis a physic
That's bitter to sweet end.

SHAKESPEARE.

“O LORD, correct me ; but with judgment ; not in Thine anger,
lest Thou bring me to nothing.”—Jer. x. 24.

“FEAR thou not, saith the Lord, for I am with thee ; but I
will not make a full end of thee, but correct thee in measure.”—
Jer. xlvi. 28.

“FOR He will not lay upon man more than right, that he
should enter into judgment with God.”—Job xxxiv. 23.

O MY GOD, MY GOD, RELIEVE ME.

O DO not use me
After my sins, look not on my desert,
But on Thy glory ! then Thou wilt reform,
And not refuse me ; for Thou only art
The mighty God, but I a silly worm :
O do not bruise me !

O do not urge me !

For what account can Thy ill steward make ?

I have abused thy stock, destroyed Thy woods,
Sucked all Thy magazines : my heart did ache,
Till it found out how to consume Thy goods :

O do not scourge me !

O do not blind me !

I have deserved that an Egyptian night

Should thicken all my powers ; because my lust
Hath still sewed fig-leaves to exclude Thy light :
But I am frailty and already dust :

O do not grind me !

O do not fill me

With the turned vial of Thy bitter wrath !

For Thou hast other vessels full of blood,
A part whereof my Saviour emptied hath
E'en unto death ; since He died for my good,
O do not kill me !

But oh, reprieve me !

For Thou hast *life* and *death* at Thy command ;

Thou art both *Judge* and *Saviour*, *feast* and *rod*,
Cordial and corrosive : put not Thy hand
Into the bitter box ; but, O my God,
My God, relieve me.

GEORGE HERBERT.

AFFLICTION is a kind of moral gymnasium, in which the disciples of Christ are trained to robust exercise, hardy exertion, and severe conflict.

HANNAH MORE.

GOD hath many sharp-cutting instruments and rough files for the polishing of His jewels ; and those He especially loves, and means to make the most resplendent, He hath oftenest His tools upon.

ARCHBISHOP LEIGHTON.

WHERE THERE IS NO STORM, THERE CAN BE NO STILLING OF THE TROUBLED SOUL.

UNLESS we truly feel affliction when it comes upon us, and allow it to go to our heart, it will never be a trial to us ; and where there is no trial there can neither be need for fortitude nor room for submission ; or, to use metaphorical language, where there is no storm, there can be no stilling of the troubled soul.

Accordingly, we find that even Christ Himself had so exquisite a sense of suffering that He said, "My soul is exceeding sorrowful, even unto death." "Now is My soul troubled ; and what shall I say ? Save me from this hour." "O My Father, if it be possible, let this cup pass from Me." We are not to suppose, then, that we are wanting in submission to Heaven if we feel our trials deeply, provided we put down all sinful repinings, and express the same reverential submission with our Lord. "Nevertheless, not as I will, but as Thou wilt." To be indifferent to suffering, or to make light of it, so far from being a duty, is a most heinous sin ; it is a virtual refusing to bend under the hand of the Almighty—a "despising of the chastening of the Lord."

REV. PETER GRANT.

"I HAVE chosen thee in the furnace of affliction."

—Isaiah xlviii. 10.

AFFLICTION IS A DIVINE DIET.

AFFLICTION is a divine diet, which, though it be not pleasing to mankind, yet Almighty God hath often, very often imposed it as a good, though bitter physic, to those children whose souls are dearest to Him.

IZAAK WALTON.

THERE IS A LESSON IN EVERY TRIAL.

WHEN the trial comes, what we need is not deliverance from the trial ; that might not be good for us ; and what we are not

perhaps prepared to ask for as yet, for we do not thoroughly understand the trial ; and until we have an intelligent apprehension of its meaning, we shall not ask believingly. What I say we are not yet prepared to ask for is, complete submission and complete resignation. But what we want when the trial comes is, first and foremost, divine wisdom, that we may be able first rightly to understand the true meaning of God in the discipline, that we may be able to see what His purpose is, in thus dealing with us. There is a voice in the trial, there is a lesson in the trial, there is an intent and purpose in the dealing of our heavenly Father with us ; and what we need is divine wisdom, in order that we may hearken to that voice, in order that we may apprehend and interpret the meaning, in order that we may fully see through the design which God has towards us. What is it that God means? Is it that He wants to fan the flame of some slumbering virtue? Is it that He wants to prune off some noxious branch? Is it that He wants to punish us for some sin that we are committing? Is it that He wants to quicken us in something in which we are defective? What we need is wisdom to understand and rightly interpret the meaning of God in the discipline. Then, having that wisdom, we shall receive the trial submissively and with resignation, and exclaim from our heart, "It is the Lord, let Him do what seemeth Him good."

REV. EMILIUS BAYLEY, D.D.

JUST heaven but tries our virtue by affliction ;
And oft the cloud which wraps the present hour
Serves but to brighten all our future days.

JOHN BROWN.

"THE SHADOW OF DEATH."

THE light would never be so acceptable were it not for that usual intercourse of darkness. Too much honey doth turn to gall, and too much joy, even spiritual, would make us wanton.

God will have them that shall walk in light to feel now and then what it is to sit in “the shadow of death.”

BISHOP HOOKER.



THY SUFFICIENCY IS OF GOD.

TIMID and discouraged believer, shrinking back at the sight of the perils of climbing the hill Difficulty, or afraid as thou hearest the roar of the lions in front of the palace Beautiful, lift up thy head ; be not discouraged, thy sufficiency is of God. What frightens thee ?—affliction ? God is thy health. Persecution ? God is thy crown. Perplexity ? God is thy counsel. Death ? God is thine everlasting life. Only trust in God, and all shall be well ; life shall glide thee into death, and death shall glide thee into heaven. “Who shall separate us from the love of Christ ? Shall tribulation, or distress, or famine, or nakedness, or peril, or sword ? Nay [as if these things were hardly to be named at all] nay, in all these things we are more than conquerors through Him that hath loved us.” Oh the royalty of the language !

Let doubt then and danger my progress oppose,
They only make heaven more sweet at the close ;
Afflictions may damp me, they cannot destroy,
For one glimpse of His love turns them all into joy.
Come joy or come sorrow, whate’er may befall,
One hour with my God will make up for them all.

REV. MORLEY PUNSHON.



LET NOT YOUR HEART BE TROUBLED.

LOOK, my brethren, beyond the grave, and consider both the glorious nature of the godly believer’s prospects in that wondrous and boundless world, and the comforts, the raptures of soul, the ecstasies, the blessed assurances they, by way of anticipation, reflect back upon his pathway here. My dear friends, this is an overpowering subject, transcending the utmost efforts of

human eloquence or a finite pen. Let us then hear the Saviour's own words in reference to this subject, "Let not your heart be troubled ; ye believe in God, believe also in Me. In My Father's house are many mansions ; I go to prepare a place for you." And the apostle—"If we believe that Jesus died and rose again, even so also them that sleep in Jesus will God bring with Him." Oh, joy of joys ! The last enemy is overcome ; "for both He that sanctifieth, and they that are sanctified are of one." And as they, "the children, are partakers of flesh and blood, He also Himself likewise took part of the same, that through death He might destroy him that had the power of death, that is, the devil, and deliver them who through fear of death were all their lifetime subject to bondage." Therefore take comfort, Christians, when your friends in Jesus fall asleep.

" Why inconsolable as those
 To whom no hope is given ?
 Death is the healer of our woes,
 And wafts our souls to heaven."
 " A few short years of conflict past,
 We meet around the throne at last."

And when the eye of the thoughtful and experienced wanders down the dark and gloomy vale of the uncertain future—"when languor and disease invade this trembling house of clay—" "when troubles assail and dangers affright"—"when gathering clouds around we view"—when "friend after friend departs," what can support or cheer the drooping soul like the Christian's hope of a coming and blessed immortality ; "a hope that maketh not ashamed ;" "the evening beam that smiles the clouds away," and that lends to everything he does, to all he experiences, to all he hopes or fears in this world, the interest, the pathos, the sublimity of the eternal ?

REV. S. H. SIMPSON.



LOOK ABOVE THIS WORLD OF SORROWS.

OH ! my soul, look above this world of sorrows ! Hast thou so long felt the smarting rod of affliction, and no better understood its meaning ? Is not every stroke to drive thee hence ?

Is not its voice like that to Elijah, "What doest thou here?" Dost thou forget thy Lord's prediction, "In the world ye shall have tribulation, in Me ye shall have peace?" Ah, my dear Lord, I feel Thy meaning; it is written in my flesh, engraved in my bones. My heart Thou aimest at; Thy rod drives, Thy silken cord of love draws: and all to bring me to Thyself. Lord, can such a heart be worth Thy having? Make it worthy, and then it is Thine; take it to Thyself, and then take me. This clod hath life to stir, but not to rise. As the feeble child to the tender mother, it looketh up to Thee, and stretcheth out the hands, and fain would have Thee take it up. Though I cannot say, "My soul longeth after Thee," yet I can say I long for such a heart. "The spirit is willing, the flesh is weak." My spirit cries, "Let Thy kingdom come;" but the flesh is afraid. Thou should'st hear my prayer, and take me at my word. Oh! blessed be Thy grace, which makes use of my corruptions to kill themselves; for I fear my fears, and sorrow for my sorrows, and long for the greater longings; and thus the painful means of attaining my desires increase my weariness, and that makes me groan to be at rest. Lord, I am content to stay Thy time, and go Thy way, so Thou wilt exalt me also in Thy season, and take me into Thy barn when Thou seest me ripe. In the mean time I may desire, though I may not repine; I may believe and wish, though I make not any sinful haste; I am willing to wait for Thee, but not to lose Thee; and when Thou seest me too contented with Thine absence, then quicken my languid desires, and blow up the dying spark of love, and leave me not till I am able unfeignedly to cry out, "As the hart panteth after the water brooks, so panteth my soul after Thee, O God. My soul thirsteth for God, for the living God. When shall I come and appear before God?" "My conversation is in heaven, from whence I look for the Saviour." "My affections are set on things above, where Christ sitteth, at the right hand of God." "I walk by faith, and not by sight,"—"willing rather to be absent from the body, and present with the Lord."

RICHARD BAXTER.

"MY spirit faileth."—Psalm cxliii. 7.

"HE giveth power to the faint, and to them that have no might He increaseth strength."—Isaiah xl. 29.

THE HEAVENLY SCULPTOR WORKS ON THEE.

SHRINK not from suffering. Each dear blow
From which thy smitten spirit bleeds
Is but a messenger to show
The renovation which it needs.

The earthly sculptor smites the rock ;
Loud the relentless hammer rings ;
And from the rude unshapen block
At length imprisoned beauty brings.

Thou art that rude unshapen stone,
And waitest till the arm of strife
Shall make its crucifixions known,
And smite and carve them into life.

The heavenly Sculptor works on thee ;
Be patient. Soon His arm of might
Shall from thy prison's darkness free,
And change thee to a form of light.

THOMAS C. UPHAM.



SENT TO PROMOTE OUR HIGHEST INTERESTS.

RELIGION points the sufferer to the spring whence affliction flows ; and this has a powerful influence to tranquillize the mind. It shows that though "man is born to trouble, as the sparks fly upward," yet that affliction "comes not forth of the dust, neither does trouble spring out of the ground." It does not merely show the rod, but it cleaves asunder the cloud from whence it issues, shows the hand which guides it, and reveals the smiling face of a forgiving God. It tells him that all his trials, all his pains, are the appointments of a Father who often loves best when He smites, who will be with him in his trials, and "make them all work together for his good," to promote his highest interests and his everlasting happiness. This enables the Christian, when calamity succeeds calamity, when evil tidings approach from every quarter, when the storm gathers around him in all its blackness, and descends in all its fury, to say, "Why

art thou cast down, O my soul, and why art thou disquieted within me? Hope thou in God, for I shall yet praise Him, who is the health of my countenance, and my God."

REV. STEPHEN BRIDGE.



A FLAME IS SHINING TO LIGHT THY PATH OF GLOOM.

THERE are dark hours of sadness, dark hours of hopeless pain,
When thoughts akin to madness flash wildly through the brain ;
When nameless anguish presses the heart beyond control,
And deepest gloom possesses the faint and trembling soul
When every prop seems taken from life's receding shore,
And the mind, tempest-shaken, obeys the will no more.
But who, from yonder heaven, pities each earthly woe ?
Who yonder cross hath given for every grief below ?
Thine arms around it twining, to hope and prayer give room,
For there a flame is shining to light thy path of gloom ;
An angel form advances, and leads thee to that strand.
Whence thy delighted glances may see the promised land.

From the German of Novalis.



"THE troubles of my heart are enlarged.—Psa. xxv. 17.

"In the world ye shall have tribulation : but be of good cheer ;
I have overcome the world. These things I have spoken unto
you, that in Me ye might have peace."—John xvi. 33.

"Continue in the faith ; we must through much tribulation
enter into the kingdom of God."—Acts xiv. 22.



WHEN God is specially dark, He brings out in the end, some good or blessing in which the believer discovers that his heavenly Father only understood his wants better than he did himself. God was dark in his way, only because His goodness was too deep in counsel for him to follow it to its mark.

REV. HORACE BUSHNELL, D.D.

THE CHARTER OF OUR BIRTH.

WHEREVER love hath trodden—there
Affliction comes, a kindred power.
So twines the weed around the flower,
So poison taints the odorous air.
It is the charter of our birth,
That hope and joy with fleeting smile
Should bless our pilgrimage awhile,
But find no resting-place on earth ;
Each is alike withheld or given
To fit us for their home—their heaven.

CANON DALE.

IF GOD COMES WITH IT, IT IS WELL.

WHO doubteth but God can bring us to heaven through adversity and suffering? We see many rivers, but we know not their first spring and original fountain ; yet they have a beginning. When ye are come to the other side of the water, and have set down your foot on the shore of glorious eternity, and look back again to the waters and to your wearisome journey, and shall see, in that clear glass of endless glory, nearer to the bottom of God's wisdom, ye shall then be forced to say, " If God had done otherwise with me than He hath done, I had never come to the enjoying of this crown of glory." It is your part now to believe, suffer, and hope and wait on ; for I protest, in the presence of that all-discerning eye, who knoweth what I write and what I think, that I would not want the sweet experience of the consolations of God for the bitterness of affliction. Nay, whether God come to His children with a rod or a crown, if He come Himself with it, it is well. Welcome, welcome, ' Jesus, what way soever Thou come, if we can get a sight of Thee ! And sure I am it is better to be sick, providing Christ come to the bedside, and draw by [aside] the curtains, and say, " Courage, I am thy salvation," than to enjoy health, being lusty and strong, and never to be visited of God.

SAMUEL RUTHERFORD.

HOWEVER RUGGED, IT WAS THE RIGHT WAY.

THOSE noxious weeds which so luxuriantly spring up within us during the sunshine of prosperity require the hand of adversity to extirpate them, and the winds of affliction must blow upon us in order to dissipate those pestilential vapours of pride, self-satisfaction, and vanity which threaten to extinguish the secret flame of piety in the soul. When men "take the timbrel and the harp, and rejoice at the sound of the organ," they are too often inclined to "say unto God, Depart from us, for we desire not the knowledge of Thy ways." "What is the Almighty, that we should serve Him?" "But when they are holden in cords of affliction, then He showeth them their work and their transgressions that they have exceeded. He openeth also their ear to discipline, and commandeth that they return from iniquity." And how frequently have the servants of God, on taking a retrospective view of His dealings towards them, seen cause to rejoice in those very events and circumstances which at one time they thought too much for them to bear! And surely, if it be so even in this world of darkness and imperfection, we may reasonably suppose that it will be much more so in the world of glory hereafter, when all the mists of prejudice and of error shall be perfectly and for ever dispelled, and when "the ways of God shall be fully vindicated to man." Then shall it appear to every happy soul, that however rugged and barren may have been the way by which he was conducted to that city of eternal habitation, yet it was the right way, and that the discipline of which he most complained was that for which he had the greatest reason to be thankful. It will then be seen and thankfully owned that God hath done all things wisely and well, and that, through His sanctifying blessing, our "light afflictions, which were but for a moment, have wrought out for us a far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory." Such then being the unerring wisdom of that God with whom we have to do, let us endeavour to avoid all fretting and repining under the pressure of our present trials and troubles, and trust everything that concerns us to Him whose ways are past finding out, saying with meek submission, "Even so, Father, for so it seemeth good in Thy sight."

REV. PETER GRANT.

LET ME ON THY LOVE REPOSE.

WHEN afflictions cloud my sky,
When the tide of sorrow flows,
When Thy rod is lifted high,
Let me on Thy love repose,—
Stay the rough wind
When thy chilling east wind blows.

When the vale of death appears,—
Faint and cold this mortal clay,—
Kind Forerunner, soothe my fears,
Light me through the darksome way,—
Break the shadows,
Usher in eternal day.

JANE TAYLOR.

“HOWBEIT OUR GOD TURNED THE CURSE
INTO A BLESSING.”

RELIGION shows a man the design of his affliction ; and the magnitude, the benevolence, and the grandeur of that design take off the pressure of the burden and the keenness of the stroke. It shows him that God “does not afflict willingly, nor grieve the children of men,” but that it is for their profit, that they may be saved ; that all their personal trials, all their domestic afflictions, all their heavy losses, all their blighted hopes and withered expectations, are “working together for their good.” In the midst of their days of anguish and their nights of pain, as they stand by the beds or at the sepulchre of their dear departed ones, it cheers them with the assurance that these afflictions, which are but for a moment, are “working out for them an exceeding and eternal weight of glory ;” that they are placed in the school only to be taught of God ; that they are put under discipline only to be prepared for heaven ; that they are sent into the furnace only till their dross is purged away ; and then they will be introduced to that better world where the heart will never be divided between God and another, where the mind will never be polluted, and the spirit will never be worldly. Oh, brethren, is not this enough to make us

rejoice in the midst of tribulation, to fill us with transport in the scene of trial, and to make us go on our way with gladness?

REV. STEPHEN BRIDGE.

“WHEREFORE hast Thou afflicted Thy servant?”

—Numbers xi. 11.

“He chastened us for our profit, that we might be partakers of His holiness.”—Heb. xii. 10.

A WOUNDED SPIRIT.

No wounds like those a wounded spirit feels,
 No cure for such, till God, who makes them, heals.
 And thou, sad sufferer under nameless ill,
 That yields not to the touch of human skill,
 Improve the kind occasion, understand
 A Father's frown, and kiss His chastening hand.

COWPER.

AFFLICTION is not sent in vain
 From that good God who chastens whom He loves!

SOUTHEY.

“O LORD, my strength and my fortress, and my refuge in the day of affliction.”—Jer. xvi. 19.

“WHEN they in their trouble did turn unto the Lord God, and sought Him, He was found of them.”—2 Chron. xv. 4.

“GOD is our refuge and strength; a very present help in trouble.”—Psalm xli. 1.

IN GOD'S FURNACE ARE HIS CHILDREN TRIED.

HE that from dross would win the precious ore,
 Bends o'er the crucible an earnest eye,
 The subtle, searching process to explore,
 Lest the *one* brilliant moment should pass by,

When in the molten silver's virgin mass,
He meets his pictured face as in a glass.

Thus in God's furnace are His children tried ;
Thrice happy they who to the end endure !
But who the fiery trial may abide ?

Who from the crucible come forth so pure,
That He, whose eyes of flame look through the whole,
May see His image perfect in the soul ?

Not with an evanescent glimpse alone,
As in that mirror the refiner's face,
But stamped with heaven's broad signet, there be shown
Immanuel's features, full of truth and grace,—
And round that seal of love this motto be,
“ Not for a moment, but eternity ! ”

JAMES MONTGOMERY.

BY AFFLICTION GOD BRINGS US TO HEAVEN AND HAPPINESS.

HERE God pulls them by the eare ; by affliction He will bring them to heaven and happiness. “ Blessed are they that mourne : for they shall be comforted.” A blessed and an happy state, if considered aright, it is to be so troubled. “ It is good for me that I have been afflicted ; before I was afflicted I went astray, but now I keepe Thy word.” Tribulation workes patience ; patience, hope ; and by such like crosses and calamities we are driven from the state of securitie, so that affliction is a school or academy wherein the best scholers are prepared to the commencements of the Deity. And though it be most troublesome and grievous for the time, yet know this, it comes by God's permission and providence ; he is a spectator of thy groanes and teares, still present with thee ; the very hairs of thy head are numbered ; not one of them can fall to the ground without the express will of God ; He will not suffer thee to be tempted above measure, when He corrects thee ; the Lord will not quench the smoaking flaxe, or breake the bruised reed.

ROBERT BURTON.

THE LORD A REFUGE.

IN the dark winter of affliction's hour,
 When summer friends and pleasures haste away,
 And the wrecked heart perceives how frail each power
 It made a refuge and believed a stay ;
 When man all mild and weak is seen to be—
 There's none like Thee, O Lord, there's none like Thee.
 Thou in adversity canst be a sun ;
 Thou hast a healing balm, a sheltering tower,
 The peace, the truth, the life, the love of One,
 Nor wound, nor grief, nor storm can overpower :
 Gifts of a King ; gifts frequent, and yet free ;—
 There's none like Thee, *O Lord*, none, none like Thee !

MISS JEWSBURY.

 THE HAND THAT AFFLICTS BELONGS TO
 THE HEART THAT LOVES.

THERE is a way in which the Lord shows Himself especially the consolation of those that trust Him, and that is in the providential dispensations of God. Many of you have experienced the dispensations of God to be a heavy and an afflictive burden, although when we remember the Hand which sends them we ought not so to regard them. They are intended to be felt ; they are intended to exercise us ; they are intended to try our faith, and our patience, and our submissiveness to God ; and they will bring about God's purpose, if we are really and truly receiving them as from the hand of God ; if we look up to the Lord Jesus and consider this—that it is on His shoulder that the government of all things is ; that the hand that afflicts belongs to the heart that loves ; and He says, “As many as I love, I rebuke and chasten ;” and He chastens as a kind father chastens his children, “not for His pleasure, but for our profit, and that we might be partakers of His holiness ;” and all things in the hands of God, all the afflictive dispensations with which He tries His children, all the ways in which He crosses them, they are all overruled by God to work together for good to them that love Him. When we look at the dispensations of God we must look at His character, and not merely at His acts. If we look

merely at His acts, we shall be sure to misunderstand God, because some of His acts appear to us unmitigatedly evil, and some at times fill our hearts with joy, and we think them unqualified good ; but experience subsequently shows that those which seemed so evil are not so evil as they seemed at first ; but the holy combination—the mixture by God of the evil and the good—works together for good to them that love Him. I say, then, that when we take into consideration the character of Him who is ordering all things after the counsel of His own will, we may rest upon Him as “the consolation of Israel.” God, who sees the end from the beginning, is acquainted with all the steps which lead to the city of habitation ; and He is leading them there by the right way.

REV. JOHN WM. REEVE, M.A.

THERE is no gloom on earth, for God above
 Chastens in love ;
 Transmuting sorrow into golden joy,
 Free from alloy.
 His dearest attribute is still to bless,
 And man's most welcome hymn is grateful cheerfulness.

HORACE SMITH.

GRIEF IS NOT IMMORTAL.

THE winter being over, in order comes the spring,
 Which doth green herbs discover, and cause the birds to sing.
 The night also expired, then comes the morning bright,
 Which is so much desired by all that love the light.
 This may learn them that mourn, to put their grief to flight :
 The spring succeedeth winter, and day must follow night.
 He, therefore, that sustaineth affliction or distress,
 Which every member paineth, and findeth no release :
 Let such, therefore, despair not, but on firm hope depend,
 Whose griefs immortal are not, and therefore must have end.
 They that faint with complaint therefore are to blame :
 They add to their afflictions, and amplify the same.

For if they could with patience awhile possess the mind,
 By inward consolations they might refreshing find,
 To sweeten all their crosses, that little time they dure :
 So might they gain by losses, and sharp would sweet procure.
 But if the mind be inclined to unquietness,
 That only may be called the worst of all distress.
 He that is melancholy, detesting all delight,
 His wits by sottish folly are ruinated quite.
 Sad discontent and murmurs to him are incident :
 Were he possest of honours, he could not be content.
 Sparks of joy fly away, floods of care arise ;
 And all delightful motions in the conception dies.
 But those that are contented, however things do fall,
 Much anguish is prevented, and they soon freed from all.
 They finish all their labours with much felicity,
 Their joy in trouble savours of perfect piety.
 Cheerfulness doth express a settled pious mind,
 Which is not prone to grudging, from murmuring refin'd.

ANN COLLINS (1653).

WHAT IS TRIBULATION?

Now what is tribulation? As a matter of experience there is not one of you, perhaps, who would not say that he knows all too well what tribulation is. Ah ! how many dark pictures are now crowding the galleries of your memory as I speak on this theme ! The sick chamber, the desolated home ; that day when your rebellious Absalom was cut off, or when you found Ahithophel "lifted up his heel against you ;" that day when no sun seemed to shine, and the very heavens were hung with the symbols of mourning ; that night which seemed to swallow up into its black shadows all your life, and you looked not for the dawn ; that loss, that harsh treatment, that cruel calumny, that long sickness, that trembling vision through the portals of death. Yes, you remember it all. Tribulation is familiar ground to you—to most of us. But while, as a matter of experience, it may be so familiar, do we all understand what it truly means? so much so as that we can make the apostle's language our own without seeming extravagant to ourselves. "We glory in tribulation also"?

The word "tribulation," observes Trench, "is derived from the Latin *tribulum*, that word signifying the thrashing instrument, or roller, by which the Romans separated the corn from the husks ; and 'tribulatio,' in its primary significance, was the act of this separation. But some Latin writer of the Christian Church appropriated the word and image for the setting forth of a higher truth ; and sorrow, and distress, and adversity, being the appointed means for the separating in men of their chaff from their wheat ; of whatever in them was light, and trivial, and poor, from the solid and the true ; therefore he called these sorrows and griefs 'tribulations,'—threshings, that is, of the inner spiritual man, without which there could be no fitting him for the heavenly garner." Thus, in coming at the history of the word, we come at the meaning of the thing. Our tribulations are but the instruments of the Lord of the harvest for purifying our souls. There is another word which we sometimes make use of in connection with our sorrows, which is akin to this in its signification, though I fear we rarely think of the lesson it conveys. We speak of such and such a grief as a "harrowing" grief ; of such a bereavement, of such a calamity, as harrowing to the soul. Now do we ever think that the harrow is a very important implement ; that its work is to break up the large, heavy clods, and prepare the ground for the reception of the seed ; and that thus by these sorrows God is breaking our stubborn wills and preparing our hearts for the sowing of the Spirit. The uses of our gifts are divine ; and this must not only reconcile us to them, but enable us to glory in them. "And not only so, but we glory in tribulations also, knowing that tribulation worketh patience, and patience, experience ; and experience, hope ; and hope maketh not ashamed : because the love of God is shed abroad in our hearts by the Holy Ghost which is given unto us." (Rom. v. 3—5). You see the strength of the apostle's argument. He connects all his afflictions with God. He has got God ; therefore, he has got all, and can glory in all. If God is his, all things come from God, and therefore he will welcome all things. To connect a thing with God, whatever guise it wear, is at once to make it an angel. Your visitation may be draped in the most sad and sombre vestments, may wear a most repulsive aspect, may carry a whip of scorpions in its hand, and chastise you without seeming pity or care till your

back bleed with the strokes, and your heart ache with the pain ; but still let it show God's commission in its hand, and you can receive it as a heavenly visitant, bringing you nought but blessing. Blessing is intended, and blessing it is. But it is only to the child of God that this is given to be seen. The worldling sees and knows nothing but the sorrow, and the weeping, and the pain. Alas ! their tribulations are just what they seem to be. Until you connect the rod with " Him who hath appointed it " it is but a rod, and its strokes will only smart. But when you come to know God in Christ, as the apostle knew Him, you will kiss the rod and glory in your tribulation.

Said Madame Guyon, when ecclesiastical tyranny had shut her up in the foul dungeons of the castle of Vincennes,—

" A little bird I am, shut from the fields of air,
And in my cage I sit and sing to Him who placed me there ;
Well pleased a prisoner to be,
Because, my God, it pleaseth Thee."

And all they who know the same God may, in time of their tribulation, sing the same song.

These tribulations drive us to the anticipation of another world. While sunny skies are over our head we think only of the present, but an overcast heaven sends our thoughts into the future. For " hope that is seen is not hope." It is when our affections and our faith travel after the unseen that we begin to hope. And " we are saved by hope." It is a good sign when a man begins to unmoor his thoughts and his loves from *now* to *hereafter*. And what impels a man to do this like the experience of tribulation ? As the gloaming deepens, the evening star appears ; so the night of our trial is the birth-hour of hope.

REV. JOSEPH HALSEY.



ANTIDOTE AGAINST DESPAIR IN TROUBLE.

RECOLLECTIONS of former mercies is the proper antidote against a temptation to despair in the day of calamity ; and as, in the divine dispensations, which are always uniform and like themselves, whatever has happened, happens again when the circumstances are similar, the experience of ancient times is to be called in to our aid, and duly consulted. Nay, we may remember the time when we ourselves were led to compose and

utter a song of joy and triumph, on occasion of signal mercies vouchsafed to us. Upon these topics we should, in the night of affliction, commune with our own hearts and make diligent search, as Daniel did in Babylon, into the cause, the nature, and the probable continuance of our troubles, with the proper methods of shortening and bringing them to an end, by suffering them to have their intended and full effect in a sincere repentance and thorough reformation.

BISHOP HORNE.

GRIEF COMES FROM HEAVEN.

OUR griefs resemble
 Each other but in this ; grief comes from Heaven ;
 Each thinks his own the bitterest trial given ;
 Each wonders at the sorrows of his lot ;
 His neighbour's sufferings presently forgot,
 Though wide the difference which our eyes can see,
 Not only in grief's kind, but its degree.
 God grants to some all joys for their possession,
 Nor loss, nor cross, the favoured mortal mourns ;
 While some toil on, outside those bounds of blessing,
 Whose weary feet for ever tread on thorns.
 But over all our tears God's rainbow bends ;
 To all our cries a pitying ear He lends ;
 Yea, to the feeble sound of man's lament
 How often have His messengers been sent !
 No barren glory circles round His throne,
 By mercy's errands were His angels known ;
 Where hearts were heavy, and where eyes were dim,
 There did the brightness radiate from Him.

HON. MRS. NORTON.

THERE IS NO GETHSEMANE WITHOUT ITS ANGEL.

DEAR friends, in passing through the Christian course and the Christian life you will often have times of refreshing, visions of the Highest, and you will sometimes have times of depression, hours of tears and grief. Well, you may call these your Tabors

and your Gethsemanes, and you will do right. It is a blessed thing to have a Tabor now and then, to be helped by God, have about us angelic forms, lovely messengers from the Supreme. But we cannot always be there ; sometimes we have our Gethsemanes. Brethren, if you are faithful to Christ He will sometimes take you into the mountain, and you shall be there with Him in glory ; and sometimes you will be in the garden, and you will be there in sorrow and tears. But if you are faithful to Him, you will find as you go through your Christian life, that there is no Gethsemane without its angel.

REV. T. BINNEY.



“How long wilt Thou forget me, O Lord ? for ever ? How long wilt Thou hide Thyself from me ?”—Psalm xiii. 1.

“Weeping may endure for a night, but joy cometh in the morning.”—Psalm xxx. 5.



THE IMMUTABILITY OF THE PROMISE OF GOD A STRONG GROUND OF CONSOLATION.

THERE is not one perfection of the Godhead but may be said to be, and truly is, immutable. None of them will appear so glorious without this beam, the Sun of immutability, which renders them highly excellent, without the least shadow of imperfection. How cloudy would His blessedness be if it were changeable !—how dim His wisdom if it might be obscured !—how feeble His power if it were capable to be sickly and languish ! How would mercy lose much of its lustre if it could change into wrath ! and justice much of its dread if it could be turned into mercy, while the object of justice remains unfit for mercy, and one that hath need of mercy is the object of the divine anger ! But unchangeableness is a thread that runs through the whole web ; it is the enamel of all the rest ; none of them without it could look with a triumphant aspect. The immutability of the promise of God is therefore a strong ground of consolation. This attribute is the strongest prop for faith in all our addresses to God ; so that we may approach boldly unto His throne for grace to help in every time of need.

STEPHEN CHARNOCK.

LEARN OF CHRIST TO BEAR THE CROSS.

Go to dark Gethsemane,
 Ye that feel the tempter's power ;
 Your Redeemer's conflict see ;
 Watch with Him one bitter hour :
 Turn not from His griefs away
 Learn of Jesus Christ to pray.

Follow to the judgment hall ;
 View the Lord of life arraigned.
 O the wormwood and the gall !
 O the pangs His soul sustained !
 Shun not suffering, shame, or loss ;
 Learn of Him to bear the cross.

Calvary's mournful mountain climb ;
 There, adoring at His feet,
 Mark that miracle of time,—
 God's own sacrifice complete.
 "It is finished," hear Him cry ;
 Learn of Jesus Christ to die.

JAMES MONTGOMERY.



EXTRAORDINARY afflictions are not always the punishment of extraordinary sins, but sometimes the trial of extraordinary graces.

MATTHEW HENRY.



MURMUR NOT AT GOD'S DISCIPLINE.

I BELIEVE that one of the causes why men murmur so much against God's discipline is because they do not understand it. Whenever something comes upon us which is hard to bear, and we do not see the meaning of it, the tendency of our hearts is to rebel against it ; but, if we understand it, if we see what God means, that it is His wisdom and His love which are dealing with us, then it is far easier to submit, and to receive it with

resignation. And thus we shall use it rightly ; we shall make use of it for our sanctification, and the perfecting of the work of God in the soul. Now for these reasons it must be very important that the tried Christian should at the very outset of the trial pray to the Lord for wisdom to understand, to receive, and so to use profitably the discipline under which God has placed him.

REV. EMILIUS BAYLEY, D.D.

THE good man suffers but to gain,
And every virtue springs from pain ;
As aromatic plants bestow
No spicy fragrance while they grow ;
But, crushed or trodden to the ground,
Diffuse their balmy sweets around.

OLIVER GOLDSMITH.

THAT flower which follows the sun doth so even in cloudy days : when it doth not shine forth, yet it follows the hidden course and motion of it. So the soul that moves after God keeps that course when He hides His face ; is content, yea, is glad at His will in all estates, or conditions, or events.

ARCHBISHOP LEIGHTON.

GOD DOES NOT ALWAYS SMILE.

THE world can neither give nor take,
Nor can they comprehend
The peace of God, which Christ has bought—
The peace which knows no end.
The burning bush was not consumed
Whilst God remained there ;
The three, when Jesus made the fourth,
Found fire as soft as air.

God's furnace doth in Zion stand ;
 But Zion's God sits by,
 As the refiner views his gold
 With an observant eye.
 His thoughts are high, His love is wise,
 His wounds a cure intend ;
 And though He does not always smile,
 He loves unto the end.

COUNTESS OF HUNTINGDON.

SUCH afflictions and sorrows as befall God's children are blessings unto them ; chastisements are tokens of God's love ; "for as many as I love, I chasten," saith God. Affliction to them is like the dove with an olive branch in her mouth, to show that all is well.

ARCHBISHOP USHER.

It is the manner of God to cast down that He may raise ; to abase that He may exalt us ; Satan raises up that he may throw down, and intends nothing but our dejection in our advancement.

BISHOP HALL.

WE to heaven
 Do climb with loads upon our shoulders borne ;
 Nor must we tread on roses, but on thorn.

JAMES SHIRLEY.

OUR AFFLICTIONS ARE THE WORK OF GOD.

NOTHING ever happens by chance, or apart from His designs ; for "He worketh all things according to the counsel of His own will." "His counsel stands, and He doeth all His pleasure." Afflictive dispensations are the result of His appointment and

agency ; for though “ man is born unto trouble as the sparks fly upward,” yet “ affliction cometh not forth of the dust, neither doth trouble spring out of the ground.” They “ come down from above ;” they come forth from Him who is “ wonderful in counsel, and excellent in working.” And this important principle, that our afflictions are the work of God, will be found to involve all that is fitted to quell the tumults and fears of the soul, and induce us to acquiesce in all the dispensations of Providence with respect to our lot.

REV. PETER GRANT.



DO ALL THINGS WITHOUT MURMURING.

WE do not sufficiently try, as we ought to try, for strength in trials and cheerfulness in suffering, to do all things without murmuring. “ If thou hast run with the footmen, and they have wearied thee, then how canst thou contend with horses ? and if in the land of peace, wherein thou trustedst, they wearied thee, then how wilt thou do in the swelling of Jordan ?” I have no doubt each one of us has that “ thorn in the flesh ;” it may be a bodily thorn, it may be a spiritual thorn, but this I am quite sure of, that if we are true followers of the Lord Jesus Christ, we shall carry one about with us till we die ; and then, blessed be His name, when we get to that land where there shall be no more weeping and no more sorrow, that “ thorn in the flesh” shall be taken away. My dear friends, I do not say that it is always the same thorn, that it is always the same cross. We have one kind of cross at one time, and another kind of cross at another time. Christ changes the cross when He sees we can bear a change, and if we can do with a lighter one He gives it to us ; but we must be very careful not to change it ourselves ; we must take it up and carry it patiently, and we must not wish to choose what it shall be, or to take our neighbour’s cross instead of our own, we should find *that* ten times harder. Oh ! let us clasp the cross then which God gives to our hearts, and say, “ Lord, not my will, but Thine be done.”

REV. A. W. THOROLD, M.A.

STARS SHINE BRIGHTEST IN THE DARKEST NIGHT.

THE bee sucks sweet honey out of the bitterest herbs ; so God will, by afflictions, teach His children to suck sweet knowledge, sweet obedience, sweet experience, &c., out of all the bitter afflictions and trials He exercises them with : that scouring and rubbing which frets others shall make them shine the brighter ; that weight which crushes and keeps others under, shall but make them like the palm tree, grow better and higher ; and that hammer which knocks others all in pieces shall but knock them the nearer to Christ, the corner-stone. Stars shine brightest in the darkest night, torches give the best light when beaten, grapes yield most wine when most pressed, spices smell sweetest when pounded, vines are the better for bleeding, gold looks the brighter for scouring, and juniper smells sweetest in the fire. Afflictions are the saints' best benefactors. Where afflictions hang heaviest, corruptions hang loosest. Grace that is hid in nature, as sweet water in rose leaves, is then most fragrant when the fire of affliction is put under to distil it out. Grace shines the brighter for scouring, and is most glorious when it is most clouded.

JAMES BROOKS.



AFFLICTIONS, THE PORTION OF THE BELOVED OF GOD.

A MAN is not only unknown to others but to himself, that hath never met with such difficulties as require faith and Christian fortitude, and patience to surmount them. But when somewhat sets upon him that is in itself very unpleasant and grievous to him, and yet, if he then retain his moderation of spirit, and flies not out into impatience either against God or man, this gives experiment of the truth and soundness of this grace within him. These afflictions are often the portion of those who are the beloved of God.

ARCHBISHOP LEIGHTON.

GOD DOTH NOT AFFLICT WILLINGLY.

O FRIEND of Jesus, if thou art in sickness, in poverty, in anxiety, in anguish of spirit, He earnestly remembers thee still. He doth not afflict willingly, nor grieve the children of men. In all thy afflictions He is afflicted with thee. He will not suffer thee to be tempted beyond what thou art able to bear; and his corrections shall speedily cease when their end is gained.

DR. JOHN ERSKINE.



“O LORD, behold my affliction.”—Lamentations i. 9.

“And the Lord said, Behold I have surely seen the affliction of my people;—for I know their sorrows, and am come down to deliver them.”—Exodus iii. 7, 8.

“The afflicted people Thou wilt save.”—2 Samuel xxii. 28.

“The Lord will strengthen him upon the bed of languishing; Thou wilt make all his bed in his sickness.”—Psalm xli. 3.

“My grace is sufficient for thee; for my strength is made perfect in weakness.”—2 Corinthians xii. 9.

“The God of all grace, who hath called us unto His eternal glory by Christ Jesus, after that ye have suffered awhile, make you perfect, stablish, strengthen, settle you.”—1 Peter v. 9.

BEREAVEMENT.



THE FIRST BURST MAY BE BITTER AND OVERWHELMING.

A GRECIAN philosopher being asked why he wept for the death of his son, since the sorrow was in vain, said, "I weep on that account." And his answer became his wisdom. It is only for sophists to contend that we, whose eyes contain the fountain of tears, need never give way to them. It would be unwise not to do so on some occasions. Sorrow unlocks them in her balmy moods. The first burst may be bitter and overwhelming, but the soil on which they pour would be worse without them. 'They refresh the fever of the soil—the dry misery which parches the countenance into furrows, and renders us liable to our most terrible "flesh-quakes."

There are sorrows, it is true, so great that to give them some of the ordinary vents is to run a hazard of being overthrown. These we must rather strengthen ourselves to resist, or bow quietly and drily down in order to let them pass over us, as the traveller does the wind of the desert. But where we feel that our tears would relieve us, it is false philosophy to deny ourselves at least that first refreshment; and it is always false consolation to tell people that because they cannot help a thing they are not to mind it. The true way is, to let them grapple with the unavoidable sorrow, and try to win it into gentleness by a reasonable yielding. There are griefs so very gentle in their nature, that it would be worse than false heroism to refuse them a tear. Of this kind are the deaths of infants. Particular circumstances may render it more or less advisable to indulge in grief for the

loss of a little child ; but, in general, parents should be more advised to repress their first tears on such an occasion, than to repress their smiles towards a child surviving, or to indulge in any other sympathy. It is an appeal to the same gentle tenderness : and appeals are never made in vain. The end of them is an acquittal from the harsher bonds of affliction—from the tying down of the spirit to one melancholy idea.

It is the nature of tears of this kind however strongly they may gush forth, to run into quiet waters at last. We cannot easily, for the whole course of our lives, think with pain of any good or kind person whom we have lost. It is the divine nature of their qualities to conquer pain and death itself ; to turn the memory of them into pleasure ; to survive with a placid aspect in our imaginations. We are writing at this moment just opposite a spot which contains the grave of one inexpressibly dear to us.

We see from our windows the trees about it, and the church spire. The green fields lie around. The clouds are travelling overhead, alternately taking away the sunshine and restoring it. The vernal winds, piping of the flowery summer-time, are nevertheless calling to mind the far distant and dangerous ocean, which the heart that lies in that grave had many reasons to think of. And yet the sight of this spot does not give us pain. So far from it, it is the existence of that grave which doubles every charm of the spot ; which links the pleasures of childhood and manhood together ; which puts a hushing tenderness in the winds and a patient joy upon the landscape ; which seems to unite heaven and earth, mortality and immortality, the grass of the tomb and the grass of the green fields ; it gives a more maternal aspect to the whole kindness of nature. It does not hinder gaiety itself. Happiness was what its tenant, through all her troubles, would have diffused. To diffuse happiness, and to enjoy it, is not only carrying out her wishes, but realizing her hopes ; and gaiety, freed from its only pollutions, malignity and want of sympathy, is but a child playing about the knees of its mother.

The remembered innocence and endearments of a child stand us instead of virtues that have died older. Children have not exercised the voluntary offices of friendship ; they have not chosen to be kind and good to us ; nor stood by us, from conscious will, in the hour of adversity. But they have shared their

pleasures and pains with us as well as they could ; the interchange of good offices between us has, of necessity, been less mingled with the troubles of the world ; the sorrow arising from their death is the only one which we can associate with their memories. These are happy thoughts which cannot die. Our loss may always render them pensive ; but they will not always be painful. It is a part of the benignity of nature that pain does not survive like pleasure at any time, much less where the cause of it is an innocent one. The smile will remain reflected by memory, as the moon reflects the light upon us when the sun has gone into the heavens.

When writers like ourselves quarrel with earthly pain (we mean writers of the same intentions, without implying, of course, anything about abilities or otherwise), they are misunderstood, if they are supposed to quarrel with pains of every sort. This would be idle and effeminate. They do not pretend, indeed, that humanity might not wish, if it could, to be entirely free from pain : for it endeavours, at all times, to turn pain into pleasure ; or at least set off the one with the other, or make the former a zest and the latter a refreshment. The most unaffected dignity of suffering does this, and, if wise, acknowledges it. The greatest benevolence towards others, the most unselfish relish of their pleasure, even at its own expense, does but look to increasing the general stock of happiness, though content, if it could, to have its identity swallowed up in that splendid contemplation. We are far from meaning that this is to be called selfishness. We are far, indeed, from thinking so, or so confounding words. But neither is it to be called pain when most unselfish, if disinterestedness be truly understood. The pain that is in it softens into pleasure, as the darker hue of the rainbow melts into the brighter.

Yet even if a harsher line is to be drawn between the pain and pleasure of the most unselfish mind (and ill-health, for instance, may draw it), we should not quarrel with it if it contributed to the general mass of comfort, and were of a nature which general kindness could not avoid. Made as we are, there are certain pains without which it would be difficult to conceive certain great and overbalancing pleasures. We may conceive it possible for beings to be made entirely happy ; but in our composition something of pain seems to be a necessary ingredient, in order

that the materials may turn to as fine account as possible, though our clay, in the course of ages and experience, may be refined more and more. We may get rid of the worst earth, though not of earth itself.

Now the liability to the loss of children—or rather, what makes us sensible of it, the occasional loss itself—seems to be one of these necessary bitters thrown into the cup of humanity. We do not mean that every one must lose one of his children in order to enjoy the rest, or that every individual loss afflicts us in the same proportion. We allude to the deaths of infants in general. These might be as few as we could render them. But if none at all ever took place, we should regard every little child as a man or woman secured; and it will easily be conceived what a world of endearing care and hopes this security would endanger. The very idea of infancy would lose its continuity with us. Girls and boys would be future men and women, not present children. They would have attained their full growth in our imaginations, and might as well have been men and women at once. On the other hand, those who have lost an infant are never, as it were, without an infant child. They are the only persons who, in one sense, retain it always, and they furnish their neighbours with the same idea. The other children grow up to manhood and womanhood, and suffer all the changes of mortality. This one alone is rendered an immortal child. Death has arrested it with his kindly harshness, and blessed it into an eternal image of youth and innocence. Of such as these are the pleasantest shapes that visit our fancy and hopes. They are the ever-smiling emblems of joy; the prettiest pages that wait upon imagination. Lastly, “of these are the kingdom of heaven.” Wherever there is a province of that benevolent and all-accessible empire, whether on earth or elsewhere, such are the gentle spirits that must inhabit it. To such simplicity, or the resemblance of it, must they come. Such must be the ready confidence of their hearts, and creativeness of their fancy. And so ignorant must they be of the “knowledge of good and evil,” losing their discernment of that self-created trouble by enjoying the garden before them, and not being ashamed of what is kindly and innocent.

LEIGH HUNT.

VICTORY BEFORE THE CONFLICT.

WHY should you lament that your little ones are crowned with victory before the sword is drawn, or the conflict begun? Consider this, ye mourning parents, and dry up your tears. Perhaps the Supreme Disposer of events foresaw some inevitable snare of temptation forming, or some dreadful storm of adversity impending. And why should you be so dissatisfied with that kind precaution which housed your pleasant plant, and removed into shelter a tender flower, before the thunders roared, before the lightnings flew, before the tempest poured its rage? Oh, remember! they are not lost, but "taken away from the evil to come,"

REV. JAMES HERVEY.



GLAD HOPE! TO BE REUNITED TO OUR CHILD.

LITTLE ones who have died, may be used of the Spirit to exercise an influence more mysterious than the lodestone, drawing us by a power, silent and invisible, but true. Oh glad hope! to be reunited to our child—to be in the same place with it again. O blessed land! bright with the presence of our Saviour, bright with the presence of our child,—He, the Great Light to rule the heart's eternal day; it, a lesser light, bright in the glory which streams magnificently from Him.

REV. PHILIP BENNETT POWER, M.A.



"RACHEL WEEPING FOR HER CHILDREN."

JER. XXXI. 15.

IN these fair and meek
And fragile things, as but for sunshine wrought,
They see what grief must nurture for the sky,
What death must fashion for eternity!

MRS. HEMANS.

“That little urn saith more than thousand homilies.”

LORD BYRON.



“Jesus said, ‘Suffer the little children to come unto Me, and forbid them not : for of such is the kingdom of heaven.’”

MATT. xix. 14.



ONE WHOSE HOME IS WITH THE ANGELS.

SHE was my idol ! Night and day to scan
The fine expansion of her form, and mark
The unfolding mind, like vernal rose-bud start
To sudden beauty, was my chief delight.
To find her fairy footsteps following mine—
Her hand upon my garments, or her lip
Long sealed to mine, and in the watch of night
The quiet breath of innocence to feel
Soft on my cheek, was such a full content
Of happiness, as none but mothers know.

Her voice was like some tiny harp that yields
To the slight-fingered breeze, and as it held
Brief converse with her doll, or playful soothed
The moaning kitten, or with patient care
Conned o’er the alphabet ; but most of all
Its tender cadence in her evening prayer
Thrilled on the ear like some ethereal tone
Heard in sweet dreams.

But now alone I sit
Musing of her, and dew with mournful tears
Her little robes, that once with woman’s pride
I wrought, as if there were a need to deck
What God had made so beautiful.

I start,
Half fancying from her empty crib there comes
A restless sound, and breathe th’ accustomed words,
“Hush ! hush thee, dearest ! Then I bend and weep,
As though it were a sin to speak to one
Whose home is with the angels.

Gone to God !

And yet I wish I had not seen the pang
That wrung her features, nor the ghastly white
Settling around her lips. I would that Heaven
Had taken its own, like some transplanted flower
Blooming in all its freshness.

Gone to God !

Be still, my heart ! what could a mother's prayer,
In all the wildest ecstasies of hope,
Ask for its darling like the bliss of heaven ?

MRS. SIGOURNEY.



GONE UP THE PATHWAY TO THE SKY.

AND this is death ! how cold and still,
And yet how lovely it appears !
Too cold to let the gazer smile,
But far too beautiful for tears.
The sparkling eye no more is bright,
The cheek hath lost its rose-like red ;
And yet it is with strange delight
I stand and gaze upon the dead.

But when I see the fair wide brow
Half shaded by the silken hair,
That never looked so fair as now
When life and health were laughing there,
I wonder not that grief should swell
So wildly upward in the breast,
And that strong passion once rebel
That need not, cannot be suppressed.

I wonder not that parents' eyes,
In gazing thus, grow cold and dim,
That burning tears and aching sighs
Are blended with the funeral hymn ;
The spirit hath an earthly part,
That weeps when earthly pleasure flies,
And heaven would scorn the frozen heart,
That melts not when the infant dies.

And yet why mourn? that deep repose
Shall never more be broke by pain;
Those lips no more in sighs uncloze,
Those eyes shall never weep again.
For think not that the blushing flower
Shall wither in the churchyard sod;
Twas made to gild an angel's bower
Within the paradise of God.

Once more I gaze—and swift and far
The clouds of death in sorrow fly;
I see thee, like a new-born star,
Move up thy pathway in the sky.
The star hath rays serene and bright,
But cold and pale compared with thine;
For thy orb shines with heavenly light,
With beams unfailing and divine.

Then let the burthened heart be free,
The tears of sorrow all be shed,
And parents calmly bend to see
The mournful beauty of the dead;
Thrice happy that their infant bears
To heaven no darkening stains of sin,
And only breathed life's morning airs
Before its evening storms begin.

Farewell! I shall not soon forget;
Although thy heart hath ceased to beat,
My memory warmly treasures yet
Thy features calm and mildly sweet;
But no, that look is not the last,
We yet may meet where seraphs dwell,
Where love no more deplores the past,
Nor breathes that withering word—farewell.

PEABODY.



I PART with thee for a few days, that I may receive thee for ever, and find thee what thou art. It is for no language but that of heaven to describe the sacred joy which such a meeting must occasion!

DR. DODDRIDGE.

MEETING IN HEAVEN.

IF in yon immortal clime,
Where flows no parting tear,
That root of earthly love may grow,
Which struck so deeply here ;
With what a tide of boundless bliss,
A thrill of rapture wild,
An angel mother in the skies,
Will greet her cherub child !

MRS. SIGOURNEY.

I KNOW THE ANGELS FOLD HIM CLOSE
BENEATH THEIR GLITTERING WINGS.

I HAVE a son, a third sweet son ; his age I cannot tell,
For they reckon not by years and months, where he has gone to
dwell.

To us, for fourteen anxious months, his infant smiles were given ;
And then he bade farewell to earth, and went to live in heaven.

I cannot tell what form is his, what looks he weareth now,
Nor guess how bright a glory crowns his shining seraph brow.
The thoughts that fill his sinless soul, the bliss which he doth
feel,

Are numbered with the secret things which God will not reveal.

But I know (for God hath told me this) that he is now at rest,
Where other blessed infants be, on their Saviour's loving breast.
I know his spirit feels no more this weary load of flesh,
But his sleep is blest with endless dreams of joy for ever
fresh.

I know the angels fold him close beneath their glittering wings,
And soothe him with a song that breathes of heaven's divinest
things.

I know that we shall meet our babe (his mother dear and I)
Where God for aye shall wipe away all tears from every eye.

REV. JOHN MOULTRIE.

OUR BUD HAS BLOOMED IN PARADISE.

HAVE we not knelt beside his bed,
And watched our first born blossom die?
Hoped, till the shade of hope had fled,
Then wept till feeling's fount was dry?
Was it not sweet in that dark hour
To think—'mid mutual tears and sighs—
Our bud had left its earthly bower,
And burst to bloom in paradise?

ALARIC A. WATTS.

YOU SCARCE COULD THINK SO SMALL A THING
COULD LEAVE A LOSS SO LARGE.

ALL in our marriage garden
Grew, smiling up to God,
A bonnier flower than ever
Suckt the green warmth o' the sod.
Oh beautiful unfathomably
Its little life unfurled !
Love's crowning sweetness was our wee
White Rose of all the world.

From out a balmy bosom
Our bud of beauty grew ;
It fed on smiles for sunshine,
And tears for daintier dew.
Ay, nestling warm and tenderly,
Our leaves of love were curled
So close and close about our wee
White Rose of all the world.

Two flowers of glorious crimson
Grew with our Rose of light ;
Still kept the sweet heaven-grafted slip
Her whiteness saintly white.
I' the wind of life they danced with glee,
And reddened as it whirled ;
More white and wondrous grew our wee
White Rose of all the world.

With mystical faint fragrance
Our house of life she filled—
Revealed each hour some fairy tower,
Where winged hopes might build.
We saw—though none like us might see—
Such precious promise pearled
Upon the petals of our wee
White Rose of all the world.
But evermore the halo
Of angel light increased,
Like the mystery of moonlight,
That folds some fancy feast.
Snow-white, snow-soft, snow-silently
Our darling bud upcurled,
And dropt i' the grave—God's lap—our wee
White Rose of all the world.
Our rose was but in blossom,
Our life was but in spring,
When down the solemn midnight
We heard the spirits sing :
“Another bud of infancy,
With holy dews impearled ;”
And in their hands they bore our wee
White Rose of all the world.
You scarce could think so small a thing
Could leave a loss so large ;
Her little light such shadow fling
From dawn to sunset's marge.
In other springs our life may be
In bannered bloom unfurled ;
But never, never match our wee
White Rose of all the world.

GERALD MASSEY.



THOU art gone, sweet, gentle child !
To a clime calm, celestial, mild ;
A bud transplanted from earth's sod,
A cherub from love's blest abode,
Called to the bosom of thy God.

WILLIAM E. HINTON.

WE HOPE TO REACH THE HEAVEN THAT
HOLDS THEE.

THY room is here, sweet babe ! We enter it—
The room, but oh the child ! Thy little bed
Is white in moonlight ;—oh for the beauteous form !
Thy toys are trembling in our palms—but oh
The tiny, dimpled hands that fingered them !
The stairs are here ;—but oh the little feet !
Gone ! Gone for ever ! Yet we hope to reach
The heaven that holds thee, and with humble hearts
Thank God for thee, O child. We know that thou
Art seeing now, and not as in a dream,
The things we long for, and shall never see
Until we join thee in the after-world :—
Thee, little child ! who camest and art gone,
Who wert our child, and art our child no more,
Being familiar with the floor of heaven,
And dwelling nigh unto the throne of God.

J. STANYAN BIGG.

THE SIGHT OF BABY'S SHOES.

OH those shoes, those little blue shoes !
Those shoes that no little feet use !
 Oh the price were high
 That those shoes would buy,
Those little blue, unused shoes !

For they hold the small shape of feet
That no more their mother's eyes meet—
 That, by God's good will,
 Years since grew still,
And ceased from their totter so sweet.

And oh, since that baby slept,
So hushed, how the mother has kept,
 With a tearful pleasure,
 That little dear treasure,
And o'er them thought and wept !

For they mind her for evermore
Of a patter along the floor;
 And blue eyes she sees
 Look up from her knees
With the look that in life they wore.

As they lie before her there,
There babbles from chair to chair
 A little sweet face
 That's a gleam in the place,
With its little gold curls of hair.

Then oh, wonder not that her heart
From all else would rather part
 Than those tiny blue shoes,
 That no little feet use,
And whose sight makes such fond tears start!

W. C. BENNETT.



REJOICE, THOU HAST AN ANGEL BABE IN HEAVEN.

“WITH roses crown his baby head ;
 Close with a kiss his tender eyes ;
Strew lilies o'er his cradle bed,
 For he shall wake in paradise.”

What music fills the silent room ?
 O list ! the guardian angel sings ;
“Our spirit-rose bud springs to bloom,
 Our spirit-bird unfolds its wings.”

O mother ! look with inward eyes ;
 Dear heart ! at once bereaved and blest.
Behold the infant cherub rise ;
 He smiles upon an angel's breast.

Rejoice amid thy sorrow's tears ;
 Rejoice, for unto thee 'twas given
To swell the music of the spheres,
 To bear an angel babe for heaven.

THOS. L. HARRIS.

RESIGN HIM TO HIS MAKER'S HAND.

OH ! grieve not that thy dying babe
 Forsakes this cruel earth ;
 Far better is his day of death
 Than was his day of birth.
 Sure as the fire-spark upward flies
 Is woe the lot of man ;
 And let thine own experience tell
 What were his lengthened span.

Resign him to his Maker's hand,
 And bless that parting moan ;
 The blood that stained the cross will be
 His passport to the throne.
 His little trembling soul will rise
 To seek his Saviour's breast ;
 And there the wicked trouble not,
 The weary are at rest.

CHARLOTTE ELIZABETH.



IT LIVES, FOR JESUS DIED.

BOLD infidelity, turn pale and die ;
 Beneath this stone an infant's ashes lie ;
 Say, is it lost or saved ?
 If death's by sin, it sinned ; for it lies here ;—
 If heaven's by works, in heaven it can't appear ;—
 Reason, ah ! how depraved !
 Revere the Bible's sacred page,—the knot's untied !
 It died, for Adam sinned ;—it lives, for Jesus died !

ROBT. ROBINSON.



SWEET corn of wheat, committed to the ground,
 To die, and live, and bear more precious ear ;
 While in the heart of earth thy Saviour found
 His place of rest—for thee we will not fear.

ARCHBISHOP TRENCH.

TO DIE, FOR THEM, WAS GAIN.

O FRAIL as sweet ! twin buds, too rath to bear
 The winter's unkind air ;
 O gifts beyond all price, no sooner given
 Than straight required by heaven ;
 Matched jewels, vainly for a moment lent
 To deck my brow, or sent
 Untainted from the earth, as Christ's, to soar,
 And add two spirits more
 To that dread band seraphic, that doth lie
 Beneath the Almighty's eye ;—
 Glorious the thought—yet, ah ! my babes, ah, still,
 A father's heart ye fill ;
 Though cold ye lie in earth—tho' gentle death
 Hath sucked your balmy breath,
 And the last kiss which your fair cheeks I gave
 Is buried in your grave.
 No tears ! no tears !—I wish them not again,
 To die, for them, was gain,
 Ere doubt, or fear, or woe, or act of sin
 Had marred God's light within.

S. T. COLERIDGE.

THIS LIFE, WHICH I HAVE DARED INVOKE,
HENCEFORTH IS PARALLEL WITH THINE.

ERE last year's moon had left the sky,
 A birdling sought my Indian nest,
 And folded, oh so lovingly !
 Her tiny wings upon my breast.
 From morn till evening's purple tinge
 In winsome helplessness she lies ;
 Two rose leaves with a silken fringe
 Shut softly on her starry eyes.
 There's not in Ind a lovelier bird ;
 Broad earth owns not a happier nest :
 O God, Thou hast a fountain stirred,
 Whose waters never more shall rest !

This beautiful, mysterious thing,
 This seeming visitant from heaven,
 This bird with an immortal wing,
 To me, to me, Thy hand has given.

The pulse first caught its tiny stroke,
 The blood its crimson hue from mine ;
 This life, which I have dared invoke,
 Henceforth is parallel with Thine !

A silent awe is in my room—
 I tremble with delicious fear ;
 The future with its light and gloom,
 Time and eternity are here.

Doubts—hopes—in eager tumult rise ;
 Hear, O my God, one earnest prayer,
 Room for my bird in paradise,
 And give her angel plumage there.

MRS. EMILY JUDSON.



I'M JOYOUS, YET I'M SORROWFUL.

I'm joyous, yet I'm sorrowful ; I think upon the past ;
 Of one thing bright and beautiful—too beautiful to last,
 Of one sweet cherub sent to me, that came and went again
 Ere I could love and cherish it,—ah ! earthly hopes are vain.

Yes, I had hoped 'twould live and be a fond, endearing child,
 Returning all my love for love, so genial—so mild.
 Perchance it was too innocent to live on earth with me,
 Its spirit sought for purer realms, while from earth's guilt 'twas
 free.

It is a silly dream, I know, but oftentimes I have thought
 That children seem to cling to me (I know not why they ought) ;
 They seem to have a sympathy for that dear child that's gone :
 Oh ! while their love is precious, my heart is not so lone.

When my sweet little child lay dead, one happy thought arose,
 A solace and a comfort 'twas to all my earthly woes ;
 I thought that I would try to lead a pure and godly life,
 And try to wean myself from all world-vanity, and strife.

I thought if thus I lived on earth, to me it would be given
 To meet that angel cherub in its glorious place in heaven ;
 To hear it call me "mother" once, oh ! 'twould indeed be bliss ;
 And now I live for other worlds with comfort left in this.

MRS. J. H. JEWELL.



AN ANGEL FELL IN LOVE WI' HER, AN' TOOK HER FRAE US A'.

SHE's gane to dwell in heaven, my lassie,

She's gane to dwell in heaven :

Ye're owre pure, quo' the voice o' God,

For dwelling out o' heaven.

Oh, what 'll she do in heaven, my lassie?

Oh, what 'll she do in heaven?

She'll mix her ain thoughts wi' angels' sangs,

An' make them mair meet for heaven.

She was beloved by a', my lassie,

She was beloved by a' ;

But an angel fell in love wi' her,

An' took her frae us a'.

Low there thou lies, my lassie,

Low there thou lies ;

A bonnier form ne'er went to the yird,

Nor frae it will arise !

Fu' soon I'll follow thee, my lassie,

Fu' soon I'll follow thee ;

Thou left me nought to covet ahin',

But took gudeness' sel' wi' thee.

I looked on thy death-cold face, my lassie,

I looked on thy death-cold face ;

Thou seemed a lily new cut in the bud,

And fading in its place.

I looked on thy death-shut eye, my lassie,

I looked on thy deathshut eye ;

An' a lovelier light on the brow of heaven

Fell time shall ne'er destroy.

Thy lips were ruddy and calm, my lassie,
 Thy lips were ruddy and calm ;
 But gane was the holy breath o' heaven
 To sing the evening psalm.

There's nought but dust now mine, lassie,
 There's nought but dust now mine ;
 My saul's wi' thee i' the cauld grave,
 An' why should I stay behin' !

ALLAN CUNNINGHAM.



ANGEL, SEEK THY PLACE AMID YON CHERUB THRONG.

Go to thy rest, my child ;
 Go to thy dreamless bed ;
 Gentle, and meek, and mild,
 With blessings on thy head :
 Fresh roses in thy hand,
 Buds on thy pillow laid,
 Haste from this fearful land,
 Where flowers so quickly fade.

Before thy heart might learn
 In waywardness to stray ;
 Before thy feet could turn
 The dark and downward way ;
 Ere sin might wound thy breast,
 Or sorrow wake the tear,
 Rise to thy home of rest
 In yon celestial sphere.

Because thy smile was fair,
 Thy lips and eyes so bright,
 Because thy cradle-care
 Was such a fond delight—
 Shall love, with weak embrace,
 Thy heavenward flight detain ?
 No, angel ! seek thy place
 Amid yon cherub train.

MRS. SIGOURNEY.

THE ANGELIC LEGION GREETED ITS BIRTH
ABOVE.

A HOST of angels flying,
Through cloudless skies impelled ;
Upon the earth beheld
A pearl of beauty lying,
Worthy to glitter bright
In heaven's vast hall of light.
They saw, with glances tender,
An infant newly born,
O'er whom life's earliest morn
Just cast its opening splendour ;
Virtue it could not know,
Nor vice, nor joy, nor woe.
The blest angelic legion
Greeted its birth above,
And came, with looks of love,
From heaven's enchanting region ;
Bending their winged way
To where the infant lay.
They spread their pinions o'er it,
That little pearl which shone
With lustre all its own ;
And then on high they bore it,
Where glory has its birth—
But left the shell on earth.

Dirk Smith, TRANSLATED BY H. S. VON DYK ; 1702—1752.

HE SEEMED A CHERUB WHO HAD LOST
HIS WAY.

How peacefully they rest,
Cross-folded there
Upon his little breast,
Those small white hands, that ne'er were still before,
But ever sported with his mother's hair,
Or the plain cross that on her breast she wore !
Her heart no more will beat

To feel the touch of that soft palm,
 That ever seemed a new surprise,
 Sending glad thoughts up to her eyes
 To bless him with their holy calm—
 Sweet thoughts! they made her eyes as sweet.

How quiet are the hands
 That wove those pleasant bands!
 But that they do not rise and sink
 With his calm breathing, I should think
 That he were dropped asleep:
 Alas! too deep, too deep!

Is this his slumber;
 Time scarce can number
 The years ere he will wake again—
 O may we see his eyelids open then!
 O stern word—nevermore!

* * * *

He did but float a little way
 Adown the stream of time
 With dreamy eyes watching the ripples' play,
 Or listening to their fairy chime.
 His slender sail
 Ne'er felt the gale;
 He did but float a little way,
 And putting to the shore,
 While yet 'twas early day,
 Went calmly on his way,
 To dwell with us no more!

* * *

Full short his journey was; no dust
 Of earth unto his sandals gave,
 The weary weight that old men must,
 He bore not to the grave.
 He seemed a cherub who had lost his way,
 And wandered hither; so his stay
 With us was short, and 'twas most meet
 That he should be no delver in earth's clod,
 Nor need to pause and cleanse his feet
 To stand before his God:
 O blest word—evermore!

J. R. LOWELL.

'Twill be a flower in heaven.

"WHAT shall I render Thee, Father supreme,
 For Thy rich gifts, and this, the best of all?"
 Said a young mother, as she fondly watched
 Her sleeping babe.

There was an answering voice
 That night in dreams.

"Thou hast a little bud
 Wrapt in thy breast, and fed with dews of love;
 Give Me that bud. 'Twill be a flower in heaven."
 But there was silence; yea, a hush so deep,
 Breathless, and terror-stricken, that the lip
 Blanched in its trance.

"Thou hast a little harp:
 How sweetly would it swell the angels' song.
 Give Me that harp!"

There burst a shuddering sob,
 As if the bosom, by some hidden sword,
 Was cleft in twain.

Morn came: a blight had found
 The crimson velvet of the unfolding bud;
 The harp-strings ran a thrilling strain, and broke;
 And that young mother lay upon the earth
 In childless agony.

Again the voice
 That stirred her vision:

"He who asked of thee
 Loveth a cheerful giver."

So she raised
 Her gushing eye, and, ere the teardrop dried
 Upon its fringes, smiled.

Doubt not that smile,
 Like Abraham's faith, was counted righteousness.

MRS. SIGOURNEY.

BELOVED, YOUR BABE IS SLEEPING.

ANOTHER baby dead !

Pale Azriel's white-winged token

Rests in its curl-crowned brow,

A mother's heart is broken.

All that is left us now

Is waxen form, snow-drifted,

Hands folded on its breast,

A soul to heaven uplifted !

Place flowers white upon it,

Where a heart thrilled in its beating—

White flowers, fitting emblems

Of a life so pure and fleeting.

Another baby dead !

Fond mother, cease your weeping ;

For the Comforter hath said,

Beloved, your dead is sleeping.

CHARLOTTE ELIZABETH.



THOU'RT SAFE IN HEAVEN, MY LOVE.

SLEEP, little baby, sleep !

Not in thy cradle bed,

Not on thy mother's breast

Henceforth shall be thy rest,

But with the quiet dead.

Yes, with the quiet dead,

Baby, thy rest shall be !

Oh ! many a weary wight,

Weary of life and light,

Would fain lie down with thee.

Flee, little tender nursling !

Flee to thy grassy nest ;

There the first flowers shall blow,

The first pure flake of snow

Shall fall upon thy breast.

Peace! peace! the little bosom
Labours with shortening breath:
Peace! peace! that tremulous sigh,
Speaks his departure nigh!
Those are the damps of death.

I've seen thee in thy beauty,
A thing all health and glee;
But never then wert thou
So beautiful as now,
Baby, thou seem'st to me.

Thine upturned eyes glazed over,
Like harebells wet with dew;
Already veiled and hid
By the convulsèd lid,
Their pupils darkly blue.

Thy little mouth half open—
Thy soft lip quivering,
As if like summer air,
Ruffling the rose-leaves, there
Thy soul was fluttering.

Mount up, immortal essence!
Young spirit, haste, depart!
And is this death?—dread thing!
If such thy visiting,
How beautiful thou art!

Oh! I could gaze for ever
Upon thy waxen face;
So passionless, so pure!
The little shrine was sure
An angel's dwelling-place.

Thou weepest, childless mother!
Ay, weep—'twill ease thine heart;—
He was thy firstborn son,
Thy first, thine only one,
'Tis hard from him to part.

'Tis hard to lay thy darling
Deep in the damp cold earth,
His empty crib to see,
His silent nursery,
Once gladsome with his mirth.

To meet again in slumber
His small mouth's rosy kiss;
Then, wakened with a start
By thine own throbbing heart,
His twining arms to miss!

To feel (half conscious why)
A dull, heart-sinking weight,
Till memory on the soul,
Flashes the painful whole,
That thou art desolate!

And then to lie and weep,
And think the livelong night
(Feeding thine own distress
With accurate greediness)
Of every past delight;

Of all his winning ways,
His pretty playful smiles,
His joy at sight of thee,
His tricks, his mimicry,
And all his little wiles!

Oh! these are recollections
Round mothers' hearts that cling,—
That mingle with the tears
And smiles of after years,
With oft awakening.

But thou wilt then, fond mother,
In after years look back
(Time brings such wondrous easing),
With sadness not unpleasing,
E'en on this gloomy track.

Thou'lt say, " My firstborn blessing,
It almost broke my heart,
When thou wert forced to go !
And yet for thee I know
'Twas better to depart.

" God took thee in His mercy,
A lamb, untasked, untried,
He fought the fight for thee,
He won the victory,
And thou art sanctified.

" I look around and see
The evil ways of men ;
And oh ! beloved child,
I'm more than reconciled
To thy departure then.

" The little arms that clasped me,
The innocent lips that pressed—
Would they have been as pure
Till now as when of yore
I lull'd thee on my breast?

" Now like a dewdrop shrined
Within a crystal stone,
Thou'rt safe in heaven, my dove,
Safe with the Source of love,
The everlasting One !

" And when the hour arrives,
From flesh that sets me free,
Thy spirit may await,
The first at heaven's gate,
To meet and welcome me."

MRS. SOUTHEY.



A LOVELY bud, so soft and fair,
Called hence by early doom,
Just sent to show how sweet a flower
In paradise would bloom.

S. T. COLERIDGE.

HOPES AND JOYS ARE WITH HIM GONE.

WE cannot choose but weep ;
He was our dearly loved, our only care ;
And brightest hopes and joys are with him gone
Within the grave to sleep.

We hoped to hear his voice,
In accents sweet, lisping his mother's name ;
We thought when summer flowers in beauty came,
He'd pluck them and rejoice.

We hoped he would have knelt
With us, to ask a blessing on our home—
That discord might not ever near us come,
Nor woe be ever felt.

We thought he would have trod
With us the fields where we delight to rove ;
And we had planned to guide his steps to love
Nature, and nature's God.

We hoped he would have proved,
For many years, our help and joy and pride ;
Then taking to himself a happy bride,
Love, e'en as we have loved.

Yet let us cease our sighs ;
For he has passed from darkness into light,
And is united with the Infinite,
The Eternal and All-wise.

SYDNEY GILES.

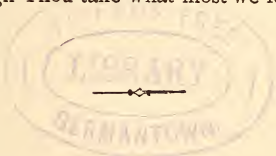
NOW HE DWELLS WITH THEE IN LIGHT.

GENTLE Shepherd, Thou hast stilled
Now Thy little lamb's long weeping ;
Ah, how peaceful, pale, and mild,
In its narrow bed 'tis sleeping !
And no sigh of anguish sore
Heaves that little bosom more.

In this world of care and pain,
 Lord, Thou wouldst no longer leave it;
 To the sunny heavenly plain
 Dost Thou now with joy receive it.
 Clothed in robes of spotless white,
 Now it dwells with Thee in light.

Ah, Lord Jesus, grant that we
 Where it lives may soon be living,
 And the lovely pastures see
 That its heavenly food are giving.
 Then the gain of death we prove,
 Though Thou take what most we love.

MEINHOLD.



MY CHILD, THOU ART GONE TO THE HOME OF THY REST.

O SWEET be thy sleep in the land of the grave,
 My dear little angel for ever!
 For ever? Oh no! let not man be a slave,
 His hopes from existence to sever.

Though cold be the clay where thou pillow'st thy head,
 In the dark silent mansions of sorrow,
 The spring shall return to thy low narrow bed,
 Like the beam of the day-star to-morrow.

The flower-stem shall bloom like thy sweet seraph form,
 Ere the Spoiler had nipped thee in blossom;
 When thou shrunk from the scowl of the loud winter storm,
 And nestled thee close to that bosom.

Oh! still I behold thee, all lovely in death
 Reclined on the lap of thy mother,
 When the tear trickled bright, when the short stifled breath,
 Tell how dear ye were aye to each other.

My child, thou art gone to the home of thy rest,
 Where sufferings no longer can harm ye,
 Where the songs of the good, where the hymns of the blest,
 Through an endless existence shall charm thee.

ROBERT BURNS.



MOTHER, BEHOLD THE CHILD AN ANGEL NOW.

WITH what unknown delight the mother smiled
 When this frail treasure in her arms she pressed !
 Her prayer was heard—she clasped a living child ;
 But how the gift transcends the poor request !
 A child was all she asked, with many a vow ;
 Mother, behold the child an angel now !

Now in her Father's house she finds a place ;
 Or if to earth she takes a transient flight,
 'Tis to fulfil the purpose of His grace,
 To guide thy footsteps to the world of light ;
 A ministering spirit sent to thee,
 That where she is there thou may'st also be.

JANE TAYLOR.



SMILING, THOUGH DEAD.

DEATH found strange beauty on that polished brow,
 And dashed it out. There was a tint of rose
 On cheek and lip ;—he touched the veins with ice,
 And the rose faded. Forth from those blue eyes
 There spake a wishful tenderness,—a doubt
 Whether to grieve or sleep, which innocence
 Alone may wear. With ruthless haste he bound
 The silken fringes of those curtaining lids
 For ever. There had been a murmuring sound,
 With which the babe would claim its mother's ear,
 Charming her even to tears. The Spoiler set

His seal of silence. But there beamed a smile
 So fixed, so holy from that cherub brow,—
 Death gazed—and left it there;—*he dared not steal*
The signet-ring of heaven.

MRS. SIGOURNEY.



UP IN HEAVEN, WITH THINGS MORE BRIGHT, HIS SOUL WAS FAR AWAY.

In dark recess, hard by the spot
 Whence mother's prayer arises night and day,
 Sheltered within his tiny cot
 A lovely infant sleeping lay.
 His eyelids, tinged with rosy light,
 Were closed—for all of earthly sight;
 But up in heaven, with things more bright,
 His soul was far away; a radiant light!

VICTOR HUGO.



O SLEEP, sweet infant, for we all must sleep,
 And wake like babes, that we may wake with Him
 Who watches still His own from harm to keep,
 And o'er them spreads the wings of cherubim.

S. T. COLERIDGE.



LIKE MORNING FAIR, AND SOONER FLOWN.

HITHER come, at close of day,
 And o'er this dust, sweet mother, pray!
 A little infant lies within,
 Who never knew the name of sin.
 Belovèd, bright, and all our own;
 Like morning fair, and sooner flown!
 No leaves or garlands wither here,
 Like those in foreign lands;
 No marble hides our dear one's bier,
 The work of alien hands:

The months it lived, the name it bore
The silver telleth,—nothing more !

No more ;—yet Silence stalketh round
This vault so dim and deep ;
And Death keeps watch without a sound,
Where all lie pale and sleep ;
But palest here and latest hid,
Is he—beneath this coffin lid.

How fair he was—how very fair
What dreams we pondered o'er,
Making his life so long and clear,
His fortunes flowing o'er !
Our hopes (that he would happy be
When we ourselves were old),
The scenes we saw, or hoped to see—
They're soon and sadly told.

All was a dream !—it came and fled ;
And left us here,—among the dead !
Pray, mothers, pray, at close of day,
While we, sad parents, weep away !
Pray, too (and softly be't and long),
That all your babes, now fair and strong,
May blossom like—not like the rose,
For that doth fade when summer goes
('Twas thus our pretty infant died,
The summer and its mother's pride),
But, like some stern enduring tree,
That reacheth its green century,
May grow, may flourish—then decay,
After a long, calm, happy day,
Made happier by good deeds to men,
And hopes in heaven to meet again.

Pray !—From the happy prayer is due ;
While we ('tis all we now can do !)
Will check our tears, and pray with you.

BARRY CORNWALL.

THAT SILVERY VOICE IS BLENDED WITH THE
MINSTRELSY ON HIGH.

ANOTHER little form asleep,
And a little spirit gone,
Another little voice is hushed,
And a little angel born ;
Two little feet have gone the way
To the home beyond the skies ;
And our hearts are like the void that comes
When a strain of music dies.

A pair of little baby shoes,
And a lock of golden hair,
The toy our little darling loved,
And the dress she used to wear ;
The little grave in the shady nook
Where the flowers love to grow,—
And these are all of the little hope
That came three years ago.

The birds that sit on the branch above,
And sing a requiem
To the beautiful little sleeping form
That used to sing to them.
But never again will the little lips
To their songs of love reply ;
For that silvery voice is blended with
The minstrelsy on high.

W. C. BENNETT.

SHE BLOOMS A ROSE IN HEAVEN.

HERE lies a rose—a budding rose,
Blasted before its bloom ;
Whose innocence did sweets disclose
Beyond that flower's perfume.

To those who for her loss are grieved
This consolation's given,—
She's from a world of woe received,
And blooms a rose in heaven.

ROBERT BURNS.

HE SPREADS A SERAPH'S PINION, AND WARBLER'S
LAYS OF LOVE.

HE came—a beauteous vision,—
Then vanished from my sight,
His wing one moment cleaving
The blackness of the night ;
My glad ear caught its rustle,
Then sweeping by, he stole
The dewdrop that his coming
Had cherished in my soul.

Oh! he had been my solace
When grief my spirit swayed,
And on his fragile being
Had tender hopes been stayed ;
Where thought, where feeling lingered
His form was sure to glide,
And in the lone night watches
'Twas ever by my side.

He came ; but as the blossom
Its petals closes up,
And hides them from the tempest
Within its sheltering cup ;
So he his spirit gathered
Back to his frightened breast,
And passed from earth's grim threshold,
To be the Saviour's guest.

My boy—ah me ! the sweetness,
The anguish of that word !—
My boy, when in strange night dreams
My slumbering soul is stirred ;
When music floats around me,
When soft lips touch my brow,
And whisper gentle greetings,
Oh, tell me, is it thou ?

I know, by one sweet token,
My Charlie is not dead ;
One golden clue he left me,
As on his track he sped ;

Were he some gem or blossom,
But fashioned for to-day,
My love would slowly perish
With his dissolving clay.

Oh! by this deathless yearning,
Which is not idly given ;
By the delicious nearness
My spirit feels to heaven ;
By dreams that throng my night sleep,
By visions of the day,
By whispers when I'm erring,
By promptings when I pray ;—

I know this life so cherished,
Which sprang within my heart,
Which formed of my own being
So beautiful a part ;
This precious, winsome creature,
My unfledged, voiceless dove,
Lifts now a seraph's pinion,
And warbles lays of love.

Oh! I would not recall thee,
My glorious angel boy !
Thou needest not my bosom;
Rare bird of light and joy !
Here dash I down the teardrops,
Still gathering in my eyes ;
Blest—oh ! how blest !—in adding
A seraph to the skies !

MRS. EMILY JUDSON.

OUR TREASURE IS WITH GOD.

SHE had seen
All of earth's year except the winter's snows.
Spring, summer, autumn, like sweet dreams, had smiled
On her. Eva—or *living*—was her name ;
A bud of life, folded in leaves of love ;
The dewy morning star of summer days ;

The golden lamps of happy fireside hours;
The little ewe lamb nestling by our side;
The dove whose cooing echoed in our hearts,
The sweetest chord upon our harp of praise:
The quiet spring, the rivulet of joy;
The pearl among His gifts who gave us all;
On whom not we alone, but all who looked,
Gazing, would breathe the involuntary words,
“God bless thee, Eva! God be blessed for thee!”
Alas! clouds gathered quickly, and the storm
Fell without warning on our tender bud,
Scattering its leaflets; and the star was drenched
In tears; the lamp burnt dimly; unawares
The little lamb was faint; the weary dove
Cower’d its young head beneath its drooping wing;
The chord was loosened on our harp; the fount
Was troubled, and the rill ran nearly dry;
And in our souls we heard our Father saying,
“Will ye return the gift?” The voice was low—
The answer lower still,—“Thy will be done.”
And now, where we had often pictured her,
I saw her one of the beatified;
Eva, our blossom, ours for ever now,
Unfolding in the atmosphere of love:
The star that set upon our earthly home
Had risen in glory, and in purer skies
Was shining; and the lamp we sorely missed
Shed its soft radiance in a better home;
Our lamb was pasturing in heavenly meads;
Our dove had settled on the trees of life;
Another chord was ringing with delight,
Another spring of rapture was unsealed
In paradise; our treasure was with God;
The gift in the great Giver’s strong right hand;
And none who looked on her could choose but say,
“Eva, sweet angel! God be blessed for thee!”

REV. E. H. BICKERSTETH.

THE BROKEN LILY—THE STORM HAS OVERPAST.

BUT now, thy youngest, dearest one has perished,
 The nursling of thy widowhood, who grew
 Like a pale flower, by some sad maiden cherish'd,
 And fed with true-love tears instead of dew:
 Most musical of mourners, weep anew!
 Thy extreme hope, the loveliest, and the last,
 The bloom whose petals nipt before they blew,
 Died in the promise of the fruit, is waste;
 The broken lily lies—the storm is overpast.

P. B. SHELLEY.

SHE GENTLY SIGHED HER LITTLE SOUL AWAY.

THE cup of life just to her lips she pressed,
 Found the taste bitter, and declined the rest:
 Then looking upward to the realms of day,
 She gently sighed her little soul away.

MRS. SOUTHEY.

CHILDREN GONE BEFORE.

IF parents did but know what a treasure they have stored up for them in the other world when one of their beloved children is called away from this, how the sting of death, so called, would be removed! That so-called *death* is the birth into the *real life*—the still nearer communion with God the Saviour. Truly the child is not *dead*, but only gone before.

MARY HOWITT.

TAKEN FROM THE EVIL TO COME.

MOURNER, whatever may be your grief for the death of your children, it might have been still greater for their life. Bitter experience once led a good man to say, "It is better to weep for ten children dead than for one living." God may have taken the lamented objects of your affection from the evil to come. When extraordinary calamities are coming on the world.

He frequently hides some of His feeblers children in the grave. Surely, at such a portentous period it is happier for such as are prepared, to be lodged in that peaceful mansion, than to be exposed to calamities and distresses here.

JOHN FLAVEL.

THE CHILD IS WITH JESUS.

IT is a sore stroke to both of you ; but you must not dwell too much on the dark side of the picture. Look, too, at the sunny side, and reflect how many parents would feel highly honoured at having a child safely landed with Jesus in heaven. Her sweet features have left an indelible impression on my mind, which neither distance nor time can alter. May each of us have grace, under all circumstances, to glorify our God and Saviour !

MRS. S. BAINES.

“NEARLY every loss has two faces ; the one with which it comes is terrific to look at, but the face with which it passes away is that of an angel of God.”

LORD MOUNTFORD.

CRIMELESS AND FEARLESS THAT LITTLE ONE PASSED UNDER THE SHADOW.

TO me, few things appear so beautiful as a very young child in its shroud. The little innocent face looks so sublimely simple and confiding among the terrors of death. Crimeless and fearless that little mortal passed under the shadow, and explored the mystery of dissolution. There is death in its sublimest and purest image ; no hatred, no hypocrisy, no suspicion, no care for the morrow ever darkened that little one's face ; death has come lovingly upon it ; there is nothing cruel or harsh in its victory. The yearnings of love, indeed, cannot be stifled ; for the prattle and smiles, and all the little world of thoughts that were so delightful, are gone for ever. Awe, too, will overcast us in its presence, for we are looking on death ; but we do not fear for the lovely little voyager ; for the child has gone, simple and trusting, into the presence of its all-wise Father ; and of such is the kingdom of heaven.

LEIGH HUNT.

WE CANNOT FEEL THAT SHE WILL NO
MORE COME.

'Tis difficult to feel that she is dead.
Her presence, like the shadow of a wing
That is just lessening in the upper sky,
Lingers upon us. We can hear her voice,
And for her step we listen, and the eye
Looks for her wonted coming with a strange,
Forgetful earnestness. We cannot feel
That she will no more come—that from her cheek
The delicate flush has faded, and the light
Dead in her soft dark eye, and on her lip,
That was so exquisitely pure, the dew
Of the damp grave has fallen! Who, so loved,
Is left among the living? Who hath walked
The world with such a winning loveliness,
And on its bright brief journey gathered up
Such treasures of affection? she was loved
Only as idols are. She was the pride
Of her familiar sphere—the daily joy
Of all who on her gracefulness might gaze,
And in the light and music of her way
Have a companion's portion. Who could feel,
While looking upon beauty such as hers,
That it would ever perish? It is like
The melting of a star into the sky
While you are gazing on it, or a dream
In its most ravishing sweetness rudely broken.

N. P. WILLIS.



TIME SOFTENS ALL REGRETS.

JUST as the child could totter on the floor,
And by some friendly finger's help upstayed,
Range round the garden walk, while she perchance
Was catching at some novelty of spring,
Ground-flower, or glossy insect from its cell
Drawn by the sunshine—at that hopeful season
The winds of March smiting insidiously,

Raised in the tender passage of the throat
 Viewless obstruction ; whence, all unforewarned,
 The household lost their pride and soul's delight.
 But time hath power to soften all regrets,
 And prayer and thought can bring to worst distress
 Due resignation.

WORDSWORTH.

SHE LEFT OFF BREATHING.

I SAW our little Gertrude die ;
 She left off breathing, and no more !
 I smoothed the pillow beneath her head.
 She was more beautiful than before.
 Like violets faded were her eyes ;
 By this we knew that she was dead.
 Through the open window looked the skies
 Into the chamber where she lay,
 And the wind was like the sound of wings,
 As if angels came to bear her away.
 Ah ! when I saw and felt these things,
 I found it difficult to stay :
 I longed to die as she had died,
 And go forth with her, side by side.

LONGFELLOW.

WHY SHOULD WE MOURN FOR THE BLEST?

BRIGHT be the place of thy soul !
 No lovelier spirit than thine
 E'er burst from its mortal control,
 In the orbs of the blessed to shine.

On earth thou wert all but divine,
 As thy soul shall immortally be ;
 And our sorrow may cease to repine
 When we know that thy God is with thee.

Light be the turf of thy tomb !
 May its verdure like emeralds be ;
 There should not be the shadow of gloom
 In aught that reminds us of thee.
 Young flowers and an evergreen tree
 May spring from the spot of thy rest :
 But nor cypress nor yew let us see ;
 For why should we mourn for the blest ?

LORD BYRON.

“AWA’” FROM OUR HEARTS THOU’LT
 NEVER BE.

THOU’RT “awa’, awa’” from thy mother’s side,
 And “awa’, awa’” from thy father’s knee ;
 Thou’rt “awa’” from our blessing, our care, our caressing ;
 But “awa’” from our hearts thou’lt never be.
 All things, dear child, that were wont to please thee
 Are round thee here, in beauty bright ;
 There’s music rare in the cloudless air,
 And the earth is teeming with living delight.
 Thou’rt “awa’, awa’” from the bursting spring-time,
 Though o’er thy head its green boughs wave ;
 The lambs are leaving their little footprints
 Upon the turf of thy new-made grave.
 And art thou “awa’” and “awa’” for ever,—
 That little face,—that tender frame,—
 That voice which first, in sweetest accents,
 Call’d me the mother’s thrilling name,—
 That head of nature’s finest moulding,—
 Those eyes the deep night ether’s blue,
 Where sensibility, its shadows
 Of ever-changing meaning threw ?
 Thy sweetness, patience, under suffering,
 All promised us an opening day
 Most fair, and told that to subdue thee
 Would need but love’s most gentle sway.

Ah me ! 'twas here I thought to lead thee,
 And tell thee what are life and death ;
 And raise thy serious thought's first waking
 To Him who holds our every breath.

And does my selfish heart then grudge thee
 That angels are thy teachers now, —
 That glory from thy Saviour's presence
 Kindles the crown upon thy brow ?

O no ! to me earth must be lonelier,
 Wanting thy voice, thy hand, thy love ;
 Yet dost thou dawn a star of promise,
 Mild beacon to the world above.

MRS. HUGH MILLER.



HUMBLY WE BOW TO GOD'S DECREE.

AND hast thou sought thy heavenly home,
 Our fond, dear boy —
 The realms where sorrow dare not come,
 Where life is joy ?

Pure at thy death as at thy birth,
 Thy spirit caught no taint from earth,
 E'en by its bliss we mete our death.

Despair was in our last farewell,
 As closed thine eye ;
 Tears of our anguish may not tell
 When thou didst die ;
 Words may not paint our grief for thee,
 Sighs are but bubbles on the sea
 Of our unfathomed agony.

Gem of our hearth, our household pride,
 Earth's undefiled,
 Could love have saved, thou hadst not died,
 Our dear, sweet child !
 Humbly we bow to God's decree ;
 Yet had we hoped that Time should see
 Thee mourn for us, not us for thee.

Do what I may (go where I will,
Thou meet'st my sight) ;
There dost thou glide before me still—
A form of light !
I feel thy breath upon my cheek,
I see thee smile, I hear thee speak,
Till, oh ! my heart is like to break.

Methinks thou smil'st before me now,
With glance of stealth ;
The hair thrown back from thy full brow,
In buoyant health :
I see thine eyes' deep violet light,
Thy dimpled cheeks carnation bright,
Thy clasping arms so round and white.

E'en to the last, thy every word—
To glad—to grieve—
Was sweet, as sweetest song of bird
On summer's eve ;
In outward beauty undecayed,
Death o'er thy spirit cast no shade,
And like the rainbow thou didst fade.

We mourn for thee, when bleak, blank night
The chamber fills ;
We pine for thee, when morn's first light
Reddens the hills ;
The sun, the moon, the stars, the sea,
All—to the wall-flower and wild-pea—
Are changed : we saw the world through thee.

And though, perchance, a smile may gleam
Of casual mirth,
It doth not own, whate'er may seem,
An inward birth :
We miss thy small step on the stair ;
We miss thee at thine evening prayer ;
All day we miss thee—everywhere.

'Tis so; but can it be (while flowers
Revive again)—
Man's doom, in death that we and ours
For aye remain?
Oh! can it be, that o'er the grave,
The grass renew'd should yearly wave,
Yet God forget our child to save

It cannot be; for were it so
Thus man could die;
Life were a mockery—Thought were woe—
And Truth a lie—
Heaven were a coinage of the brain—
Religion frenzy—Virtue vain—
And all our hopes to meet again.

Then be to us, O dear, lost child
With beam of love,
A star, death's uncongenial wild
Smiling above!
Soon, soon thy little feet have trod
The skyward path, the seraph's road,
That led thee back from man to God.

Yet, 'tis sweet balm to our despair,
Fond, fairest boy,
That heaven is God's, and thou art there,
With Him in joy!
There, past are death and all its woes,
There beauty's stream for ever flows,
And pleasure's day no sunset knows.

Farewell then—for a while, farewell—
Pride of my heart!
It cannot be that long we dwell
Thus torn apart:
Time's shadows like the shuttle flee
And dark howe'er life's night may be,
Beyond the grave I'll meet with thee.

"IS IT WELL WITH THE CHILD?" AND SHE
ANSWERED, "'TIS WELL."

"Is it well with the child?" And she answered, "'Tis well"—
But I gazed on the mother who spake,
For the tremulous tear, as it sprang from its cell,
Bade a doubt in my bosom awake;
And I marked that the bloom from her features, had fled,
So late in their loveliness rare,
And the hue of the watcher that bends o'er the dead
Was gathering all languidly there.

"Is it well with the child?" And she answered, "'Tis well"—
But I thought of its beauty and grace,
When the tones of its laughter would merrily swell
At affection's delighted embrace:
And through their long fringe, as it rose from its sleep
Its eyes beamed a rapturous ray,
And I wondered that silence should settle so deep
O'er the home of a being so gay.

"Is it well with the child?" And she answered, "'Tis well;
No more will it shudder with pain;
Of the pang and the groan, and the gasp it might tell,—
It never will suffer again.
In my dreams, as an angel it stands by my side,
In the garments of beauty and love;
And I hear its glad lays to the Saviour who died,
'Mid the choir of the blessed above."

MRS. SIGOURNEY.

ABIDE, MY CHILD, WHERE THOU ART BLEST.

THEN be it as my Father wills,
I will not weep for thee;
Thou livest, joy thy spirit fills,
Pure sunshine thou dost see,—
The sunshine of eternal rest,
Abide, my child, where thou art blest;
I, with our friends will onward fare,
And, when God wills, shall find thee there!

PAUL GERHARDT (*written* 1650).

A LEAF FROM OUR FLOWER OF LOVE.

OUR baby lies under the snow, sweet wife,
Our baby lies under the snow,
Out in the dark with the night,
While the winds so loudly blow.
As a dead saint thou art pale, sweet wife,
And the cross is on thy breast ;
Oh, the snow no more can chill
That little dove in its nest !

Shall we shut the baby out, sweet wife,
While the chilling winds do blow ?
Oh ! the grave is now its bed,
And its coverlid is snow.
Oh ! our merry bird is snared, sweet wife,
That a rain of music gave,
And the snow falls on our hearts,
And our hearts are each a grave.

Oh ! it was the lamp of our life, sweet wife !
Blown out in a night of gloom ;
A leaf from our flower of love,
Nipped in its fresh spring bloom.
But the lamp will shine above, sweet wife,
And the leaf again shall grow ;
Where there are no more bitter winds,
And no dreary, dreary snow.

SHELDON CHADWICK.



A THORNLESS SORROW.

SPEAKING from sad experience, a long time must yet elapse ere you and his mother will be able to look back on your deprivation with philosophic and unimpassioned minds, or be able to dis sever the *what must be* from the *what might have been*. But when that time does come, you will find that the lamentation for an innocent child is a *thornless sorrow*, and that the steadfast faith, through the Redeemer, of meeting him again, and for ever, can lend a joy to grief.

D. M. MOIR.

IN HEAVEN WE CALL IT OUR OWN.

THE angels dropped us a wee white flower,
Yes, surely it was from heaven it fell ;
Then came the wind and the beating shower,
But it was sheltered down in our dell.
And it grew and grew through the fresh spring days,
The sweetest blossom that ever God made :
Then came the sun with his scorching rays,
But down in our dell there was cool and shade.
And it grew and grew in the summer air,
It was a lily of paradise,
And we watched it open each day more fair,
Nothing on earth so dear in our eyes.
And tenderly we fenced it about,
And the angels of heaven they guarded it well
Then came the time of the sultry drought,
But the brook ran clear in our shadowy dell.
So it grew and grew, come foul, come fair,
And never a soil on its whiteness stood,
And, because the angels made it their care,
From good and bad it drew only good
And oh the blessing to see it grow !
And I think that our hearts both grew as it grew ;
And oh ! we loved it, we loved it so !
And we called it ours, and thought we spoke true.
But at last it had grown so sweet and so white,
That the angels could not leave it us still,
And they came and took it away in the night,
One sad still night when the mist was chill.
And oh the blank when our lily went !
And we look in each other's faces alone,
And we say sometimes, " Well, it was but lent,"
Yet, even in heaven, we call it our own.
And I think it must be meant for us at last,
For would God have made us love it in vain ?
Perhaps, if the gate of heaven were past,
His hand would give us our blossom again.

AUGUSTA WEBSTER.

SHE LOOKED AS THOUGH SHE SLEPT.

How lovely she looked as she lay in her little satin-lined coffin with her tiny fingers clasped, and the dimpled hands resting on her quiet innocent breast ! The pure white rose-buds were not fairer or more beautiful than the rounded cheek against which they rested. The little lips had just begun to syllable that sweetest of heart-words, "Mamma ;" and, as she lay there in her coffin, a loving smile lingered about the mouth, and she looked as though she slept, and would just now start up with her bird-like laugh, and throw her arms about the neck that was bending over her, and nestle to the aching heart, murmuring, "Mamma, dear mamma," as she was wont to do. I had watched with her when the "silver cord" was broken, and wept when her blue eyes closed upon us for ever : for she was very dear to me ; but, as I murmured, I fancied there came to me, in the silence of that dread hour, the soft rustle of wings ; and I knew that our darling was being borne away home by angels, herself the purest and loveliest of them all. When we had robed her little form for the last time, and twined the golden ringlets in which our heart so prided, placing pale flowers among them, the clergyman came to speak to the afflicted parents, and sympathizing friends who had come to look for the last time upon our little pet ; and as we gathered round him, listening for words of comfort, he told us of the blessed world to which she had gone—pointing us thither.

ANNE ELLIOTT.



THY CHILD IS WITH THE ANGEL BAND.

FRIEND.

WHY does sorrow cloud thy face ?
Has mercy not a smile from thee ?
Had earth and heaven no happiness,
But the sweet cherub on thy knee—
Now in the silent churchyard laid ?
Is all around one starless shade ?

MOTHER.

You speak like one who never felt ;
Death never clasped the child you love :
I see my boy—as we have knelt
In grateful prayer to God above—
The pride, the idol of my heart ;
Ah ! how I felt when forced to part !

FRIEND.

But think you that you weep alone ?
Are there no breaking hearts but thine
Sorrow is human nature's own,
And your dark hour may soon be mine,
The grief you feel, the tears you shed,
Are streaming hourly for the dead.

MOTHER.

And deem you there is comfort here ?
Can I draw solace from their woe ?
I cannot, from a mother's tear,
E'en if that mourner were my foe ;
Our griefs will mingle—both will weep,
Where the young withered blossoms sleep.

FRIEND.

Time has a balm for weeping hearts ;
'Twill, silent, bear thy griefs away ;
And slowly, as the night departs,
Smiles yet will come, like dawning day,
New hopes shall beam, and you forget,
When sorrow, like the night, has set.

MOTHER.

There is deep anguish in the thought—
Forget my once bright blooming boy !
No ! earth, nor time can e'er bring aught
His name, his memory, to destroy ;
You say a few short years, and then,
Forget !—oh, name it not again !

FRIEND.

Religion hath a soothing tone,
 A smile to cheer the deepest gloom ;
 While what we loved on earth is gone,
 It, rainbow-like, spans o'er the tomb,
 And, widowed as thy heart may be,
Religion teems with peace for thee.

MOTHER.

Oh, does religion blame the tear—
 A mother's tribute to the dead ?
 I felt its influence o'er his bier,
 When dust to dust my child was laid.
 My love was strong, my grief is deep,
 But say not it is wrong to weep.

FRIEND

Prayer can soothe the troubled hour
 That broods upon the sufferer's breast ;
 For prayer is peace, and prayer is power
 To calm the tempest into rest :
 Prayer is the faith of mourners here,
 And triumphs o'er their saddest tear.

MOTHER.

Yes ! I have knelt in tears and prayer,
 And deemed I felt a peace divine ;
 But still a mother's love was there,
 And dared at mercy's throne repine ;
 In the strong gushings of my love,
 When kneeling at the throne above.

FRIEND.

Hope points thee to a better land—
 A home, a cloudless paradise ;
 Thy child is with the angel band,
 Who hymn their harps in yonder skies :
 Then dry thy tears, and weep no more ;
 He is not lost, but gone before !

MOTHER.

Oh! you have touched a chord of joy;
 I now will wipe my tears away,
 Till I shall meet my much-loved boy
 In realms of everlasting day!
 When life's poor chequered day is o'er,
 Then shall we meet to part no more!

H. BROWN, *Author of "The Covenanters," &c.*



HE CLAIMED ANOTHER LAMB.

AGAIN

THAT elder Shepherd came; my heart grew faint,
 He claimed another lamb, with sadder plaint.
 Another! She, who, gentle as a saint,
 Ne'er gave me pain.

Aghast I turned away;
 There sat she, lovely as an angel's dream,
 Her golden locks with sunlight all a-gleam,
 Her holy eyes with heaven in their beam;
 I knelt to pray:

Is it thy will?
 My Father, say, must this pet Lamb be given?
 Oh, thou hast many such, dear Lord, in heaven
 And a soft voice said, "Nobly hast thou striven
 But—peace, be still!"

O, how I wept!
 And clasped her to my bosom with a wild
 And yearning love—my lamb, my pleasant child:
 Her, too, I gave—the little angel smiled,
 And *slept*.

MRS. SIGOURNEY.



"CHRIST died for us, that whether we wake or sleep, we should live together with Him."—I Thess. v. 10.

WERE ALL THE DEAD LIKE THEE, HOW LOVELY
WERE THE DEAD!

ERE day was well begun,
In what brief span of time
Thy living course and work were done;
Thou saw'st no night, nor even noon,
But only morning's prime;
Smiling thou sleepest now, but hadst thou found
A longer life, tears might those smiles have drowned.

Thine was a blessed flight,
Ere sorrow clouded, or ere sin could slay;
No weary course was thine, no arduous fight;
But an hour on earth of labour light,
And hire for all the day.
Can aught be more than this?
Yes, Christian, yes!
It is much more to live.

And a long life to the "good fight" to give;
"To keep the faith," the appointed race to run;
And then to win the praise,—"Servant of God, well done!"

It is an early hour,
Sweet child, to fall asleep!
Ere yet thy bud had shown its flower,
Or morning dews had ceased to shower;
But, in repose, how deep
Thou calmly liest on thine infant bed!
Were all the dead like thee, how lovely were the dead!

MRS. CHARLES.



SHE PASSED AWAY LIKE MORNING DEW.

AH! well it is since she is gone,
She may return no more
To see that face so dim and wan,
That was so warm before.

Familiar things would all seem strange,
And pleasures past be woe ;
A record sad of ceaseless change
Is all the world below.

The very hills, they are not now
The hills that once they were,
They change as we are changed, or how
Could we the burden bear ?

Ye deem the dead are ashy pale,
Cold denizens of gloom ;
But what are ye that live and wail,
And weep upon the tomb ?

She passed away like morning dew
Before the sun was high ;
So brief her time, she scarcely knew
The meaning of a sigh.

As round the rose, as soft perfume,
Sweet love around her floated ;
Beloved she grew, while mortal doom
Crept on, unfelt, unnoted.

Love was her guardian angel here ;
But love to Death resigned her :
Though love was kind, why should we fear
But holy Death is kinder ?

HARTLEY COLERIDGE.



SAFE FROM TEMPTATION, SHE LIVES WHOM
WE CALL DEAD.

THERE is no flock, however watched and tended,
But one dead lamb is there !
There is no fireside, howsoe'er defended,
But has one vacant chair !

The air is full of farewells to the dying,
And mournings for the dead ;
The heart of Rachel, for her children crying
Will not be comforted.

Let us be patient ! these severe afflictions
Not from the ground arise ;
But oftentimes celestial benedictions
Assume this dark disguise.

We see but dimly through the mists and vapours ;
Amid these earthly damps
What seem to us but sad funereal tapers,
May be heaven's distant lamps.

There is no death ! what seems so is transition ;
This life of mortal breath
Is but a suburb to the life Elysian,
Whose portal we call Death.

She is not dead—the child of our affection—
But gone unto that school
Where she no longer needs our poor protection,
And Christ himself doth rule.

In that great cloister's stillness and seclusion,
By guardian angels led,
Safe from temptation, safe from sin's pollution,
She lives, whom we call dead.

Day after day, we think what she is doing
In those bright realms of air ;
Year after year, her tender steps pursuing,
Behold her grown more fair.

Thus do we walk with her, and keep unbroken
The bond which nature gives,
Thinking that our remembrance, though unspoken,
May reach her where she lives.

Not as a child shall we again behold her ;
For when with raptures wild,
In our embraces we again enfold her,
She will not be a child.

But a fair maiden in her Father's mansion,
 Clothed with celestial grace ;
 And beautiful with all the soul's expansion
 Shall we behold her face.

And though at times impetuous with emotion,
 And anguish long suppressed,
 The swelling heart heaves moaning like the ocean,
 That cannot be at rest—

We will be patient, and assuage the feeling
 We may not wholly stay ;
 By silence sanctifying, not concealing,
 The grief that must have way.

LONGFELLOW.



WHEN I BEGIN TO MURMUR, MY SPIRIT LOOKS ABOVE.

CHILD, by God's sweet mercy given to thy mother and to me,
 Entering this world of sorrows, by His grace,—so fair to see ;
 Fair as some sweet flower in summer, till Death's hand on thee
 was laid,

Scorched the beauty from my flower, made the tender petals fade.
 Yet I dare not weep nor murmur, for I know the King of Kings
 Leads thee to His marriage-chamber,—to the glorious bridal
 brings.

Nature fain would leave me weeping, love asserts her mournful
 right ;

But I answer, they have brought thee to the happy world of light!
 And I fear that my lamentings, as I speak thy cherished name,
 Desecrate the Royal dwelling,—fear to meet deserved blame,
 If I press with tears of anguish into the abode of joy,
 Therefore will I, meekly bowing, offer thee to God, my boy !
 Yet thy voice, thy childish singing, soundeth ever in my ears ;
 And I listen, and remember, till mine eyes will gather tears,
 Thinking of thy pretty prattlings, and thy childish words of love ;
 But when I begin to murmur, then my spirit looks above,—
 Listening to the songs of spirits ; listens, longing, wondering,
 To the ceaseless glad hosannahs angels at thy bridal sing.

EPHRÆM SYRUS.

MY PLEDGE IN HEAVEN.

CAN I, who have for others oft compiled
The songs of death, forget my sweetest child ?
We have this sign of joy, that many days
While on the earth his struggling spirit stays,
The name of Jesus in his mouth contains
His holy food, his sleep, his ease from pains.
Oh may that sound be rooted in my mind
Of which in him such strong effect I find !
Dear Lord, receive my son, whose winning love
To me was like a friendship, far above
The course of nature, or his tender age ;
Whose looks could all my bitter griefs assuage ;
Let his pure soul—ordained seven years to be
In that frail body which was part of me—
Remain my pledge in heaven, as sent to show
How to this port at every step I go.

SIR JOHN BEAUMONT.

INTO THE SUDDEN GLORY, OUT OF THE DARK
HE TROD.

DOST thou weep, mournful mother,
For thy blind boy in the grave ?
That no more with each other
Sweet counsel ye can have ?
That he, left dark by nature,
Can never more be led
By thee, maternal creature,
Along smooth paths instead ?
That thou canst no more show him
The sunshine by the heat ?
The river's silver flowing,
By murmurs at his feet ?
The foliage, by its coolness ;
The roses, by their smell ;
And all creation's fulness,
By love's invisible ?

Weepest thou to behold not
His meek blind eyes again,—
Closed doorways which were folded,
And prayed against in vain—
And under which sate smiling
The child-mouth evermore,
As one who watcheth, wiling
The time by, at a door?
And weepest thou to feel not
His clinging hand on thine—
Which now, at dream-time, will not
Its cold touch disentwine?
And weepest thou still oft,
Oh, never more to mark
His low soft words, made softer
By speaking in the dark?
Weep on, thou mournful mother!

But since to him, when living,
Thou wert both sun and moon,
Look o'er his grave, surviving,
From a bright sphere alone.
Sustain that exaltation,
Expand that tender light;
And hold, in mother-passion,
Thy blessed in thy sight.
See how he went out straightway
From the dark world he knew,—
No twilight in the gateway
To mediate 'twixt the two—
Into the sudden glory,
Out of the dark he trod,
Departing from before thee
At once to light and God!—
For the first face, beholding
The Christ's in its Divine,—
For the first place, the golden
And tideless hyaline;—
With trees, at lasting summer,
That rock to songful sound,

While angels the new-comer
Wrap a still smile around !
Oh, in the blessed psalm now,
His happy voice he tries,—
Spreading a thicker palm-bough
Than others, o'er his eyes,—
Yet still, in all the singing,
Thinks haply of thy song,
Which, in his life's first springing,
Sang to him all night long,—
And wishes it beside him,
With kissing lips that cool
And soft did overglide him
To make the sweetness full.
Look up, O mournful mother:
Thy blind boy walks in light !
Ye wait for one another,
Before God's infinite !
But thou art now the darkest,
Thou, mother left below—
Thou, the sole blind,—thou markest,
Content that it be so:—
Until ye two give meeting
Where the great heaven-gate is,
And he shall lead thy feet in,
As once thou leddest his !
Wait on, thou mournful mother.

MRS. E. B. BROWNING.

HEAVEN SAW, AND EARLY MARKED THEE FOR
ITS OWN.

IN some rude spot where vulgar herbage grows,
If chance a violet rear its purple head,
The careful gardener moves it ere it blows
To thrive and flourish in a nobler bed ;
Such was thy fate, dear child,
Thy opening such ;

Pre-eminence in early bloom was shown,
For earth too good, perhaps,
And loved too much,
Heaven saw, and early marked thee for its own.

R. B. SHERIDAN.



THIS LITTLE SHOE OF THE PAST DOTH TELL.

I FOUND it here—a worn-out shoe,
All mildewed with time and wet with dew,
'Tis a little thing; ye would pass it bye
With never a thought, or word, or sigh;
Yet it stirs in my bosom a hidden well,
And in eloquent tones of the past doth tell.

It tells of a little fairy child,
That bound my heart with a magic wild,
Of bright blue eyes and golden hair,
That ever shed joy and sunlight there—
Of a prattling voice so sweet and clear,
And the tiny feet that ever were near.

It tells of hope that with her had birth,
Deep buried now in the silent earth;
Of a heart that had met an answering tone
That again is left alone;—alone!
Of days of watching, and anxious prayer—
Of a night of sorrow and dark despair.

It tells of a form that is cold and still;
Of a little mound upon yonder hill,
That is dearer far to a mother's heart,
Than the classic "statues of Grecian art"—
Ah! strangers may pass with a careless air,
Nor dream of the hopes that are buried there!

O! ye who have never o'er loved ones wept—
Whose brightest hopes have ne'er been swept
Like the pure white cloud from the summer sky—
Like the wreath of mist from the mountain high—
Like the rainbow beaming a moment here,
Then melting away to its native sphere—

Like rose-leaves loosed by the zephyr's sigh—
 Like that zephyr wafting its perfume bye—
 Like the wave that kisses some graceful spot,
 Then passes away, but is ne'er forgot ;—
 If, like these, your life-hopes have never fled,
 Ye cannot know of the tears I shed.

Ye cannot know what a little thing
 From memory's silent fount can bring,
 The voice and form that were once so dear ;
 Yet there are hearts, were they only here,
 That could feel with me, when all wet with dew ;—
 I found it this morning—*this little shoe*.

D. M. MOIR.

WE SHALL CLASP AGAIN IN ARMS OF LOVE THE LOVE WE MISS.

WHEN Death came for our babe that day,
 He did not hurt her much, dear love,
 In placing wings upon our dove,
 That she, sweet thing, might flee away.

Just as the night when it is spent,
 And morning dawns, or like a thought
 That leaves the soul, and is upcaught
 Into a heaven of dreams she went.

And we stood gazing at the light
 That wreathed her round when she did go,
 Until it vanished in the woe
 Of walking henceforth in the night.

She nestled here, our precious dove,
 Upon the green boughs of the heart,
 And well she played her little part,
 In singing songs of hope and love.

There's much of beauty here unfurled :
 Oh, blessed God ! the flowers are sweet
 That twine themselves around our feet,
 And Love can make a happy world.

But beauty somehow less hath given
To our poor eyes of late, and now
We've nought for aching breast and brow
Save glimpses of the distant heaven ;

Save glimpses of that better land,
Made clear to us through sufferings here,
That left us nearer and more near
Each time God bows us with his hand.

And we shall fold and clasp again
In arms of love, the love we miss,
And end all greetings with a kiss
That shall seal up the gates of pain.

MATTHIAS BARR.



TO ALLURE HER TO HEAVEN, GOD HAD TAKEN
HER TREASURE AWAY.

I SAW the young mother in tenderness bend
O'er the couch of her slumbering boy,
And she kissed the soft lips as they murmured her name
While the dreamer lay smiling in joy.
Oh ! sweet as the rose-bud encircled with dew
When its fragrance is flung on the air,
So fresh and so bright to the mother he seemed
As he lay in his innocence there.
But I saw, when she gazed on the same lovely form
Pale as marble, and silent and cold ;
But paler and colder her beautiful boy,
And the tale of her sorrow was told ;
But the Healer was there, who had smitten her heart
And taken her treasure away.
To allure her to heaven, He had placed it on high,
And the mourner will sweetly obey ;
There had whispered a voice—'twas the voice of her
God,
“ I love thee, I love thee, pass under the rod.”

M. S. B. DANA.

“AGAIN TO MEET.”

ONCE again that Shepherd laid his hand
Upon the noblest of our household band;
Like a pale spectre, there He took His stand,
Close to his side.

And yet how wondrous sweet
The look with which he heard my passionate cry—
“Touch not my lamb—for him O let me die!”
“A little while,” he said, with smile and sigh,
“Again to meet.”

Hopeless I fell;
And when I rose the light had burned so low,
So faint, I could not see my darling go.
He had not bidden me farewell; but ah!
I felt farewell

More deeply far
Than if my arms had compassed that slight frame;
Though could I but have heard him breathe my name,
“Dear mother!”—but in heaven ’twill be the same;
There shines my star.

MRS. SIGOURNEY.



I CANNOT DREAD THE DEATH MADE
BEAUTIFUL BY THEE.

I NEVER thought of him and death, so far apart they seemed—
The love that would have died to save of danger scarcely dreamed;
Too late the fear that prompted help—too late the yearning care;
Yet who that saw his lustrous face could doubt that death would
spare?

Oh, could my pangs have lightened his, or eased his failing
breath,
I would have drained the bitter cup had every drop been death;
But though I drank his agony until my heart o’erflowed,
From off the little sufferer’s breast I could not lift the load.

It weighed him down; I saw him sink away from life and me;
Grief waded in the gentlest eyes; my own could scarcely see:
He looked so calm, he felt so cold—all hope, all life had fled—
A cry of pain would have been sweet, but pain itself was dead.

They took his form of innocence, and stretched it out alone;
Tears fell upon the pulseless clay, like rain-drops upon stone;
They closed his eyes of beauty, for their glory was o'ercast,
And sorrow drew its deepest shade from gladness that was past.

The sun was lazy in the heavens that day our darling died,
And longer wore away the night we missed him from our side;
All sleep was scared by weary sobs from one wild heart and mine;
The only sleep in all the house, my innocent! was thine.

I made mad inquest of the skies; I breathed an inward psalm:
The stars burned incense at God's feet—I grew more strong and
calm:

I uttered brave and soothing words as was my manhood's part,
Then hurried speechlessly away to hide the father's heart.

His coffin-crib a soft hand decked with flowers of sweetest scent;
To beauty and decay akin, their living breath they lent;
But never could they breath impart whence other breath had
flown;—

Ah me! affection's helplessness, when death has claimed his
own!

Our child was now God's holy child, yet still he lingered here;—
Oh, could we but have kept him thus, the pictured dust how dear,
But soon the grave its summons writ upon the blackening lips,
And wheresoe'er I looked for light I only saw eclipse.

There was no loveliness in flowers, in human eyes, or books;
Dear household faces flitted round with pained and ghastly looks;
A shadow muffled like a mist the splendours of the day,
And sorrow speaking to the night took all its stars away.

No more might fair hands fondly smooth the pillow for his head;
The joyless task was now all mine to lay him in his bed:
I laid him in his earth-cold bed, and buried with him there
The hope that, trembling on its knees, expired 'mid broken
prayer.

As in the round and beauteous bud the promise we may trace
Of the unfolded perfect flower, I used to read his face,
Till love grown rash in prophecy foretold him brave and strong—
A battler for the true and right, a trampler on the wrong.

Had I my life to live again I know how I would live,
And all the wisdom I have learned, to him I meant to give—
To bless his glowing boyhood with the ripeness of my age,
And train him up a better man, to tread a nobler stage :

To train him up a perfect man, the crown of life to win,
With kingly chastity of thought to awe rebellious sin,
With all the lights thrown forward of a bright unwasted youth—
A soul as pure as cloistered love, and strong as castled truth.

His lot, how happy had it been, with age to guard and guide!
And yet he might have proved a sire—his darling might have
died:

If so, I need not canvass more the heavens why this should be—
Ah! better to be early dead, than live to weep like me!

Tears! tears! ye never can be his! The thought my own should
dry;

Yet other thoughts and sadder thoughts still brood the foun-
tains by:

Why was a treasure to me given, for death so soon to take?
Oh, may the answer be a heart grown purer for his sake!

Striving one day to be myself, of living things I thought,
And musing on my blessings left, a calm was in me wrought,
Till gliding to my infant's room, all noiselessly I stept,
And shuddered as remembrance woke, that there no more he slept.

The world is emptied of my child, yet crowded with his loss;
The silence and the vacancy my steps for ever cross;
With every sound of merriment my sorrow is at strife,
And happy infants stare at me like pictures wanting life.

So gently wail, ye pleasant winds! and weep, ye silver showers!
Thou shadow of the cypress tree, lie lightly on the flowers!
The summer has its mildews, and the daylight has its clouds,
And some put on their marriage robes, while some are clad in
shrouds.

Thus o'er the gleaming track of life the generations run—
 Do they to clodded darkness pass, or to a brighter sun?
 Does nothing spiritual live? can soul become a sod?
 Is man on earth an orphan? is creation void of God?

Is the resplendent cope of night deserted, drear, and dead?
 Does no great ear lean down to catch the prayers by good men
 said?

Is groan of murdered patriot, or shout of martyred saint,
 As idle as on savage shores, the homeless ocean's plaint?

Above the lands that front the sky in the illumined east,
 The stars hang low and large like lamps at some immortal feast,
 And from those lands so near to heaven have wondrous voices
 come

Of God's eternal fatherhood, and man's celestial home.

I marvel, then, dear child of mine! whom 'neath the grass I laid,
 If winged and bright, a spirit now, though scarcely purer made,
 Thou liv'st in His almighty care, in mansions of the skies!
 Oh say, wilt thou come down to me, or I to thee arise?

Great mysteries are around thee, child! unknown or dim to me,
 But yet I cannot dread the death made beautiful by thee;
 The path thy little feet have trod I may not fear to tread,
 And so I follow on to thee, as by an angel led.

JOHN HEDDERWICK.



A CHILD THAT WE LOVED IS GONE TO HEAVEN.

ONE look upon thy face ere thou depart!
 My daughter! It is soon to let thee go!
 My daughter! with thy birth has gushed a spring
 I knew not of—filling my heart with tears.
 And turning with strange tenderness to thee—
 A love—oh God! it seems so—that must flow
 Far as thou fleest, and 'twixt heaven and me.
 Henceforward, be a bright and yearning chain
 Drawing me after thee! - And so, farewell!

'Tis a harsh world, in which affection knows
No place to treasure up its loved and lost,
But the foul grave ! Thou who so late wast sleeping,
Warm in the close fold of a mother's heart,
Scarce from her breast a single pulse receiving,
But it was sent thee with some tender thought,
How can I leave thee here. Alas for man !
The herb in its humility may fall
And waste into the bright and genial air,
While we—by hands that ministered in life
Nothing but love to us—are thrust away—
The earth flung in upon our just cold bosoms,
And the warm sunshine trodden out for ever !

Yet have I chosen for thy grave, my child,
A bank where I have lain in summer hours,
And thought how little it would seem like death
To sleep amid such loveliness. The brook,
Tripping with laughter down the rocky steps
That lead up to thy bed, would still trip on,
Breaking the dead hush of the mourners gone ;
The birds are never silent that build here,
Trying to sing down the more vocal waters :
The slope is beautiful with moss and flowers,
And far below, seen under arching leaves,
Glitters the warm sun on the village spire
Pointing the living after thee. And this
Seems like a comfort ; and, replacing now
The flowers that have made room for thee, I go
To whisper the same peace to her who lies,
Robbed of her child and lonely. 'Tis the work
Of many a dark hour, and of many a prayer,
To bring the heart back from an infant gone,
Hope must give o'er, and busy fancy blot
The images from all the silent rooms,
And every sight and sound familiar to her,
Undo its sweetest link—and so at last
The fountain—that, once struck, must flow for ever—
Will hide and waste in silence. When the smile
Steals to her pallid lip again, and spring

Wakens the buds above thee, we will come,
 And, standing by thy music-haunted grave,
 Look on each other cheerfully, and say :
 " A child that we have loved is gone to heaven,
 And by this gate of flowers she passed away ! "

N. P. WILLIS.



ASK STRENGTH FOR SORROW'S HOUR.

THOU, that can'st gaze upon thine own fair boy,
 And hear his prayer's low murmur at thy knee,
 And o'er his slumber bend in breathless joy,
 Come to this tomb ! it hath a voice for thee !
 Pray ! thou art blest—ask strength for sorrow's hour.
 Love, deep as thine, lays low its broken flower.

MRS. HEMANS.



GOD GAVE ME STRENGTH TO LAY HIM WHERE HIS MOTHER SLEPT.

I HAD a little blossom,—its nursing root was dead,
 And in my breast I hid it, when its angel mother fled,
 But at every blast I shuddered, and I trembled day and night
 Lest some unseen destroyer, my only bud should blight.

Two years of sleepless care, yet of high and sacred joy,
 Brought forth in ruddy health, my lovely blooming boy,
 With the curls around his head, and the lustre in his eye,
 And the music on his lip, like a song-bird of the sky.

In wakeful hours I mused, and I wished while others sleep
 That for his precious sake my wealth was broad and deep,
 So I forced my lingering mind for a little while to go
 And gather for my son, where the gold and silver grow.

The old nurse loved my blooming boy, and round her neck he
 clung
 With his clasping ivory arms, and his busy flattering tongue,
 She promised to be faithful, with the tear upon her cheek,
 And I tore myself away, while he lay in slumbers sweet.

Both night and day I toiled, while my heart was with the child,
And on my every labour propitious fortune smiled—
Then I homeward set my face, when the spring flowers 'gan to
blow.

Oh for an eagle's pinion—the flying car how slow !

I brought the baubles that he loved, the tiny gilded drum,
The crimson banner'd host, that to mimic battle come ;
The Argonautic shells, that sail in pearly fleet,
And in its pretty cage, the bright winged parroquet.

My trees ! my roof ! I knew them well, though midnight's veil
was drear.

The pale nurse lamp was flickering within the nursery dear.
But a muffled watcher started thence, at my impatient tread,
And there my darling lay, on his white mattress bed.

How still ! my God, is there no voice ? and has it come to this ?
The white lip quivereth not, to my impassioned kiss !
'Tis a coldness like the grave ! my idol ! can it be ?
O Father, from thy throne above in mercy look on me.

They told me how the fever raged, and in his broken dream
How he called upon the absent, with shrill and frantic scream,
How he set his teeth on cup and spoon, with hated med'cine
fraught,
But at his father's treasured name, he took the bitterest draught.

God gave me strength to lay him where his mother slept,
The fragrant vines she used to train around her feet had crept,
But I cut their roots away, that the bud she loved the best
Might spread its withered petals upon her pulseless breast.

And now I wander wide, beneath a foreign sky,
In the strangers' home I lodge, for no household hearth have I ;
There are grey hairs on my temples, despite my early years,
But I find there's still a comfort in drying others' tears.

Why should I cloud my brow, or yield to dark despair ?
All—all men are my brethren, and this fruitful earth is fair ;
For I know when heav'n hath wounded, and probed the bleeding
breast,
Its richest healing balm is, in making others blest.

The poor man he doth thank me, and the orphan's grateful
prayer

Breathes sweetly o'er my lonely soul, and soothes away its care ;
In the sick peasant's cabin the gift he needs I lay,
And, ere he seeks the giver, I vanish far away.

I have a sacred joy, close locked from mortal eye,
My loved ones come to visit me, when lost in dreams I lie ;
They speak such words to charm me, as only angels say,
And the beauty of their robes of light, beams round me thro'
the day.

God is their keeper and their friend, their bliss no tongue can
tell—

And more I love His holy name, that in His home they dwell ;
Oh may He grant me grace divine, while on these shores of time
To learn the dialect they speak, in yon celestial clime.

Beside His glorious throne they rest, on seraph harps they play,
Why should I wish them back again, in these cold tents of clay?
A stricken—not a mournful man,—I sigh, but not repine ;
For my heart is in that land of love, with those I hope to join.

MRS. SIGOURNEY.



No fears have we when some delightful child
Falls from its innocence into the grave ;
Soon as we know its little breath is gone,
We see it lying on the Saviour's breast,
A heavenly flower, there fed with heavenly dew.

PROFESSOR WILSON.



ERE the last odorous sigh of May
That boy laid down beneath the sod !
Like dew his young soul passed away
To mingle with the brighter day
That veils the Throne of God !

J. C. PRINCE.



“THEY are without fault before the throne of God.”—
Rev. xiv. 5.

THE life ethereal, sublime,
 Wastes not beneath the senseless clod ;
 The folded bud has changed its clime,
 And opens in the light of God ;
 The soul its mortal chrysalis has riven,
 And spreads its wings a seraph bright in heaven.

REV. HENRY BATCHELOR.



HAPPINESS OF EARLY DEATH.

WEEP not for those whom the veil of the tomb
 In life's happy morning hath hid from our eyes,
 Ere sin threw a blight o'er the spirit's young bloom,
 Or earth had profaned what was born for the skies,
 Death chilled the fair fountain ere sorrow had stained it,
 'Twas frozen in all the pure light of its course,
 And but sleeps till the sunshine of heaven has unchained it,
 To water that Eden where first was its source.

THOMAS MOORE.



FORGIVE, blest shade, the tributary tear
 That mourns thy exit from a world like this ;
 Forgive the wish that would have kept thee here,
 And stayed thy progress to the realms of bliss.

No more confined to grovelling scenes of night,
 No more a tenant pent in mortal clay ;
 Now should we rather hail thy glorious flight,
 And trace thy journey to the realms of day.

MISS ANNE STEELE.



SAY NOT TOO EARLY.

THY gourd has fallen. Yet had its kindly shade
 Been spared for future years to bless thy bower,
 It would have lived but only to decay.
 Those bursting buds and blossoms, early plucked

(Say not too early), would at last have dropped
As withered flowers. Let the Great Husbandman
Select the time to take His own; and if
For transplantation He may deem it fit,
Before the chilling frosts of life have nipped it,
Wouldst thou retain it longer in the blasts
Of an ungenial clime? Be thine to praise Him,
That, in selecting for the severing blow,
He took the ripest for Himself. The tree
Marked for the axe was not the cumberer—
The leafless, fruitless, unproductive one,
Fit fuel for the fire: no,—it is spared
(In mercy spared), to see if peradventure
The sharp incisions of the pruning-knife
May fructify its boughs. 'Tis the exotic
Which has been taken to a kindlier soil,
To bloom unfading in far happier climes,
Where tempest is unknown! Think of the storms
That tender sapling has in love been saved;
Although, perchance, unfretted with a cloud
Up to the hour it fell; who could predict
What might be brooding in the far horizon,—
What travailings and sorrows might be pent
Within the womb of time? Who could foretell
That ere to-morrow's sun had run his race
Some hurricane, now slumbering, forth might speed
In giant might, its footsteps tracked with woe,
Blighting all loveliness; reminding us
That cloudless sunshine trusted cannot be
On this side heaven? Then weep not; but alike
Adore a "taking" and a "giving" God.
Deem not these blossoms prematurely plucked.
Let those who make this fleeting earth their all,
And its horizon bound their happiness,
Talk of untimely graves! No flower can drop
Too soon, if ripe for glory. Early plucked
Is early bliss. If the great clock of time
Has in life's dawn of morning tolled its knell,
And numbered earthly hours, it hasten's heaven.
An early death-bed is an early crown!

Now unfulfilled one wish alone remains,—
 That those beloved on earth, endeared by bonds
 Defying dissolution, left behind
 To rough the winter's blast, may soon arise,
 The deathless glory of the soul to share,
 "Not lost, but gone before."

REV. J. R. MACDUFF, D.D.



GONE TO SOME WORLD OF NOBLER LIFE AND ACTION.

I HAVE seen one die, the delight of his friends, the pride of his kindred, the hope of his country: but he died! How beautiful was that offering upon the altar of death! The fire of genius kindled in his eye; the generous affections of youth mantled on his cheek; his foot was upon the threshold of life; his studies, his preparations for honoured and useful life, were completed; his breast was filled with a thousand glowing, and noble, and never yet expressed aspirations:—but he died! He died, while another, of a nature dull, coarse, and unrefined; of habits low, base, and brutish; of a promise that had nothing in it but shame and misery—such a one, I say, was suffered to encumber the earth. Could this be, if there were no other sphere for the gifted, the aspiring, and the approved, to act in? Can we believe that the energy just trained for action, the embryo thought just bursting into expression, the deep and earnest passion of a noble nature—just swelling into the expansion of every beautiful virtue, should never speak, should never unfold itself? Can we believe that all this should die; while meanness, corruption, sensuality, and every deformed and dishonoured power should live? No, ye goodly and glorious ones, ye God-like in youthful virtue!—ye die not in pain; ye teach, ye assure us, that ye are gone to some world of nobler life and action.

REV. ORVILLE DEWEY, D.D.



YOUR loss must be severe, but like all God's thunder-showers, it sheds refreshment amidst seeming ruin.

REV. GEO. GILFILLAN.

HE IS NOT LOST !

HE is not lost ! though closed those lustrous eyes,
Though mute those lips, and cold that classic brow ;
Though on that face a deepening shadow lies,
And only that pale form is left us now.

He is not lost ! though we have laid him low,
With loving thoughts stood round his early grave ;
Though o'er his bier the trembling grass shall grow,
And the old oak its stately branches wave.

He is not lost, though we shall lose his smile,
His ringing laugh, his merry, harmless jest ;
No more his fluent lips our cares beguile,
His sparkling wit amuse our hours of rest.

His rayless eyes shall kindle now no more
With mental fire o'er Wisdom's written roll
Her ample realm his tireless zeal explore,
Or from her fount refresh his thirsting soul.

Nothing is lost, for failure cannot be,
Where wisdom infinite evolves the plan ;
'Tis but a part, and not the whole we see,—
In worlds unseen revive things dead to man.

There is recovered all we mourned as fled—
There is continued all we deemed as o'er ;
There lived the loved—the lost, though wept as dead
Their soaring powers restrained by flesh no more.

Not to no end he lived—though short his day,
Not fruitless all those weary weeks of pain,
Early matured for heaven, he passed away,
Nor death he dreaded, when to die was gain.

His parted soul with pure affection burns,
No true affection in the dust expires ;
Warmed by each human love the soul returns,
And changes earthly for celestial fires.

His mind, now vested with his garb of light,
 Shines all the brighter for his former toil ;
 Each studied book increased its conscious might,
 And made it richer with fair learning's spoil.

And that young form, now wrapt in death's long sleep,
 Waits but the day when God shall say, " Restore !"
 Shall rise in beauty from the mould'ring heap—
 Rise to new life, and live to die no more.

He is not lost ! he lives, he lives for aye !—
 To these rent hearts this healing hope is given ;
 When from our sight our loved ones pass away,
 All that seems lost to earth is found in heaven !

REV. THOMAS HILL.



YOUNG HE DIED.

STRENGTH sublime may rise from weakness,
 Groans be turned to songs of praise,
 Nor are life's divinest labours
 Only told by length of days.
 Young he died ; but deeds of mercy
 Beautified his life's short span.

MARY HOWITT.



ONLY IN HUMBLE UNQUESTIONING FAITH CAN BEREAVED AFFECTION FIND REPOSE.

It is comparatively easy to bow the heart in resignation when the mortal summons calls those away whose heads are grey with the snows of age, and who have had full opportunities of usefulness and ample leisure for improvement ; but when we see the shadow of death overcast the morning of a young and promising existence, it is impossible not to feel that God moves in a dark mysterious way, and that only in humble unquestioning faith can bereaved affection find repose.

SAMUEL BISHOP.

TRANSPLANTED.

THE blossom which withered new upon its stalk has been transplanted then to a place of endurance, and it will then gladden the eye which now weeps out the agony of an affection that has been so sorely wounded ; and in the name of Him who, if on earth, would have wept along with them, do we bid all believers to sorrow not even as others who have no hope, but to take comfort in the thought of that country where there is no sorrow and no separation.

DR. CHALMERS.

 THE HEALER WAS THERE !

I SAW when a father and mother had leaned
 On the arms of a dear cherished son,
 And the star in the future grew bright in their gaze
 As they saw the proud place he had won ;
 And the fast coming evening of life promised fair,
 And its pathway grew smooth to their feet ;
 And the starlight of love glimmered bright to the end,
 And the whispers of fancy were sweet ;
 But I saw when they stood bending low o'er the grave,
 Where their hearts' dearest hope had been laid ;
 And the star had gone down in the darkness of night
 And joy from their bosoms had fled :
 But the Healer was there, and His arms were around,
 And He led them with tenderest care ;
 And He showed them a star in the bright upper world,
 'Twas *their* star shining brilliantly there.
 They had each heard a voice : 'twas the voice of their God,
 "I love thee—I love thee—pass under the rod."

M. S. B. DANA.

 TEARS FELL WHEN THOU WERT DYING.

GREEN be the turf above thee,
 Son of my better days !
 None knew thee but to love thee !
 None named thee but to praise !

Tears fell when thou wert dying,
 From eyes unused to weep :
 And long where thou art lying
 Will tears the cold turf steep.
 While memory bids me weep thee,
 Nor thoughts nor words are free ;
 The grief is fixed too deeply,
 That mourns a lad like thee !

HALLECK.

GRIEF BECOMES FOR VERY REVERENCE, MUTE.

No tears ; for Death
 Saw thee when loveliest, and his icy touch
 Preserves thy look for ever. It is well :
 The only things that change not are the dead.
 Now thou art safe from Time's defacing hand,
 From staling custom, and, sadder far than all,
 From human fickleness. In after years,
 It might be, I would scarce have followed thee
 A mourner to the grave. Thou art so fair,
 That, gazing on thee, clamorous grief becomes,
 For very reverence, mute. If mighty Death
 Made our rude human faces by his touch
 Divinely fair as thine, O never more
 Would strong hearts break o'er briars. There sleeps
 to-night
 A sacred sweetness on thy silent lips,
 A solemn light upon thy ample brow,
 That I can never, never hope to find
 Upon a living face.

ALEXANDER SMITH.

DIE WITH ALL THE SUNSHINE ON HER.

AH ! that is sad : and yet perhaps 'tis better
 That she should die with all the sunshine on her,
 And all the benedictions of the morning,

Before this affluence of golden light
 Shall fall into a cold and clouded grey,
 Then into darkness.

LONGFELLOW.

FOR ye are dead, and your life is hid with Christ in God :
 when Christ, who is our life, shall appear, then shall ye also appear with Him in glory.—Col. iii. 3, 4.

THE FLOWERETS FROM YOUTH'S CHAPLET FELL.

SHE was a sunbeam in the storm,—
 A star that gently lifted
 Above the dark its beauteous form,
 When the dull tempest shifted.
 She loved—that passion like a spell
 With her young dreams was blended :
 The flowerets from youth's chaplet fell
 Before her spring-time ended.
 In yon churchyard the flowers are fair
 Beneath heaven's blue expansion,
 But a sweeter gem is lying there,
 In dark oblivion's mansion ;
 The bud of promise to all eyes—
 O'er whom the wild wind dashes,—
 But she shall flourish in the skies,
 When stars and worlds are ashes.

DUGALD MOORE.

DEATH BROUGHT LIFE'S PEACE.

SHE faded, like the summer flower
 When parching sunshine burns,
 And no fresh dews, no cooling shower,
 Seared grass to greenness turns.
 She faded,—and I marked how swift
 Death's shadowy mist crept o'er her,
 As dark clouds o'er the bright morn drift,
 But do not pass before her.

She faded day by day ! at last
No lily was more wan ;
I knew that all my joy had past,
Just as her joy began.
I knew that death to her would bring
Life's peace—to last for ever.
She faded—but in heaven her spring
Of bloom shall perish never !

MAJOR CALDER CAMPBELL.



EARTH HAS ONE ANGEL LESS, AND HEAVEN ONE MORE.

SHE is gone !—no longer shrinking from the winter wind, or lifting her calm pure forehead to the summer's kiss ; no longer gazing with her blue and glorious eyes into a far-off sky ; no longer yearning with a holy heart for heaven ; no longer toiling painfully along the path, upward and upward, to the everlasting rock on which are based the walls of the city of the Most High ; no longer here, she is there ; gazing, seeing, knowing, loving, as the blessed only see, and know, and love. Earth has one angel less, and heaven one more, since yesterday. Already, kneeling at the throne, she has received her welcome, and is resting on the bosom of her Saviour. If human love have power to penetrate the veil (and hath it not ?), then there are yet living here a few, who have the blessedness of knowing that an angel loves them.

NATHANIEL HAWTHORN.



GO, BEAUTY, REST FOR AYE.

DID I not love thee too, pure perfect thing?
This is a soul I see, and not a body.
Go, beauty, rest for aye ; go, starry eyes,
And lips like rosebuds peeping out of snow ;
Go, breast love-filled as a boat's sail with wind,
Leaping from wave to wave as leaps a child,

Thoughtless, o'er grassy graves ; go, locks which have
 The golden embrownment of a lion's eye.
 Yet one more look ; farewell, thou well and fair !
 All who but loved thee shall be deathless. Nought
 Named if with thee can perish. Thou and death
 Have made each other purer, lovelier seem,
 Like snow and moonlight. Never more for thee
 Let eyes be swollen, like streams with latter rains.
 To die were rapture, having lived with thee.
 Thy soul hath passed out of a bodily heaven,
 Into a spiritual. Rest for aye,
 Pure after love as e'er thou wast before,
 Pure as the dead in life. The dead are holy :
 I would I were among them.

P. J. BAILEY.



FIT FOR THE EYE OF GOD.

REST, weary dust, lie here an hour ;
 Ere long, like blossoms from the sod,
 Thou shalt come forth a glorious flower,
 Fit for the eye of God.

REV. HORATIUS BONAR.



ALMOST MOCKERY TO WEEP.

IN life itself she was so still and fair,
 That death with gentler aspect withered there ;
 And the cold flowers her colder hand contained
 In that last grasp so tenderly were strained
 As if she scarcely felt, but feigned a sleep,
 And made it almost mockery to weep.
 A parting pang,—the spirit from her past ;
 And they who watched her nearest could not know
 The very instant, till the change that cast
 Her sweet face into shadow, dull and slow.

LORD BYRON.

GOD HATH TAKEN HOME HIS CHILD.

O HALF we deemed she needed not
 The changing of her sphere,
 To give to heaven a shining one,
 Who walked an angel here.
 Alone unto our Father's will
 One thought half reconciled,—
 That He, whose love exceedeth ours,
 Hath taken home His child.
 Still may her mild rebuking stand
 Between us and the wrong,
 And her dear memory serve to make
 Our faith in goodness strong.

J. G. WHITTIER.

WE WHO SO LOVED HER, LEAVE HER—FOR
A WHILE.

ALL the absorbing beauty of her form,
 The mellowing sweetness of her quickening mind
 The glorious issue of a heart of love,—
 All, all transformed at thy grim presence,
 Death !

No watched decay and no denoted change ;
 No fading cheek, no lustre-lacking eye ;
 Nor any laughter wanting to our mirth !
 And thy chill cry rings on our sleeping ears,
 O Death !

Coiled at our feet in sweet obedient love
 Caught to our hearts, her failings all forgot,
 A tyrant in her beauty ! now so still,
 Lying so mute, so patient in thy thrall,
 Terrible death !

E'en now the drowsy hush of summer leaves
 A slumbrous calm about her fitly keeps :
 We who so loved her, leave her for a while,
 Leave her to thy long cherishing, O death ;
 O gentle death !

WM. SAWYER.

PALE AND LIFELESS.

PALE and lifeless, there
She lies, whose looks were love, whose beauty smiled
The sweet effulgence of endearing virtue.

THOMSON.

ONLY A TRANSIENT STAY.

BUT think not, grave, that we resign
This treasure as for ever thine ;
We only ask a transient stay,
Till heaven unfolds eternal day !
Then shall this mould'ring frame of flesh
Spring forth in blooming life afresh,
And Death, that swallows all, shall be
Swallowed himself in victory !

GIBBONS.

WHEREFORE DO WE WEEP.

Low she lies, who blest our eyes
Through many a sunny day ;
She may not smile, she will not rise,
The life hath passed away !
Yet there's a world of light beyond,
Where we neither die nor sleep ;
She is *there*, of whom our souls were fond,
Then wherefore do we weep ?

The heart is cold, whose thoughts were told
In each glance of her glad bright eye ;
And she lies pale, who was so bright,
She scarce seemed made to die.
Yet we know that her soul is happy now,
Where the saints their calm watch keep ;
That angels are crowning that fair young brow,
Then wherefore do we weep ?

Her laughing voice made all rejoice
 Who caught the happy sound ;
 There was gladness in her very step,
 As it lightly touched the ground.
 The echoes of voice and step are gone ;
 There is silence still and deep :
 Yet we know she sings by God's bright throne,
 Then wherefore do we weep ?

The cheek's pale tinge, the lid's dark fringe,
 That lies like a shadow there,
 Were beautiful in the eyes of all,
 And her glossy golden hair !
 But though that lid may never wake
 From its dark and dreamless sleep ;
 She is gone where young hearts do not break,
 Then wherefore do we weep ?

That world of light with joy is bright,
This is a world of woe :—
 Shall we grieve that her soul hath taken flight,
 Because we dwell below ?
 We will bury her under the mossy sod,
 And one long bright tress we'll keep :
 We have only given her back to God,
 Ah ! wherefore do we weep ?

HON. MRS. NORTON.



THE ANGELS HAIL AN ADDED FLOWER OF LOVE.

WE call them ours, o'erwept with selfish tears,
 O'erwatched with restless longings night and day ;
 Forgetful of the high, mysterious right
He holds to bear our cherished plants away.

But when some sunny spot in those bright fields
 Needs the fair presence of an added flower,
 Down sweeps a starry angel in the night ;—
 At morn the rose has vanished from our bower.

Where stood our tree, our flower, there is a grave !
 Blank, silent, vacant, but in worlds above—
 Like a new star outblossomed in the skies—
 The angels hail an added flower of love.

Dear friend, no more upon that lonely mound,
 Strewed with the red and yellow autumn leaf,
 Drop thou the tear, but raise the fainting eye
 Beyond the autumn mists of earthly grief.

Thy garden rosebud bore within its breast
 Those mysteries of colour, warm and bright,
 That the bleak climate of this lower sphere
 Could never waken into form and light.

Yes, the good Gardener has borne her hence,
 Nor must thou ask to take her thence away ;
 Thou shalt behold her in some coming hour,
 Full-blossomed in His fields of cloudless day !

MRS. H. B. STOWE.



GOD CULLS THE YOUNG AND BEAUTIFUL.

HE with timely hand prevented now
 The sad season of their withering,
 Culled them in the glory of their prime,
 Ere their fresh delight had taken wing,—
 Culled the young and beautiful, and laid
 In his bosom gently, home to bring.

ARCHBISHOP TRENCH.



GONE.

MY strength fails,
 MY heart is stopped—oh, Father !

* * * *

Speak again !
 She's dead !—Is death so short a ceremony ?
 'Tis but one pang—one moment's deeper faint
 And nothing more. Kate, do you hear me, Kate ?

Not all the air that floats 'twixt this and heaven
Can lend her one short breath ; no, not so much
As would make up a sigh to answer me.

S. HAYNES.

SHE's cold already ! Her lips are lovely still :
The buds, though gathered, keep their damask colours.

N. LEE.

SORROWING FOR THAT GIFT OF HEAVEN.

REJOICE for her that when the garland of her life
Was blighted, and the springs of hope were dried,
Received her summons hence, and had no time,
Bearing the canker at the impatient heart,
To wither, sorrowing for that gift of heaven,
Which lent one moment of existence light,
That dimmed the rest for ever !

MRS. HEMANS.

LIKE a *passing thought*, she fled
In light away.

ROBERT BURNS.

HER SOUL WAS WHISPERED OUT.

So softly death succeeded life in her,
She did but dream of heaven, and she was there.
No pains she suffered, nor expired with noise ;
Her soul was whispered out with God's still voice.

DRYDEN.

WITHIN THE ETERNAL PRESENCE.

My happy boy ! and murmur I that death
Over thy young and buoyant frame hath power ?

In yon bright land love never perisheth,
 Hope may not mock, nor grief the heart devour.
 The beautiful are round thee : thou dost keep
 Within the eternal presence ; and no more
 May'st death, or pain, or separation dread :
 Thy bright eyes cannot weep,
 Nor they with whom thou art thy loss deplore ;
 For ye are of the living, not the dead.

Thou dweller with the unseen, who hast explored
 The immense unknown ; thou, to whom death and heaven
 Are mysteries no more ; whose soul is stored
 With knowledge for which man hath vainly striven ;
 Beloved child, oh ! when shall I lie down
 With thee beneath fair trees that cannot fade ?
 When from the immortal rivers quench my thirst ?
 Life's journey speedeth on ;
 Yet for a little while we walk in shade ;
 Anon by death the cloud is all dispersed,
 Then o'er the hills of heaven the eternal day doth burst.

PROFESSOR WILSON.



THE BRIGHTEST SOULS ARE SOONEST GONE.

THE brightest blossom soonest dies,
 The purest dew will early rise
 To mingle with the viewless air ;
 The fairest rose will soon decay,
 The softest beauty pass away,
 And all be dark and lonely there.

The brightest souls are soonest gone,
 The proudest race is quickest won,
 And genius finds in youth a grave ;
 The hand that sent it from above
 Recalls it in its fondest love,
 And takes the choicest gift it gave.

Mind cannot linger long below,
 And keep unstained its virgin snow;
 Earth will assert its base control:
 Happy the life that soon is o'er,
 Pain ne'er can bow the spirit more,
 Nor force can crush the tender soul.

A few short years, but oh! how bright
 With pure, serene, and mellow light!
 No hour, no moment, spent in vain;
 Better than base eternity
 To live these transient years, like thee,
 In light, and die without a stain.

JAMES GATES PERCIVAL.



THESE were redeemed from among men, being the first-fruits unto God and to the Lamb.—Rev. xiv. 4.



LAY HER GENTLY IN THE FLOWERFUL MOULD.

SLOWLY and softly let the music go
 As ye wind upwards to the gray church tower,
 Check the shrill hautboy, let the pipe breathe low,
 Tread lightly on the pathside daisy flower,
 For she ye carry was a gentle bud,
 Loved by the unsunned drops of silver dew
 Her voice was like the whisper of the wood
 In prime of even, when the stars are few.
 Lay her all gently in the flowerful mould,
 Weep with her one brief hour, then turn away,
 Go to hope's prison, and from out the cold
 And solitary gratings many a day
 Look forth: 'tis said the world is growing old,
 And streaks of orient light in time's horizon play.

DEAN ALFORD.

HER VOICE HATH PASSED AWAY !

Go forth, for she is gone !
With the golden light of her wavy hair,
She is gone to the fields of the viewless air,
She hath left her dwelling lone !

Her voice hath passed away !
It hath passed away like a summer breeze,
When it leaves the hills for the far blue seas,
Where we may not trace its way.

Go forth, and, like her, be free !
With thy radiant wing, and thy glowing eye ;
Thou hast all the range of the sunny sky,
And what is our grief to thee ?

Is it aught even to her we mourn ?
Doth she look on the tears by her kindred shed ?
Doth she rest with the flowers o'er her gentle head,
Or float, on the light wind borne ?

We know not, but she is gone !
Her step from the dance, her voice from the song,
And the smile of her eye from the festal throng ;
She hath left her dwelling lone.

When the waves at sunset shine,
We may hear thy voice, amidst thousands more,
In the scented woods of our glowing shore ;
But we shall not know 'tis thine !

Even so with the loved one flown !
Her smile in the starlight may wander by,
Her breath may be near in the wind's low sigh,
Around us, but all unknown.

Go forth, we have loosed thy chain !
We may deck thy cage with the richest flowers
Which the bright day rears in her eastern bowers ;
But thou wilt not be lured again.

Even thus may the summer pour
All fragrant things on the land's green breast,
And the glorious earth like a bride be dressed ;
But it wins her back no more !

MRS. HEMANS.



NO MORE SHE HEARS.

No more she hears, where vines adorn
Her window, on the boughs
Birds chirrup an arouse :
Flies, buzzing, strengthening with the morn,
She will not hear again
At random strike the pane :
No more on grass-plat newly shorn
With her gown's glancing hem
Bend down the daisy's stem,
In walking forth to view what flowers are borne.

THOMAS WOOLNER.



A FATHER'S GRIEF.

To trace the bright rose, fading fast
From a fair daughter's cheek ;
To read upon her pensive brow
The fears she will not speak ;
To mark that deep and sudden flush,
So beautiful and brief,
Which tells the progress of decay—
This is a Father's grief.

When languor from her joyless couch,
Hath scared sweet sleep away,
And heaviness that comes with night,
Departs not with the day ;
To meet the fond endearing smile,
That seeks, with false relief,
Awhile to calm his bursting heart—
This is a Father's grief.

To listen where her gentle voice
Its welcome music shed,
And find within his lonely halls
The silence of the dead ;
To look, unconsciously, for her,
The chosen and the chief
Of earthly joys—and look in vain—
This is a Father's grief.

To stand beside the sufferer's couch,
While life is ebbing fast ;
To mark that once illumined eye
With death's dull film o'ercast ;—
To watch the struggles of the frame
When earth has no relief,
And hopes to heaven are breathed in vain—
This is a Father's grief.

And not when that dread hour is past,
And life is pain no more—
Not when the dreary tomb hath closed
O'er her so loved before,
Not then does kind oblivion come
To lend his woes relief,
But with him to the grave he bears
A Father's rooted grief.

For, oh ! to dry a mother's tears,
Another babe may bloom :
But what remains on earth for him
Whose last is in the tomb ?
To think his child is blessed above—
To hope their parting brief,—
These, these may soothe—but death alone
Can heal a Father's grief.

CANON DALE.



SORROW, LOVE'S DEEPEST SPOKESMAN.

I THOUGHT our love at full, but I did err ;
Joy's wreath drooped o'er mine eyes ; I could not see

That sorrow in our happy world must be
Love's deepest spokesman and interpreter ;
But, as a mother feels her child first stir
Within her heart, so felt I instantly
Deep in my soul another bond to thee
Thrill with that life we saw depart from her ;
O mother of our angel child ! twice dear !
Death knits as well as parts, and still, I wis,
Her tender radiance shall enfold us here,
Even as the light, borne up by inward bliss,
Threads the void glooms of space without a fear,
To print on farthest stars her pitying kiss.

J. R. LOWELL.



THE SPIRIT TO ITS HOME ABOVE RETURNS
AGAIN.

THERE is a soft retiring light
In her blue eye,
Like some sweet star that glances far
Through the still sky,
Then springs into the liquid air
Of heaven, as if its home were there.
There is a hue upon her cheek,
That comes and goes :
One moment 'tis the blushing streak
That dyes the rose ;
A spirit breathes upon her brow,
And she is calm and pale—as now.
And music, softly, sweetly wild,
Is in her tone—
The distant voice of some sweet child
Singing alone,
As resting from its joyous play
By a bright streamlet far away.

I gaze upon her,—not in love,
For love is vain !
The spirit to its home above
Returns again ;
And hers has only wandered here
To dwell awhile, and disappear !

I gaze upon her—not in grief,
But half in gladness ;
And feel it is a kind relief
To my life's sadness,
To whisper as she passes, thus,—
“ Sweet spirit, thou art not of us.”

MRS. HEMANS.



SHE TO HEAVEN HAS PASSED.

SOFTLY !
She is lying
With her lips apart.
Softly !
She is dying
Of a broken heart.

Whisper !
She is going
To her final rest.
Whisper !
Life is growing
Dim within her breast.

Gently !
She is sleeping,
She has breathed her last.
Gently !
While you are weeping
She to heaven has pass'd !

CHAS. GAMAGE EASTMAN.

ONLY A LOCK OF HAIR.

ONLY a spark from love's dear shrine,
 Whose altar fires are dead ;
 Only a tress whose silken sheen
 Once crown'd a lovely head.
 Only a token wrapp'd away,
 Of happier days that were,
 Long vanished from my wistful gaze,
 Only a lock of hair.

Only one link, a link of gold,
 Between the past and me ;
 One tender leaflet fluttr'ing still
 Upon a blighted tree.
 Only a relic dim with tears,
 Of what was once so fair—
 The image sweet of life in death,
 Only a lock of hair.

Of what was once my all in all,
 But these sad links remain,
 To bind me now and evermore
 Within their silken chain.
 Poor token of a faded past,
 Dim relic once so fair,
 To lie upon my lonely heart,
 Only a lock of hair.

HON. MRS. GIFFORD.



HEAVEN, I KNOW, RECEIVED THE SOUL.

HEAVEN, I know,
 Received the soul, and the eternal beauty
 Embayed within its arms the mortal fair.
 The golden and the gorgeous loveliness—
 A sunset beauty ! Ah ! I saw it set.
 My heart, alas ! set with it. I have drained
 Life of all love, as doth an iron rod

The heavens of lightning ! I have done with it,
 And all its waking woes and dreams of joys.
 No more shall beauty star the air I live in ;
 And no more will I wake at dead of night,
 And hearken to the roaring of the wind,
 As though it came to carry one away.

P. J. BAILEY.



WEEP NO MORE.

WEEP no more, lady, weep no more,
 Thy sorrow is in vain,
 For, *violets plucked*, the sweetest showers
 Will *ne'er make grow again*.

DR. PERCY.



WEEP NOT FOR HER.

WEEP not for her !—O she was far too fair,
 Too pure to dwell on this guilt-tainted earth !
 The sinless glory, and the golden air
 Of Zion, seemed to claim her from her birth !
 A spirit wandering from its native zone,
 Which, soon discov'ring, took her for its own :
 Weep not for her !

Weep not for her !—Her span was like the sky ;
 Whose thousand stars shine beautiful and bright ;
 Like flowers that know not what it is to die !
 Like long-link'd shadeless months of Polar light ;
 Like music floating o'er a waveless lake,
 While echo answers from the flowery brake :
 Weep not for her !

Weep not for her !—She died in early youth,
 Ere hope had lost its rich romantic hues ;
 When human bosoms seem'd the homes of truth,
 And earth still gleam'd with beauty's radiant dews,
 Her summer-prime waned not to days that freeze ;
 Her wine of life was run not to the lees :
 Weep not for her !

Weep not for her !—By fleet or slow decay,
It never grieved her bosom's core to mark
The playmates of her childhood wane away,
Her prospects wither ; or her hopes grow dark ;
Translated by her God, with spirit shriven,
She passed as 'twere in smiles from earth to heaven.
Weep not for her !

Weep not for her !—It was not hers to feel
The miseries that corrode amassing years,
Gainst dreams of baffled bliss the heart to steel,
To wander sad, down Age's vale of tears,
As whirl the withered leaves from friendship's tree,
And on earth's wintry world alone to be :
Weep not for her !

Weep not for her !—She is an angel now,
And treads the sapphire floors of paradise,
All darkness wiped from her refulgent brow,
Sin, sorrow, suffering, banished from her eyes ;
Victorious over death, to her appear
The vista'd joys of heaven's eternal year :
Weep not for her !

Weep not for her !—Her memory is the shrine
Of pleasing thoughts, soft as the scent of flowers,
Calm as on windless eve the sun's decline,
Sweet as the song of birds among the bowers :
Rich as a rainbow with its hues of light,
Pure as the moonshine of an autumn night :
Weep not for her !

Weep not for her !—There is no cause for woe ;
But rather nerve the spirit, that it walk
Unshrinking o'er the thorny paths below ;
And from earth's low defilements keep thee back ;
So, when a few fleet severing years have flown,
She'll meet thee at heaven's gate—and lead thee on !
Weep not for her !

SHE FADED SLOWLY.

HER marble brow
Was pure, as though some angel wing had pass'd
And swept all tints of earthliness away.
She faded slowly, softly from the earth,
And died, as some sweet blossom dies away,
Shedding a heavenly incense to the last.

MRS. C. A. CHAMBERLAIN.



SHE IS IN HER GRAVE.

SHE dwelt among the untrodden ways
Beside the spring of Dove ;
A maid, whom there were none to praise,
And very few to love.

A violet, by a mossy stone
Half hidden from the eye ;
Fair as a star, when only one
Is shining in the sky.

She lived unknown ; and few could know
When Lucy ceased to be :
But she is in her grave, and oh !
The difference to me !

WORDSWORTH.



ONE WHOM GOD HATH TAKEN.

FOR ever shall she be in praise,
(By wise or good forsaken ;)
Named softly, as the household name
Of one whom God hath taken.

MRS. E. B. BROWNING.

HER SOUL FLASHED BACK A GLIMPSE OF BLISS!

THE mystery dilated in her look
Which, on the darkening death-ground, faintly caught
The likeness of the Angel shining near ;
Her passing soul flashed back a glimpse of bliss !

GERALD MASSEY.



SHE LIVES IN GLORY.

SHE died in beauty, like a rose blown from its parent stem ;
She died in beauty, like a pearl dropp'd from some diadem ;
She died in beauty, like a ray along a moonlit lake ;
She died in beauty, like the song of birds amid the brake ;
She died in beauty, like the snow on flowers dissolved away ;
She died in beauty, like a star lost on the brow of day ;
She *lives* in glory, like Night's gems set round the silver moon ;
She lives in glory, like the sun amid the blue of June.

SILLERY.



I'D FAIN THINK YE'RE GANE BUT TO SLEEP.

FAREWHEEL my wee lassie, fareweel,
Ye were dear as the licht to mine e'e,
And nae ane can ken what I feel
In this sorrowfu' parting wi' thee.
A welcome wee stranger thou wert,
But ye didna bide lang wi' us here,
Ye came like the spring to my heart,
But ye left it all withered and sere.
Ah ! Mary, I canna but weep,
For my heart was sae wrapt up in thee,
I'd fain think ye're gane but to sleep,
And ye'll come once again to my knee.
Oh, thou wert a beam of delight
Which sae lighted my heart up wi' joy,
I ne'er thought ye'd fade from my sight,
Or that death would come to destroy.

And the bairns are a' weepin' for thee,
 For they've lost their wee playmate an' a',
 And Johnnie creeps up on my knee
 And he asks if ye'll aye be awa'.

What though to forget thee I try,
 And the words that ye lispit to me,
 The streams o' this heart winna dry,
 And all nature's the memory o' thee.

The sweet little birdies that sing,
 And the innocent lamb on the lee,
 The bonnie wee flowers o' the Spring
 Are a' but faint shadows o' thee.

If this weary world is all,
 If in gladness we'll meet not again,
 Let nature be wrapt in a pall,
 For affection and beauty are vain.

ALEX. MCLACHLAN.



THOU TOOK'ST THEM WHILE UNCHANGED.

We, O Father, standing Thee before,
 Do lay down at Thy feet without a sigh
 Each after each our precious things and rare,
 Our dear heart-jewels and our garlands fair.
 Perhaps Thou knewest that the flowers would die,
 And the long-voyaged hoards be found but dust.
 So took'st them, while unchanged. To Thee we trust
 For incorruptible treasure; Thou art just.

DINAH MULOCH.



THE BLESSED FRUITS OF EARLY DEATH.

WHEN death strikes down the innocent and young,
 From every fragile form from which he lets
 The parting spirit free,
 A hundred virtues rise,

In shapes of mercy, charity, and love,
 To walk the world and bless it.
 Of every tear
 That sorrowing mortals shed on such green graves,
 Some good is born, some gentler nature comes.

CHAS. DICKENS.



BUT SHE DIED.

I HAVE seen one die ; she was beautiful ; and beautiful were the ministries of life that were given her to fulfil. Angelic loveliness enrobed her ; and a grace, as if it were caught from heaven, breathed in every tone, hallowed every affection, shone in every action, invested, as a halo, her whole existence, and made it a light and blessing, a charm and a vision of gladness to all around her : but she died ! Friendship, and love, and parental fondness, and infant weakness, stretched out their hands to save her ; but they could not save her ; and she died ! What ! did all that loveliness die ? Is there no land of the blessed and the lovely ones, for such to live in ? Forbid it reason ! religion ! bereaved affection, and undying love ! forbid the thought ! It cannot be that such die in God's counsel who live, even in the frail human memory, for ever !

“I cannot deem thee dead ! like the perfumes
 Arising from Judea's vanished shrines
 Thy voice still floats around me, nor can tombs
 A thousand, from my memory hide the lines
 Of beauty, on thine aspect which abode
 Like streaks of sunshine pictured there by God.”

REV. ORVILLE DEWEY, D.D.



GOD KEEPS A NICHE IN HEAVEN TO HOLD OUR IDOLS.

O BELOVED voices, upon which
 Ours passionately call because ere long
 Ye break off in the middle of that song

Ye sang together softly to enrich
The poor world with the sense of love, and witch
The heart out of things evil. I am strong,
Knowing ye are not lost for aye among
The hills, with last year's thrush. God keeps a niche
In heaven to hold our idols : and albeit
He brake them to our faces and denied
That our close kisses should impair their white,
I know we shall behold them raised, complete,
The dust swept from their beauty, glorified
New Memnons singing in the great God-light.

MRS. E. B. BROWNING.

I AM CONTENT TO WAIT.

I HAD a message to send her ;
To her whom my soul loves best ;
But I had my task to finish,
And she had gone to rest :
To rest in the far bright heaven,
Oh ! so far away from here !
It was vain to speak to my darling,
For I knew she could not hear.

I had a message to send her,
So tender, and true, and sweet,
I longed for an angel to hear it,
And lay it down at her feet.

I placed it, one summer's evening
On a little white cloud's breast,
But it faded in golden splendour,
And died in the crimson west.

I gave it the lark next morning,
And I watched it soar and soar ;
But its pinions grew faint and weary,
And it fluttered to earth once more.

I cried in my passionate longing,
Has the earth no angel friend
Who will carry my love the message
My heart desires to send ?

Then I heard a strain of music,
So mighty, so pure, so dear,
That my very sorrow was silent,
And my heart stood still to hear.
It rose in harmonious rushing
Of mingled voices and strings,
And I tenderly laid my message
On music's outspread wings.

And I heard it float farther and farther,
In sound more perfect than speech,
Farther than sight can follow,
Farther than soul can reach.
And I know that at last my message
Has passed through the golden gate ;
So my heart is no longer restless,
And I am content to wait.

ADELAIDE A. PROCTER.



LOOSED BY THE HAND OF GOD.

DYING ; still slowly dying
As the hours of night rode by,
She had lain since the light of sunset
Was red in the evening sky ;
Till after the middle watches,
As we softly near her trod,
When her soul from its prison fetters
Was loosed by the hand of God.

One moment her pale lips trembled
With the triumph she might not tell,
As the sight of her life immortal
On her spirit's vision fell ;
Then the look of rapture faded,
And the beautiful smile was faint,
As that in some ancient picture
On the face of a dying saint.

And we felt in the lonesome midnight,
As we sat by the silent dead,
What a light on the path going downwards
The feet of the righteous shed ;
When we thought how, with faith unshrinking,
She came to the Jordan's tide :
And, taking the hand of the Saviour
Went up on the heavenly side.

PHŒBE CAREY.



HEAVEN WAS NEAR.

WHAT is it that sometimes speaks in the soul so calmly, so clearly, that its earthly time is short ? Is it the secret instinct of decaying nature, on the soul's impulsive throb, as immortality draws on ? Be it what it may, it rested in the heart in a calm, sweet, prophetic certainty that heaven was near ; calm, as the light of sunset, sweet as the bright stillness of autumn. There her heart reposed, only troubled by sorrow for those who loved her so dearly.

MRS. H. B. STOWE.



HER sufferings ended with the day !
Yet lived she at its close,
And breathed the long, long night away
In statue-like repose.

But when the sun in all his state
Illumed the eastern skies,~
She passed through glory's morning gate,
And walked in Paradise.

JAMES ALDRICH.

'TIS EVER THUS.

'Tis ever thus, 'tis ever thus, when hope hath built a bower,
Like that of Eden, wreathed about with every thornless flower,
To dwell therein securely the self-deceiver's trust ;
A whirlwind from the desert comes, and all is in the dust.

'Tis ever thus, 'tis ever thus, that when the poor heart clings,
With all its finest tendrils, with all its flexile rings,
That goodly thing it cleaveth to, so fondly and so fast,
Is struck to earth by lightning, or shattered by the blast.

'Tis ever thus, 'tis ever thus, with beams of mortal bliss,
With looks too bright and beautiful for such a world as this ;
One moment round about us, their angel-lightnings play,
Then down the veil of darkness drops, and all hath passed away.

'Tis ever thus, 'tis ever thus, with sounds too sweet for earth,
Seraphic sounds that float away (borne heavenward) in their birth,
The golden shell is broken, the silver cord is mute,
The sweet bells all are silent, and hushed the lovely lute.

'Tis ever thus, 'tis ever thus, with all that's best below ;
The dearest, noblest, loveliest, are always first to go ;
The bird that sings the sweetest, the pine that crowns the rock,
The glory of the garden, the flower of the flock.

'Tis ever thus, 'tis ever thus, with creatures heavenly fair,
Too finely framed to bide the brunt more earthly natures bear ;
A little while they dwell with us, blest ministers of love ;
Then spread the wings we had not seen, and seek their home
above.

CAROLINE BOWLES.

WHEN SOME BELOVED VOICE FAILETH
SUDDENLY.

WHEN some beloved voice, that was to you
Both sound and sweetness, faileth suddenly,
And silence against which you dare not cry,
Aches round you like a strong disease and new—
What hope, what help, what music will undo
That silence to your sense?

MRS. E. B. BROWNING.

OUR DYING FRIENDS ARE PIONEERS.

OUR dying friends are pioneers to smoothe
 Our rugged path to death, to break those bars
 Of terror and abhorrence nature throws
 'Cross our obstructed way, and thus to make
 Welcome, as safe, our port from every storm.

EDWARD YOUNG.

AND weep ye now, seeing she is advanc'd
 Above the clouds, as high as *Heaven* itself?

SHAKESPEARE.

'Tis sweet, as year by year we lose
 Friends out of sight, in faith to muse
 How grows in paradise our store.

REV. JOHN KEBLE.

IT COMES TENDERLY AS MERCY'S SELF.

BUT, oh, this mysterious *Death*! This God's doom on sin! I have never seen its approach before, and tho' it comes tenderly as mercy's self, on the mortal face there is, *there is* the seal of punishment, of vague regret, of mute, helpless resignation. The lips murmur, "Thy will be done," but the soul receives its warning of change with tremulous awe, —and is it not most meet? The spirit bows to the stern, just sentence, but the body cannot rejoice in suffering its dire penalty.

What visions are revealed to the eyes of the dying? What voices sound in their ears unheard of us, still far from the shores eternal? What mean those beckonings in the air? Who calls when my mother answers so quick and clear, "*Yes, I am coming*"? Are those who have gone before sent back thro' the Valley of the Shadow of Death, to bear her company by what we have been used to think a dark and lonely way? Will that way be dark? Will it be lonely at all? or cheered by the old friends and kinsfolk gathered to welcome a new comer to Christ's kingdom as to a Christmas festival?

In gentle sleep our mother passes away, and for us is left the

grotesque—pathetic medley of life and death ; the darkened house, the suppressed hurry and confusion of all great changes. The vigil has been long ; the strain of it aches in my heart now as it never did while we kept it. I should like to stray out in the sun ; I should like to draw a long breath in the pure September air and feel my natural self again,—and *she* would bid me go and be refreshed, I know ; but that must not be, says cold custom, till she is laid in mould.

And so we make the last journey all together thro' the streets when the day looks so garish and the faces are all so blank ; where in a narrow way, a wain high piled with harvest-sheaves draws aside, and stands to the wall, that the other wain with its one shock of ripe corn gathered and garnished for God may pass by solemnly and unstayed. The old burial-ground in the suburbs has long been closed, and the wife and mother must rest apart from husband and child in the populous green cemetery, overshadowed with trees and brightened with autumnal flashes of scarlet and purple flowers—a pretty place, a garden of graves. She would have preferred the familiar, murky, parish fold, side by side with those two who belonged to her, but as that desire of her heart cannot be granted, we lay her amongst friends—close by my dear old lady of the tower-cap, whose elder, household daughter lies even now sick unto death. Then sound in our ears the gracious words of hope and blessing, and we are left—all our mother's living children standing by her grave, “deep enough for every one.” Then drags at our heart the lingering reluctance to go, and the *going*. Can the world ever be quite the same again without her faithful love ?

HOLME LEE.

ON RECEIPT OF MY MOTHER'S PICTURE.

O THAT those lips had language ! Life has passed
With me but roughly since I heard thee last.
Those lips are thine—thy own sweet smile I see,
The same that oft in childhood solaced me ;
Voice only fails, else how distinct they say,
“ Grieve not, my child, chase all thy fears away ! ”
The meek intelligence of those dear eyes

(Blest be the art that can immortalize,
The art that baffles Time's tyrannic claim
To quench it !) here shines on me still the same.
Faithful remembrancer of one so dear,
O welcome guest, though unexpected here !
Who bidst me honour with an artless song,
Affectionate, a mother lost so long,
I will obey, not willingly alone,
But gladly, as the precept were her own ;
And, while that face renews my filial grief,
Fancy shall weave a charm for my relief,
Shall steep me in Elysian reverie,
A momentary dream, that thou art she.

My mother ! when I learned that thou wast dead,
Say, wast thou conscious of the tears I shed ?
Hovered thy spirit o'er thy sorrowing son,
Wretch even then, life's journey just begun ?
Perhaps thou gav'st me, though unfelt, a kiss ;
Perhaps a tear, if souls can weep in bliss ;
Ah ! that maternal smile !—it answers—yes.
I heard the bell tolled on thy burial day,
I saw the hearse that bore thee slow away,
And, turning from my nursery window, drew
A long, long sigh, and wept a last adieu !
But was it such ?—It was. Where thou art gone
Adieus and farewells are a sound unknown.
May I but meet thee on that peaceful shore,
The parting word shall pass my lips no more !
Thy maidens grieved themselves at my concern,
Oft gave me promise of thy quick return,
What ardently I wished I long believed,
And, disappointed still, was still deceived ;
By expectation every day beguiled,
Dupe of to-morrow, even from a child.
Thus many a sad to-morrow came and went,
Till, all my stock of infant sorrows spent,
I learned at last submission to my lot,
But though I less deplored thee, ne'er forgot,
Where once we dwelt our name is heard no more,
Children not thine have trod my nursery floor ;

And where the gardener Robin, day by day,
Drew me to school along the public way,
Delighted with my bauble coach, and wrapped
In scarlet mantle warm, and velvet capped.
'Tis now become a history little known,
That once we called the pastoral house our own.
Short-lived possession ! But the record fair,
That memory keeps of all thy kindness there,
Still outlives many a storm, that has effaced
A thousand other themes less deeply traced.
Thy nightly visits to my chamber made,
That thou mightst know me safe and warmly laid ;
Thy morning bounties ere I left my home,
The biscuit, or confectionary plum ;
The fragrant waters on my cheeks bestowed
By thy own hand, till fresh they shone and glowed :
All this, and more endearing still than all,
Thy constant flow of love, that knew no fall,
Ne'er roughened by those cataracts and breaks,
That humour interposed too often makes ;
All this still legible in memory's page,
And still to be so to my latest age,
Adds joy to duty, makes me glad to pay
Such honours to thee as my numbers may ;
Perhaps a frail memorial, but sincere,
Not scorned in Heaven, though little noticed here.

Could Time, his flight reversed, restore the hours,
When, playing with thy vesture's tissued flowers,
The violet, the pink, and jessamine,
I pricked them into paper with a pin,
(And thou wast happier than myself the while,
Wouldst softly speak, and stroke my head, and smile.)
Could those few pleasant days again appear,
Might one wish bring them, would I wish them here ?
I would not trust my heart ;—the dear delight
Seems so to be desired, perhaps I might.
But no ! what here we call our life is such,
So little to be loved, and thou so much,
That I should ill requite thee to constrain
Thy unbound spirit into bonds again.

Thou, as a gallant bark from Albion's coast
(The storms all weathered, and the ocean crossed)
Shoots into port at some well-havened isle,
Where spices breathe, and brighter seasons smile,
There sits quiescent on the floods, that show
Her beauteous form reflected clear below,
While airs impregnated with incense play
Around her, fanning light her streamers gay ;—
So thou, with sails how swift ! hast reached the shore
“ Where tempests never beat, nor billows roar ; ”
And thy loved consort on the dangerous tide
Of life long since has anchored by thy side.
But me, scarce hoping to attain that rest,
Always from port withheld, always distressed,
Me howling blasts drive devious, tempest-tossed,
Sails ripped, seams opening wide, and compass lost.
And day by day some current's thwarting force
Sets me more distant from a prosperous course.
Yet, O the thought that thou art safe, and he !
That thought is joy, arrive what may to me.
My boast is not that I deduce my birth
From loins enthroned, and rulers of the earth ;
But higher far my proud pretensions rise,
The son of parents passed into the skies.
And now farewell ! Time unrevoked has run
His wanted course, yet what I wished is done.
By contemplation's help, not sought in vain,
I seem to have lived my childhood o'er again :
To have renewed the joys that once were mine,
Without the sin of violating thine ;
And while the wings of fancy still are free,
And I can view this mimic show of thee,
Time has but half succeeded in his theft,
Thyself removed, thy power to soothe me left

COWPER.

DEATH OF A WIFE.

WHOE'ER, like me, with trembling anguish brings,
 His dearest earthly treasure to these springs,
 Whoe'er, like me, to soothe distress and pain,
 Shall court these salutary springs in vain :
 Condemn'd, like me, to hear the faint reply,
 To mark the fading cheek, the sinking eye,
 From the chill brow to wipe the damps of death,
 And watch in dumb despair the short'ning breath :—
 If chance should bring him to this humble line,
 Let the sad mourner know his pangs were mine.
 Ordain'd to lose the partner of my breast,
 Whose virtues warm'd me, and whose beauty bless'd,
 Fram'd ev'ry tie that binds the heart to prove,
 Her duty friendship, and her friendship love,
 But yet rememb'ring that the parting sigh
 Appoints the just to slumber, not to die,
 The starting tear I check'd,—I kiss'd the rod,—
 And not to earth resign'd her, but to God !

LORD PALMERSTON.

 SWEET MARY ! THOU ART DEAD !

IF I had thought thou couldst have died,
 I might not weep for thee ;
 But I forgot, when by thy side,
 That thou couldst mortal be ;
 It never through my mind had past
 The time would e'er be o'er,
 And I on thee should look my last,
 And thou shouldst smile no more !

And still upon that face I look,
 And think 'twill smile again ;
 And still the thought I will not brook,
 That I must look in vain !
 But when I speak—thou dost not say
 What thou ne'er left'st unsaid ;
 And now I feel, as well I may,
 Sweet Mary ! thou art dead !

If thou wouldst stay e'en as thou art,
All cold and all serene—
I still might press thy silent heart,
And where thy smiles have been !
While e'en thy chill bleak corse I have,
Thou seemest still mine own ;
But there I lay thee in thy grave—
And I am now alone !

I do not think, where'er thou art,
Thou hast forgotten me ;
And I, perhaps, may soothe this heart
In thinking, too, of thee :
Yet there was round thee such a dawn
Of light, ne'er seen before,
As fancy never could have drawn,
And never can restore !

CHAS. WOLFE.



THAT VOICE IS HERS.

WHEN I go to my lone bed, I find no mother there ;
And weeping kneel, to say the prayer she taught ;
Or when I read the Bible that she loved,
Or to her vacant seat at church draw near,
And think of her, a voice is in my heart,
Bidding me early seek my God, and love
My blessed Saviour ; and that voice is hers ;
I know it is, because these were the words
She used to speak so tenderly, with tears,
At the still twilight hour,—or when we walked
Forth in the spring, among rejoicing birds,
Or peaceful talked beside the winter hearth.

MRS. SIGOURNEY.



A PARENT'S LOSS.

IF there are sufferings which, however dreadful in their endurance, are yet susceptible of amelioration, the sorrow which

a parent's loss awakens is not among the number; other ties may be replaced, other affections may be restored, but when death breaks the bonds of filial love, nature, honouring the most sacred of her feelings, forbids a sentiment less pure, less strong, succeeding to it ; and though the tear which sorrow sheds upon the parent's grave may be dried by time, the loss which bids that tear to flow can never be replaced by human tenderness or human power.

THE CAIRN.



THE BEAUTIFUL CHARACTER OF A DEPARTED WIFE.

HER reserve and shrinking delicacy threw a veil over her beautiful character. She was little known beyond her home ; but there she silently spread around her that soft, pure light, the preciousness of which is never fully understood till it is quenched. Her calm, gentle wisdom, her sweet humility, her sympathy, which, though tender, was too serene to disturb her clear perceptions, fitted her to act instinctively, and without the consciousness of either party, on his more sanguine, ardent mind. She was truly a spirit of good, diffusing a tranquillizing influence too mildly to be thought of, and therefore more sure. The blow which took her from him left a wound which time could not heal. Had his strength been continued so that he could have gone from the house of mourning to the haunts of poverty, he would have escaped, for a good part of the day, the sense of his bereavement. But a few minutes walk in the street now sent him wearied home. There the loving eye which had so long brightened at his entrance was to shed its mild beam on him no more. There the voice that had daily inquired into his labours and like another conscience had whispered a sweet approval, was still. There the sympathy which had pressed with tender hand his aching head, and by its nursing care had postponed the hour of exhaustion and disease, was gone. He was not indeed left alone ; for filial love and reverence spared no soothing offices ; but these, though felt and spoken of as most precious, could not take the place of what had been removed. This great loss produced no burst of grief. It was a still, deep sorrow, the feeling

of a mighty void, the last burden which the spirit can cast off. His attachment to life from this moment sensibly declined. In seasons of peculiar sensibility he wished to be gone. He kept near him the likeness of his departed friend, and spoke to me more than once of the solace which he had found in it. He heard her voice from another world, and his anticipations of that world, always strong, became now more vivid and touching.

WM. ELLERY CHANNING.

NOT IN DESPAIR I MOURN !

SILENT he sleeps ! that eye,
So lately bright with hope, is closed for ever ;
Struck by the lightning plague he sank,—but never
Was one more fit to die.

Oh, what a sudden blow !
But yesterday he lived in health and beauty,
And now they've hurried thro' their dreadful duty.
And left me to my woe.

Where are my friends all flown,
Those friends who shared in all my hours of gladness ?
Comes there not one to dry the tears of sadness ?
Not one :—I am alone.

Father, to Thee I turn :
And though in sorrow, by the cold world slighted,
And every dream of happiness now blighted,
Not in despair I mourn !

For there are realms above,
Far brighter realms, where grief shall have no dwelling ;
There will Thy chosen rest, their voices swelling
To praise Thy endless love !

LONGFELLOW.

PASS UNDER THE ROD.

I SAW the young bride in her beauty and pride,
Bedecked in her snowy array

And the bright flush of joy mantled high on her cheek,
And the future looked blooming and gay ;
And with woman's devotion she laid her fond heart
At the shrine of celestial love ;
And she anchored her hopes to this perishing earth,
By the chain which her tenderness wove.
But I saw when their heart-strings were bleeding and torn,
And the chains had been severed in two,
She had changed her white robes for the sables of grief,
And her bloom to the paleness of woe.
But the Healer was there, pouring balm on her heart,
And wiping the tears from her eyes,
And He strengthened the chain He had broken in twain,
And fastened it firm to the skies.
There had whispered a voice—'twas the voice of her God—
I love thee ! I love thee ! Pass under the rod.

M. S. B. DANA.



HOW GLORIOUS HIS END!

Now that good heart bursts, and he is at rest ; with that breath expired a soul who never indulged a passion unfit for the place he is gone to. Where are now thy plans of justice, of truth, of honour ? Of what use the volumes thou hast collated, the arguments thou hast invented, the examples thou hast followed ? Poor were the expectations of the studious, the modest and the good, if the reward of their labours were only to be expected from man. No, my friend, thy intended pleadings, thy intended good offices to thy friends, thy intended services to thy country, are already performed (as to thy concern in them) in His sight, before whom the past, present, and future, appear at one view. While others with thy talents were tormented with ambition, with vain-glory, with envy, with emulation, how well didst thou turn thy mind to its own improvement in things out of the power of fortune : in probity, in integrity, in the practice and study of justice ! How silent thy passage, how private thy journey, how glorious thy end ! Many have I known more famous, some more knowing, not one so innocent !

SIR RICHARD STEELE.

HE PAST.

HE past ! a soul of nobler tone,
My spirit loved, and loves him yet.

TENNYSON.

THE DIM EYE BRIGHTENING WITH ITS LAST
LIGHT.

IT is not strange that that early love of the heart should come back, as it so often does, when the dim eye is brightening with its last light. It is not strange that the freshest fountains the heart has ever known in its wastes should bubble up anew when the life-blood is growing stagnant. It is not strange that a bright memory should come to a dying old man, as the sunshine breaks across the hills at the close of a stormy day ; nor that in the light of that ray the very clouds that made the day dark should grow gloriously beautiful.

N. HAWTHORN.

SLEEP ON.

SLEEP on, sleep on, ye resting dead ;
The grass is o'er ye growing
In dewy greenness. Ever fled
From you hath care ; and in its stead
Peace hath with its dwelling made,
Where tears do cease from flowing—
Sleep on !

ROBERT NICOL.

PRESS HER LIP WITH PARTING TOUCH.

WHEN she lieth on her bed,
With a crown of lilies pale
Set upon her peaceful head,
And her true love's kiss would fail
To restore a little red
To the blanched cheek ;

When her hands, all white and cold,
 On her cold, cold breast are laid,
 O'er the straight and snowy fold
 Palm to palm, as if she pray'd,
 Prayer to rest for aye untold
 On that mouth so meek.

Do not gaze on her too much,
 You that have the nearest right ;
 Press her lip with parting touch,
 Leaving dimm'd your misty sight ;
 Death is false—and e'en to such
 Gentle ones as she.

If you feed your loving eyes
 Then, when death her bridegroom seems,
 She shall come in deathly guise
 Through your thoughts, and through your dreams ;
 And when met in Paradise
 Scarcely known she'll be.

WILLIAM ALLINGHAM.



OH ! HAPPY BEINGS WHO HAVE GONE TO HEAR "WELL DONE !"

PEACE to their ashes ! Far away they lie,
 Among their poor, beneath the equal sky,
 Among their poor, who blessed them ere they went,
 For all the loving help and calm content.
 Oh ! happy beings who have gone to hear
 "Well done, ye faithful servants," sounding clear,
 How easy all your virtues to admire ;
 How hard, alas ! to copy and aspire.
 Servant of God, well done ! they serve God well
 Who serve his creatures ; when the funeral bell
 Tolls for the dead, there's nothing left of all
 That decks the scutcheon and the velvet pall
 Save this. The coronet is empty show :
 The strength and loveliness are hid below :

The shifting wealth to others have accrued :
 And learning cheers not the grave's solitude.
 What's DONE, is what remains ! Ah ! blessed they
 Who leave completed tasks of love to stay
 And answer mutely for them, being dead,
 Life was not purposeless, though life be fled.

HON. MRS. NORTON.

AH ! the souls of those that die,
 Are but sunbeams lifted higher.

LONGFELLOW.

THEY GREET THE TOMB THAT LETS HEAVEN'S GLORIES IN.

GATHER ripe fruits, O death !
 Strew not the pathway of the tomb with flowers ;
 Invade not childhood with thy withering breath :
 Pass on, and touch not youth's bright sunny bowers.

There are enough for thee
 Of hearts that long for thy serene repose—
 That fain among the lowly-laid would be,
 Pierced deep with festering wounds that will not close.

Go to the desolate
 Whom thou hast robb'd of every star-bright thing ;
 On whom the smiles of hope no longer wait—
 Whose loves have pass'd upon the morning's wing.

Go to the wearied frame
 That seeks to slumber on the grave's cold breast—
 That finds life's pleasures but an empty name,
 And longs to flee away, and be at rest.

Go to the saints of God,
 Whose souls are weary of the world and sin—
 Who fain would tread the path their Saviour trod,
 And greet the tomb that lets heaven's glories in.

Take these, take these, to rest ;
 But smite not childhood in its mirthful play ;
 Snatch not the infant from its mother's breast :
 Steal not the loved and loving ones away.

Gather ripe fruits, O death !
 Strew not the pathway of the tomb with flowers ;
 Invade not childhood with thy withering breath :
 Pass on, and touch not youth's bright fragrant bowers.

SIR F. H. DOYLE.

“THOU TOOK’ST BUT WHAT WAS THINE.”

WE clutch our joys as children do their flowers ;
 We look at them, but scarce believe them ours,
 Till our hot palms have smirched their colours rare
 And crushed their dewy beauty unaware.
 But the wise Gardener, whose they were, comes by
 At hours when we expect not, and with eye
 Mournful yet sweet, compassionate though stern,
 Takes them.

Then in a moment we discern
 By loss, what was possession, and, half wild
 With misery, cry out like an angry child :
 “O cruel ! thus to snatch my posy fine !”
 He answers tenderly, “Not thine, but mine,”
 And points to those stained fingers which do prove
 Our fatal cherishing, our dangerous love ;
 At which we, children, a pale silence keep
 Yet evermore must weep, and weep, and weep.
 So on through gloomy ways and thorny brakes,
 Quiet and slow, our shrinking feet He takes
 Led by the soiled hand, which, laved in tears,
 More and more clean beneath His sight appears.
 At length the heavy eyes with patience shine—
 “I am content ; Thou took’st but what was Thine.”

DINAH MULOCH.

WOULD THEY COULD HAVE STAYED WITH US.

CLOSE the door, the shutters close,
 Or thro’ the windows we shall see
 The nakedness and vacancy
 Of the dark, deserted house.

Come away : no more of mirth
 Is here, or merry-making sound.
 The house was builded of the earth,
 And shall fall again to ground.
 Come away : for life and thought
 Here no longer dwell ;
 But in a city glorious—
 A great and distant city—have bought.
 A mansion incorruptible,
 Would they could have stayed with us.

TENNYSON.



GOD WILL GATHER ALL HIS OWN

THINKING of this death, so strange, bewildering—
 “Tell us, only tell us, what death is?”
 Ah, we cannot any more than you !
 We are also children,—of one Father ;
 And we only know that He will gather
 All His own, and keep them safely too.
 So this death as sweet as sleep is made ;
 For where'er we go, we go *together*,
 Father, mother, children : He knows whither,
 Since *He* takes us we are not afraid.

* * * *

Christ, who once said “Lazarus is *sleeping*,”
 Will awake us all in paradise.

DINAH MULOCH.



A PILLAR IN THE COURTS ABOVE.

WEEP not for him—the smoking flax
 Shall flame in heaven a radiant star ;
 The bruised reed shall stronger wax,
 In grace and strength surpassing far
 The cedar on the mountain's brow—
 No withered, wavering, weakling now,
 But fairest workmanship of love,
 A pillar in the courts above.

REV. A. WALLACE.

GOD CALLS HIS LOVED ONES.

WITH silence only as their benediction
 God's angels come,
 Where, in the shadow of a great affliction,
 The soul sits dumb.
 Yet would we say, what every heart approveth,
 Our Father's will,
 Calling to Him the dear ones whom he loveth,
 In mercy still.
 Not upon us or ours the solemn angel
 Hath evil wrought ;
 The funeral anthem is a glad evangel—
 The good die not !
 God calls our loved ones, but we lose not wholly
 What He has given ;
 They live on earth, in thought and deed, as truly
 As in His heaven.

J. G. WHITTIER.



AND yet as angels, in some brighter dreams
 Call to the soul when man doth sleep ;
 So some strange thoughts transcend our wonted themes,
 And into glory peep.

REV. HENRY VAUGHAN.



SO FADES A SUMMER CLOUD AWAY.

How blest the righteous when he dies !
 When sinks a *weary* soul to rest,
 How mildly beam the closing eyes,
 How gently heaves the expiring breast :
 So fades a summer cloud away ;
 So sinks the gale when storms are o'er ;
 So gently shuts the eye of day ;
 So dies a wave along the shore.

A holy quiet reigns around,
 A calm which life nor death destroys :
 Nothing disturbs that peace profound,
 Which his unfettered soul enjoys.

Farewell, conflicting hopes and fears,
 Where lights and shades alternate dwell !
 How bright the unchanging morn appears !
 Farewell, inconstant world, farewell !

Life's labour done, as sinks the clay,
 Light from its load the spirit flies ;
 While heaven and earth combine to say,
 How blest the righteous when he dies !

MRS. BARBAULD.



THE CLOSING EYES LIT INTO TEARFUL RAPTURE.

BENEATH this airy sapphire's brooding rest,
 Its shadows overcast me with a chill
 Like coming storm, that black calamity,
 Which struck and took our darling from their charge
 And mine. Grief stupefied us all. At once
 The childless mother lost her wavering strength,
 And lay prostrated, never tasting life
 On earth again ! Beside, her husband sat
 And watched her fading ; saw the last poor smile
 Wane from her features, till the closing eyes
 Lit into tearful rapture ; when he knew
 Love's immortality to her revealed.
 With both her own she mutely clasped his hand,
 And held it in most gentle pressures fixed ;
 But when the tender grasp relaxed and fell,
 The world closed round him to a stony blank.

THOMAS WOOLNER.



I WILL restore comforts unto him and to his mourners.—
 Isaiah lvii. 18.



FEW mercies call for more thankfulness than a friend safe in
 heaven. It is not every one that overcometh.

REV. J. HAMILTON.

EVERY HOUR A STEP TOWARDS THEE.

SLEEP on, my love, in thy cold bed,
Never to be disquieted !
My last good night ! thou wilt not wake
Till I thy fate shall overtake :
Till age, or grief, or sickness must
Marry my body to that dust
It so much loves, and fill the room
My heart keeps empty in thy tomb.
Stay for me there ; I will not fail
To meet thee in that hollow vale.
And think not much of my delay, —
I am already on the way,
And follow thee with all the speed
Desire can make, or sorrows breed.
Each minute is a short degree,
And every hour a step towards thee.
At night when I betake to rest,
Next morn I rise nearer my west
Of life, almost by eight hours' sail,
Than when Sleep breathed his drowsy gale.

Thus from the sun my vessel steers,
And my day's compass downward bears :
Nor labour I to stem the tide
Through which to thee I swiftly glide.

'Tis true, with shame and grief I yield,
Thou like the van first took 'st the field,
And gotten hast the victory
In thus adventuring to die
Before me, whose more years might crave
A just precedence in the grave.
But hark ! my pulse, like a soft drum,
Beats my approach, tells thee I come ;
And slow howe'er my marches be,
I shall at last sit down by thee.

The thought of this bids me go on,
And wait my dissolution
With hope and comfort. Dear (forgive

The crime), I am content to live
 Divided, with but half a heart,
 Till we shall meet and never part.

DR. KING.



IN SAD AND ASHY WEEDS I SIGH.

IN sad and ashy weeds I sigh,
 I groan, I pine, I mourn ;
 My oaten yellow reeds I all
 To jet and ebon turn.
 My watery eyes, like winter's skies,
 My furrowed cheeks o'erflow :
 All heavens know why men mourn as I
 And who can blame my woe ?
 In sable robes of night my days
 Of joy consumed be ;
 My sorrow sees no light ; my lights
 Through sorrow nothing see :
 For now my sun his course has run,
 And from his sphere doth go
 To endless bed of folded lead,
 And who can blame my woe ?
 My flocks I now forsake, that so
 My sheep my grief may know ;
 The lilies loth to take, that since
 His death presumed to grow.
 I envy air, because it dare
 Still breathe, and he not so ;
 Hate earth that doth entomb his youth,
 And who can blame my woe ?
 Not I, poor I alone (alone
 How can this sorrow be ?)—
 Not only men make moan, but more
 Than men make moan with me :
 The gods of queens, the mountain queens,
 The fairy-circled row,
 The Muses nine, and powers divine,
 Do all condole my woe.

ANNE, COUNTESS OF ARUNDEL.

A BROTHER'S GRAVE.

BENEATH the chancel's hallowed stone,
Exposed to every rustic tread,
To few, save rustic mourners known,
My brother, is thy lowly bed.
Few words upon thy rough stone graven,
Thy name—thy birth—thy youth declare,
Thy innocence—thy hopes of heaven,
In simplest phrase recorded there.
No 'scutcheons shine, no banners wave,
In mockery, o'er my brother's grave ;
The place is silent. Rarely sound
Is heard these ancient walls around,
Nor mirthful voice of friends that meet,
Discoursing in the public street ;
Nor hum of business dull and loud,
Nor murmur of the passing crowd,
Nor soldier's drum, nor trumpet's swell,
From neighbouring fort or citadel :
No sound of human toil or strife
In death's lone dwelling speaks of life,
Or breaks the silence still and deep,
Where thou, beneath thy burial stone,
Art laid in that unstartled sleep
The living eye hath never known.

I feel not now as then I felt :
The sunshine of my heart is o'er ;
The spirit now is changed which dwelt
Within me in the days of yore.
I loved my home, but trembled now
To view my father's altered brow :
I feared to meet my mother's eye,
And hear her voice of agony ;
I feared to view my native spot,
Where he who loved it now was not ;
The pleasures of my home were fled :
My brother slumbered with the dead.

I drew near to my father's gate :
No smiling faces met me now ;
I entered—all was desolate—
Grief sate upon my mother's brow :
I heard her, as she kissed me, sigh,
A tear stood in my father's eye ;
My little brothers round me pressed,
In gay unthinking childhood blessed.
Long, long that hour has passed, but when
Shall I forget its gloomy scene ?

The Sabbath came. With mournful face
I sought my brother's burial place—
That shrine which when I last had viewed
In vigour by my side he stood.
I gazed around with fearful eye ;
All things were hushed in sanctity.
I reached the chancel—nought was changed :
The altar decently arranged,
The pure white cloth above the shrine,
The consecrated bread and wine—
All was the same. I found no trace
Of sorrow in that holy place.
One hurried glance I downward gave—
My foot was on my brother's grave !

And years have passed—and thou art now
Forgotten in thy silent tomb ;
And cheerful is my mother's brow ,
My father's eye has lost its gloom :
And years have passed and death has laid
Another victim by thy side ;
With thee he roams, an infant shade,
But not more pure than thee he died
But thou wert snatched, my brother, hence
In all thy guileless innocence ;
One Sabbath saw thee bend the knee
In reverential piety—
(For childish thoughts forgiveness crave)—
The next beamed brightly on thy grave.

The crowd, of which thou late wert one,
Now throng across thy burial stone :
Rude footsteps trample on the spot
Where thou liest mouldering, not forgot :
And some few gentler bosoms weep
In silence o'er thy last long sleep.
I stood not by thy feverish bed,

I looked not on thy glazing eye,
Nor gently lulled thy aching head,
Nor viewed thy dying agony.

I felt not what my parents felt—

The doubt—the terror—the distress :
Nor vainly for my brother knelt :—

My soul was spared that wretchedness :
One sentence told me in a breath
My brother's illness and his death !

And days of mourning glided by,
And brought me back my gaiety :
For soon in childhood's wayward heart
Doth crushed affection cease to smart.
Again I joined the sportive crowd
Of boyish playmates, wild and loud :
I learnt to view with careless eye
My sable garb of misery :
No more I wept my brother's lot—
His image was almost forgot :
And every deeper shade of pain
Had vanish'd from my soul again.

The well-known morn I used to greet

With boyhood's joy at length was beaming
And thoughts of home and rapture sweet

In every eye but mine was gleaming :
But I, amidst that youthful band

Of bounding hearts and beaming eyes,
Nor smiled nor spoke at joy's command,
Nor felt those wonted ecstasies !

BE merciful unto me, O God, be merciful unto me : for my soul trusteth in thee : yea, in the shadow of thy wings will I make my refuge, until these calamities be overpast.—Psalm lvii. 1.

DEATH OF A YOUNG MOTHER.

It was an April day ; and blithely all
The youth of nature leaped beneath the sun,
And promised glorious manhood : and our hearts
Were glad—and round them danced the lightsome blood
In healthy merriment—when tidings came,
A child was born ; and tidings came again,
That she who gave it birth was sick to death,
So swift trod sorrow on the heels of joy !
We gathered round her bed, and bent our knees
In fervent supplication to the Throne
Of Mercy ; and perfumed our prayers with sighs
Sincere, and penitential tears and looks
Of self-abasement. But we sought to stay
An angel on the earth, a spirit ripe
For Heaven ; and Mercy, in her love, refused ;
Most merciful, as oft, when seeming least !
Most gracious when she seemed the most to frown !
The room I well remember ; and the bed
On which she lay ; and all the faces too,
That crowded dark and mournfully around.
Her father there, and mother, bending, stood,
And down their aged cheeks fell many drops
Of bitterness ; her husband, too, was there,
And brothers, and they wept—her sisters, too,
Did weep and sorrow comfortless ; and I
Too, wept, though not to weeping given : and all
Within the house was dolorous and sad.
This I remember well ; but better still
I do remember, and will ne'er forget
The dying eye :—that eye alone was bright,
And brighter grew, as nearer death approached ;
As I have seen the gentle little flower
Look fairest in the silver beam, which fell

Reflected from the thunder-cloud that soon
 Came down, and o'er the desert scattered far
 And wide its loveliness. She made a sign
 To bring her babe ; 'twas brought, and by her placed.
 She looked upon its face that neither smiled
 Nor wept, nor knew who gazed upon't, and laid
 Her hand upon its little breast, and sought
 For it with look that seemed to penetrate
 The heavens—unutterable blessings—such
 As God to dying parents only granted,
 For infants left behind them in the world :
 “ God keep my child ! ” we heard her say, and heard
 No more : the Angel of the Covenant
 Was come, and faithful to His promise stood,
 Prepared to walk with her through death's dark vale.
 And now her eyes grew bright, and brighter still,
 Too bright for ours to look upon, suffused
 With many tears and closed without a cloud.
 They set as sets the morning-star, which goes
 Not down behind the darkened west, nor hides
 Obscured among the tempests of the sky,
 But melts away into the light of heaven.

ROBERT POLLOK.

—◆—

SHE hath given up the ghost; her sun is gone down while it was yet day.—Jer. xv. 9.

WILLING rather to be absent from the body, and to be present with the Lord.—2 Cor. v. 8.

—◆—

LONG AGO.

IN the silence of my chamber
 When the night is still and deep,
 And the drowsy heave of ocean
 Murmurs in its charmed sleep.

Oft I hear the angel-voices
 That have thrill'd me long ago—
 Voices of my lost companions,
 Lying deep beneath the snow.

Oh, the garden I remember,
 In the gay and sunny spring,
 When our laughter made the thickets
 And the arching alleys ring !
 O the merry burst of gladness !
 O the soft and tender tone !
 O the whisper never utter'd
 Save to one fond ear alone !
 O the light of life that sparkled
 In those bright and bounteous eyes ?
 O the blush of happy beauty,
 Tell-tale of the heart's surprise !
 O the radiant light that girdled
 Field and forest, land and sea,
 When we all were young together,
 And the earth was new to me !
 Where are now the flowers we tended ?
 Withered, broken, branch and stem ;
 Where are now the hopes we cherish'd ?
 Scattered to the winds with them.
 For ye, too, were flowers, ye dear ones !
 Nursed in hope and reared in love,
 Looking fondly ever upward
 To the clear blue heaven above.

PROFESSOR AYTOUN.



THE DEATH OF A SISTER.

THE stars that shine o'er day's decline may tell the hour of love,
 The balmy whisper in the leaves, the golden moon above ;
 But vain the hour of softest power : the noon is dark to thee,
 My sister and my faithful one !—And, oh ! her death to me !
 In sickness, aye, I cried to her—her beauty and her kiss :
 For her my soul was loth to leave so fair a world as this :
 And glad was I when day's soft gold again upon me fell,
 And the sweetest voice in all the world said, “ Brother, art thou
 well ? ”

She led me where the voice of streams the leafy forest fills ;
 She led me where the white sheep go o'er the shining turfy hills ;
 And when the gloom upon me fell, O, she, the fairest beam,
 Led forth, with silver leading-strings, my soul from darksome
 dream.

Now, sailing by, the butterfly may through the lattice peer,
 To tell the prime of summer-time, the glory of the year ;
 But ne'er for her ;—to death her eyes have given up their trust,
 And I cannot reach them in the grave, to clear them from the
 dust.

But in the skies her pearly eyes the angels there have kiss'd
 And she hath dipped her sainted foot in the sunshine of the
 blest.

Eternal peace her ashes keep, who loved me through the past !
 And may good Christ my spirit take to be with hers at last !

THOMAS AIRD.



ONE BY ONE.

They are gathering homeward from every land,

One by one,

As their weary feet touch the shining strand,

One by one.

Their brows are enclos'd in a golden crown,

Their travel-stained garments are all laid down,

And clothed in white raiment they rest on the mead,

Where the Lamb loveth His children to lead,

One by one.

Before they rest they pass through the strife

One by one,

Through the waters of death they enter life

One by one.

To some are the floods of the river still

As they ford on their way to the heavenly hill ;

To others the waves run fiercely and wild,

Yet they reach the home of the undefiled ;

One by one.

We too shall come to that river side

One by one ;

We are nearer its waters each eventide

One by one ;

We can hear the noise and the dash of the stream

Now and again through our life's deep dream ;

Sometimes the floods all its banks o'erflow,

Sometimes in ripples the small waves go

One by one.

Jesus, Redeemer, we look to Thee

One by one,

We lift up our voices tremblingly

One by one.

The waves of the river are dark and bold,

We know surely the spot where our feet may hold ;

Thou who didst pass through in deep midnight,

Strengthen us, send us, Thy staff and Thy light

One by one.

Plant Thou Thy feet beside as we tread

One by one,

On Thee let us lean each drooping head

One by one ;

Let but Thy strong arm around us be twined,

We shall cast all our cares and fears to the wind ;

Saviour, Redeemer, be Thou in full view

Smilingly, gladsomely, shall we pass through

One by one.

MARY LESLIE.



WHEN THE CORN FALLS FULLY RIPE NO HEART-CRY IS VERY BITTER.

“DEATH as it is universal cannot be an evil,” has said some philosopher, and doubtless there is purpose and mercy in every seeming random stroke of the scythe. When the corn falls fully ripe no heart-cry is very bitter, but what feel we when little Golden-hair droops away from the sun, after nine short years of innocent delight? It is God's will—let it be done!—her

mother has children still left for earth, and one angel saved for heaven.

And what when the Reaper cuts down the tall green blade up-grown, but fruitless? Still only, it is God's will—let him do what seemeth Him best. Perchance there was some blight on the leaf, some canker at the root, that would have spread and eaten all, had He not taken it in its greenness from the slow decay.

HOLME LEE.



'TIS YOURS TO MAKE OUR LOT SUBLIME.

O Life! O Death! O World! O Time!

O Grave! where all things flow,

'Tis yours to make our lot sublime.

With your great weight of woe.

Though sharpest anguish hearts may wring,

Though bosoms torn may be,

Yet suffering is a holy thing ;

Without it what were we?

ARCHBISHOP TRENCH.



ERE LONG, BEFORE THE THRONE WITH THEE!

FAREWELL my father's friend and mine!

While on the dead I gaze

I dare not murmur nor repine,

But tune the notes of praise,

For here I see the form alone,

The spirit is before the throne!

And when the earth shall o'er thee lie,

And darkness close thee round,

I shall not weep ; I shall not sigh,

But joy that thou art crowned,

And bear'st with strength that cannot tire,

The victor's palm—the seraph's lyre.

So calm and placid are thy looks
That infant prattlers come
And lay aside their little books,
And cease their busy hum ;
And round about their stand they take,
And wonder when thou wilt awake.

Thy life, in the esteem of those
Who best thy virtues knew,
Was calm and gentle, and its close
Was calm and gentle too ;
So lightly passed the parting breath
That we could hardly call it death.

No sound was there of dark distress,
Of shrinking from the view ;
But putting off the ancient dress,
And putting on the new ;
An opening gate—an entrance in,
Away from sorrow, pain, and sin.

The earthly goods on thee bestowed,
Too much thou didst not prize ;
And thou hast gained that bright abode
Eternal in the skies,
Where neither moth corrupts, nor rust
The treasures of the ransomed just.

Farewell, my Father's friend, and mine !
No more the dead I view ;
But fix my heart where spirits dwell
Beyond the cloudless blue ;
And earnest pray that mine may be
Ere long, before the throne with thee !

REV. BENGO COLLYER.



SOB IN SILENCE WITH AN UPWARD GAZE.

WHEN some beloved, 'neath whose eyelids lay
The sweet lights of my childhood, one by one

Did leave me dark before the natural sun,
 And I astonished fell and could not pray,
 A thought within me to myself did say,
 "Is God less God, that *thou* art left undone?
 Rise, worship, bless Him, in this sackcloth spun,
 As in that purple." But I answered, Nay!
 What child his filial heart in words can loose
 If he behold his tender father raise
 The hand that chastens sorely? can he choose
 But sob in silence with an upward gaze?
 And *my* great Father, thinking fit to bruise,
 Discerns in speechless tears both prayer and praise.

MRS. E. B. BROWNING.



TRUST IN OUR FATHER.

THOUGH all our violets, sweet, are dead,
 The primrose lost from fields we knew,
 Who knows what harvest may be spread
 For reapers brave like me and you?
 Who knows what bright October suns
 May light up distant valleys mild,
 Where, as our pathway downward runs,
 We see joy meet us, like a child.
 Who, sudden, by the road-side stands,
 To kiss the travellers' weary brows,
 And lead them through the twilight lands
 Safely unto their Father's house?
 So we'll not dream, nor look back, dear,
 But march right on, content and bold,
 To where our life sets heavenly clear,
 Westward behind the hills of gold.

DINAH MULOCH.



AWHILE I WEEP AND LINGER HERE.

PURE spirit! O where art thou now?
 O whisper to my soul!
 O let some soothing thought of thee
 This bitter grief control!

'Tis not for thee the tears I shed,
Thy sufferings now are o'er ;
The sea is calm, the tempest past,
On that eternal shore.

No more the storms that wreck thy peace,
Shall tear that gentle breast ;
Nor summer's rage, nor winter's cold,
Thy poor, poor frame molest.

Thy peace is sealed, thy rest is sure,
My sorrows are to come ;
Awhile I weep and linger here,
Then follow to the tomb.

And is the awful veil withdrawn,
That shrouds from mortal eyes,
In deep impenetrable gloom,
The secrets of the skies ?

Oh, in some dream of visioned bliss,
Some trance of rapture, show
Where, on the bosom of thy God,
Thou rest'st from human woe !

Thence may thy pure devotion's flame
On me, on me descend :
To me thy strong aspiring hopes,
Thy faith, thy fervours lend.

Let these my lonely path illumine,
And teach my weakened mind
To welcome all that's left of good,
To all that's lost resigned.

Farewell ! With honour, peace, and love,
Be thy dear memory blest !
Thou hast no tears for me to shed,
When I too am at rest.

MRS. BARBAULD.

THE DEAD CARRY OUR THOUGHTS TO A
NOBLER EXISTENCE.

I HAVE seen one die !—in the maturity of every power ; in the earthly perfection of every faculty ; when many temptations had been overcome, and many hard lessons had been learned ; when many experiments had made virtue easy, and had given a facility to action, and a success to endeavour ; when wisdom had been learnt from many mistakes, and a skill had been laboriously acquired in the use of many powers : and the being I looked upon had just compassed that most useful, most practical of all knowledge, how to live, and to act well and wisely : yet I have seen such an one die ! Was all this treasure gained only to be lost ? Were all these faculties trained only to be thrown into utter disuse ? Was this instrument—the intelligent soul, the noblest in the universe—was it so laboriously fashioned, and by the most varied and expensive apparatus, that, on the very moment of being finished, it should be cast away for ever ? No, the dead, as we call them, do not *so* die. They carry our thoughts to another and a nobler existence. They teach us, and especially by all the strange and seemingly untoward circumstances of their departure from this life, that they and we shall live for ever. They open the future world then to our faith, and also to our affections. No person of reflection and piety can have lived long without beginning to find, in regard to the earthly objects that most interest him—his friends—that the balance is gradually inclining in favour of another world. How many, after the middle period of life, and especially in declining years, must feel, if the experience of life has had any just effect upon them—that the objects of their strongest attachment are not here. . . . We may say, in the language of reason, if they live there, they love there. We may answer in the language of Jesus Christ, “He that liveth and believeth in Me shall never die” ; and again, “I am the God of Abraham, the God of Isaac, and the God of Jacob. God is not the God of the dead, but of the living.” Then is it true that they live there : and yet they speak to us ! From that bright sphere, from that calm region, from the bowers of life immortal, they speak to us. They say to us, ‘Sigh not in despair over the broken and defeated expectations of earth. Sorrow not as

others who have no hope. Bear calmly and cheerfully thy lot. Brighten the chain of love—of sympathy—of communion with all pure minds on earth and in heaven. Think, oh ! think of the mighty and glorious company that fill the immortal regions ! Light, life, beauty, beatitude are here. Come, children of earth ! come to the bright and blessed land ' ! I see no lovely features revealing themselves through the dim and shadowy veils of heaven. I see no angel forms enrobed with the bright clouds of eventide. But I hear a voice saying, " Write, blessed are the dead who die in the Lord, for they rest (for they rest) from their labours, and their works (works of piety and love recorded in our hearts, and kept in eternal remembrance,—their works) do follow them." Our hearts—their workmanship—do follow them, We will go and die with them. We will go and live with them for ever ! Can I leave these meditations, my brethren, without paying homage to that religion which has brought life and immortality to light, without calling to mind that simple and touching acknowledgment of the good Apostle, " I thank God through our Lord Jesus Christ."

REV. ORVILLE DEWEY, D.D.

SOUL, TO ITS PLACE ON HIGH.

CALM on the bosom of thy God,
 Fair spirit ! rest thee now !
 E'en while with ours thy footsteps trod,
 His seal was on thy brow.

Dust, to its narrow house beneath !
 Soul, to its place on high !
 They that have seen thy look in death,
 No more may fear to die.

MRS. HEMANS.

DEATH HATH NO STING SINCE THE SAVIOUR HATH DIED.

THOU art gone to the grave, but we will not deplore thee.
 Though sorrows and darkness encompass the tomb ;
 The Saviour has pass'd through its portals before thee,
 And the lamp of His love is thy guide through the gloom.

Thou art gone to the grave—we no longer behold thee,
 Nor tread the rough path of the world by thy side ;
 But the wide arms of mercy are spread to enfold thee,
 And sinners may hope since the Sinless has died.

Thou art gone to the grave—and its mansions forsaking,
 Perhaps thy tried spirit in doubt linger'd long ;
 But the sunshine of heaven beam'd bright on thy waking,
 And the song which thou heard'st was the seraphim's song.

Thou art gone to the grave—but 'twere wrong to deplore
 thee
 When God was thy Ransom, thy Guardian, and Guide ;
 He gave thee, He took thee,—and soon will restore thee ;
 And death hath no sting since the Saviour hath died.

BISHOP HEBER.



SORROW NOT WITHOUT HOPE.

I WOULD not have you to be ignorant, brethren, concerning them which are asleep, that ye sorrow not, even as others which have no hope.

For if we believe that Jesus died and rose again, even so them also which sleep in Jesus will God bring with him.

For this we say unto you by the word of the Lord, that we which are alive and remain unto the coming of the Lord shall not prevent them which are asleep,

For the Lord himself shall descend from heaven with a shout, with the voice of the archangel, and with the trump of God : and the dead in Christ shall rise first :

Then we which are alive and remain shall be caught up together with them in the clouds, to meet the Lord in the air : and so shall we ever be with the Lord.

Wherefore comfort one another with these words.

I Thessalonians iv. 13—18.

DEATH.

THE FIRST—LAST LOOK—BY DEATH REVEALED.

HE that hath bent him o'er the dead,
Ere the first day of death is fled—
The first dark day of nothingness,
The last of danger and distress,—
Before decay's effacing fingers
Have swept the lines where beauty lingers
And marked the mild angelic air,
The rapture of repose that's there ;
The fixed yet tender traits that streak
The languor of the placid cheek ;
And but for that sad shrouded eye,
 That fires not—wins not—weeps not—now,
 And but for that chill, changeless brow,
Whose touch thrills with mortality,
And curdles to the gazer's heart,
As if to him it could impart
The doom he dreads, yet dwells upon,—
Yes, but for these, and these alone,
Some moments—ay—one treacherous hour,
He still might doubt the tyrant's power,
So fair, so calm, so softly sealed,
The first—last look—by death revealed !

LORD BYRON.

DEATH is a commingling of eternity with time ; in the death of a good man, eternity is seen looking through time.

GOETHE.

LEADING FROM LIGHT TO LIGHT, THROUGH A BRIEF DARKNESS.

WEEP not, my friends ! Rather rejoice with me ;
I shall not feel the pain, but shall be gone ;
And you will have another friend in heaven.
Then start not at the creaking of the door
Through which I pass. I see what lies beyond it.

The grave itself is but a covered bridge
Leading from light to light, through a brief darkness !

LONGFELLOW.

DEATH is like sleep ;
A gentle wafting to immortal life.

MILTON.

BE thou faithful unto death, and I will give thee a crown of life.
Rev. ii. 10.

THOU carriest them away as with a flood ; they are as a sleep :
in the morning they are like grass which groweth up. In the
morning it flourisheth and groweth up ; in the evening it is cut
down and withereth.

We spend our years as a tale that is told.

So teach us to number our days that we may apply our hearts
unto wisdom.—Psalm xc. 5, 6, 9, 12.

THEY WHO DIE IN FAITH DIE IN PEACE.

PEACE in death is the effect of a good man's principles. For
that which made his life peaceful will also pacify at death. It
is not the remembrance of a well-spent life, nor any confidence
in the flesh that he is personally righteous before God and need
fear nothing ; but it is the stedfast reliance on the Saviour for
pardon and acceptance, which tranquillizes the soul in death, and
puts to flight its rising fears. Hope also comes in, and tells of
the glory of Christ in heaven, and the mansions of glory which

He has prepared for his followers there ; and love concludes that to depart and be with Christ is far better, and therefore death ceases to be an object of dread and dismay. Thus the principles of grace that wrought peace through life, produce it at the hour of death. "All these," says the Apostle, "died in faith ;" and they who die in faith die in peace.

As there is a promise of strength according to our day, and an assurance from Christ that His grace is sufficient for us, so the day of death hath its peculiar strength granted it; and special grace is allotted for that time of need. The Lord knows that more than ordinary help is then needful, and it is given. His glory is concerned to uphold them in that hour, and though their hearts and their flesh faint and fail, He is the strength of their heart and their portion for ever. "When thou passest through the waters, I will be with thee; and through the rivers, they shall not overflow thee," (Isa. xliii. 2). He rebukes the enemy, silences the accuser, and speaks His own peace to the believing soul. He will not perhaps give rapture and the voice of triumph but though the believer should not be able to say, "O death where is thy sting? O grave, where is thy victory?" it is enough if he can say, "Into Thy hand I commit my spirit ; Thou ' redeemed me, O Lord God of truth !"

This is peace, the peace of redeemed souls, expiring in faith, and with meek resignation submitting to death in the hope of eternal life. When we mark the perfect man, his latter end is peace.

DR. SIEVERIGHT.



THE NECESSITY OF DEATH.

It is impossible that anything so natural, so necessary, and so universal as death, should ever have been designed by providence as an evil to mankind.

DEAN SWIFT.



AN angel's arm can't snatch me from the grave ;
Legions of angels can't confine me there

EDWARD YOUNG.

THE DEAD, HOW SACRED !

THE dead, how sacred ! sacred is the dust
 Of this heaven-laboured form, erect divine !
 This heav'n-assumed majestic robe of earth
 He deign'd to wear, who hung the vast expanse
 With azure bright, and clothed the sun in gold.

THOMSON.



DEATH IS IN THE WORLD FOR OUR HIGHEST GOOD.

COMFORTING are the sublime words which come down to us as a divine revelation from heaven, "Death is yours." Death is in the world for our highest good. It is not an adverse, but a beneficial appointment, that man must die. And even a dispensation which at the first filled us with consternation and amazement, and deprived us of one who was lovely and pleasant in his life, will, if it be sanctified, bring us an infinitely greater good than it has taken away. Yes, death is ours, even when it lays its hand upon friends and relations the most esteemed, and the most endeared ; when it robs us of those who by the world, the family, and the church, could ill be spared. We may claim adversity and death as ours, however sternly they may be opposed to our present happiness, and though they spread the darkness of desolation all around us ; since, directed by the wise tenderness of Him who is very pitiful and gracious, they are made subservient to our ultimate and highest good. When our eyes are blinded with tears, and our souls refuse to be comforted, we cannot trace the links which connect the bereaving dispensation with the good of all who are concerned therein. But amidst the spiritual dulness produced by our grief, the Lord saith to us, "What I do ye shall know hereafter."

REV. THOMAS HILL.



THE MYSTERY OF DEATH.

I STAND beside the dead ;
 How still and strange the marble features are !
 I scarce can deem these rigid lips have said
 Their last, last earthly prayer.

The hands are snowy cold,
 Crossed on the bosom where no sorrows stir,
 Beneath the shadow of the white shroud's fold :
 Peace came with death to her.

What strange thoughts come and go,
 While looking on the silent, pallid dead !
 We wonder if their death-sealed senses know,
 Touch, word, or muffled tread.

Perhaps she hears me speak !
 Perchance she felt your tears, as fast they fell !
 And may-be when you bent to kiss her cheek,
 She knew it ! Who can tell ?

I wonder if her eyes
 Are looking from beneath the stirless lids
 To the far hills and plains of paradise,
 From our dim vision hid !

What is each thought that lies
 Beneath her pulseless breast ? We cannot know !
 In vain we question of death's mysteries,
 And—it is better so !

CHARLOTTE ELIZABETH.



WE'RE now embark'd upon that stormy flood
 Where all the wise and brave are gone before us,
 'Ere since the birth of time to meet eternity.

JONES.



TO DIE IS LANDING ON SOME SILENT SHORE.

'Tis to the vulgar death too harsh appears :
 The ill we feel is only in our fears.
 To die is landing on some silent shore,
 Where billows never break, nor tempests roar ;
 E'er well we feel the friendly stroke, 'tis o'er.

SIR SAMUEL GARTH.

BETWEEN TWO BREATHS.

BETWEEN two breaths, what crowded mysteries lie,—
 The first short gasp, the last and long-drawn sigh !
 Like phantoms painted on the magic slide,
 Forth from the darkness of the past we glide,
 As living shadows for a moment seen
 In airy pageant on the eternal screen,
 Traced by a ray from one unchanging flame.
 Then seek the dust and stillness whence we came.

O. W. HOLMES.

DEATH LEAVES PALE SORROW WEEPING BY
THE HEARTH.

AH ! it is sad when one thus linked departs !
 When death, that mighty sev'rer of true hearts,
 Sweeps thro' the halls so lately loud in mirth,
 And leaves pale sorrow weeping by the hearth !

HON. MRS. NORTON.

THE GREAT TRANSITION.

DEATH is something so strange that it withstands all experience ; one thinks it impossible for it to seize a beloved object. It always presents itself as an incredible and unexpected event, and this transition from an existence we know, to one of which we know nothing, is something so violent, that it cannot take place without the greatest shock to the survivors.

GOETHE.

O DEATH, WHERE IS THY STING ?

THAT a man should lament at having to die, be it sooner or later, indicates neither philosophy nor religion. No one who is in a right state of mind ever even thinks about death. He thinks only of his life, knowing that if this be properly regulated and developed, death, come when it may, will but invigorate and renew him. It would be difficult to find a greater or more pernicious error than that so often propounded as "religious," that men should be always looking forward to their "end."

They should never be looking forward to their end ; they should be too intent upon their present. True religion does not concern itself as to how and when men die, but as to the quality of their current life.

LEO H. GRINDON.

NO THINKING SHOULD BE LEFT TO A DEATH-BED.

EVERY act is a foundation-stone of future conduct, and every imagination a fountain of life or death ! Be thoughtless in any after years rather than in youth,—though, indeed, there is only one place where a man may be nobly thoughtless,—his death bed. No thinking should ever be left to be done there.

JOHN RUSKIN.

How to live
AND how to die forms the great lesson still.

P. J. BAILEY.

“IT IS APPOINTED UNTO MEN ONCE TO DIE.”

EARTH is the centre of my body, heaven is the centre of my soul ; those two are the natural places of these two ; but these go not to those two in an equal pace. My body falls down without pushing, my soul does not go up without pulling : ascension is my soul's pace and measure, but precipitation my body's :—and even angels, whose home is heaven, and who are winged too, yet had a ladder to go to heaven by steps. The sun who goes so many miles in a minute, the stars of the firmament which go so very many more, go not so fast as my body to the earth. In the same instant that I feel the first attempt of the disease I feel the victory (gained by the disease). In the twinkling of an eye I can “scarce” see ; instantly the taste is insipid and fatuous ; instantly the appetite is dull and desireless ; instantly the knees are sinking and strengthless ; and in an instant, sleep, which is the picture, the copy of death, is taken away, that the original, death itself, may succeed, and that so I might have death to the life.

DR. JOHN DONNE.

THE WORLD IS FILLED WITH THE VOICES OF
THE DEAD.

How enduring is the memorial of goodness! It is but a sentence, which is read in a moment—it is but a leaf from the school of time; and yet it is borne on the breath of ages—it takes the attributes of universality and eternity—it becomes a heritage from family to family, among all the dwellings of the world. The world is filled with the voices of the dead. They speak not from the public records of the great world only, but from the private history of our own experience. They speak to us in a thousand remembrances, in a thousand instances, events, associations. They speak to us not only from their silent graves, but from the throng of life. Though they are invisible, yet life is filled with their presence. They are with us by the silent fireside, and in the secluded chamber; they are with us in the paths of society, and in the crowded assembly of men. They speak to us from the lonely wayside; and they speak to us from the venerable walls that echo to the steps of a multitude, and to the voice of prayer. Go where we will, the dead are with us. We live, we converse with those who once lived and conversed with us. Their well-remembered tones mingle with the whispering breezes, with the sound of the falling leaf, with the jubilee shout of the spring-time. The earth is filled with their shadowy train. But there are more substantial expressions of the presence of the dead with the living. The earth is filled with the labours, the works of the dead. Almost all the literature in the world, the discoveries of science, the glories of art, the ever-during temples, the dwelling-places of generations, the comforts and improvements of life, the languages, the maxims, the opinions of the living, the very framework of society, the institutions of nations, the fabrics of empire—all are the works of the dead; by these, they who are dead yet speak. Life—busy, eager, craving, importunate, absorbing life—yet what is its sphere, compared with the empire of death? What, in other words, is the sphere of visible compared with the mighty empire of invisible life? A moment in time; a speck in immensity; a shadow amidst enduring and unchangeable realities; a breath of existence amidst the ages and regions of undying life! They live—they live indeed, whom we call dead. They live in our thoughts; they live in our blessings; they live in our life: death hath no power over them.

MORE TERRIBLE AT THE ENTRANCE THAN
WITHIN.

MANY are the shapes
Of death, and many are the ways that lead
To his grim cave ; all dismal ! yet to sense
More terrible at the entrance than within.

MILTON.



ALL WAS ENDED NOW.

ALL was ended now, the hope and the fear and the sorrow ;
All the aching of heart, the restless, unsatisfied longing,
All the dull deep pain, and constant anguish of patience.

LONGFELLOW.



THE righteous is taken away from the evil to come ; he shall
enter into peace.—Isaiah lvii. i.



READY WHENSOEVER HE CALLS.

HE that always waits upon God is ready whensoever He calls.
Neglect not to set your accounts even : he is a happy man who
so lives as that death at all times may find him at leisure to die.

OWEN FELTHAM.

TO FEEL THAT YOU ARE YOUR OWN AT
THAT HOUR.

SEEING you must go naked as you came, do not stay for
Death to pluck off your clothes ; but strip yourself, and owe your
liberty to your own hands. It will not be long, you are well
assured, ere that debt to nature must be paid ; and then there
cannot be a greater contentment than to feel that you are your
own at that hour ; that you can dispose of yourself to God
without let or hindrance, and that you can die in the freedom
wherein you were born. If you stand engaged to the world, it
will be sure to put in its claim and challenge an interest in you

at that time. And therefore follow your resolution betime ; that so it may not give you any trouble then, but suffer you to go out of it as quietly and with as little care as you came into it.

SIMON PATRICK.



DEATH IS THE LIGHTEST EVIL WE SHOULD FEAR.

DEATH is the lightest evil we should fear ;
'Tis certain, 'tis the consequence of life ;
Th' important question is not that we die,
But how we die.

HAVARD.



THE GATHERING OF RIPE FRUITS.

THE sublimity of wisdom is to do those things living, which are to be desired when dying. For the death of the righteous is like the descending of ripe and wholesome fruits from a pleasant and florid tree. Our senses entire, our limbs unbroken, without horrid tortures ; after provision made for our children, with a blessing entailed upon posterity, in the presence of our friends, our dearest relative closing our eyes—leaving a good name behind us.

DR. JOHNSON.



LIVE HOLILY, DIE SAFELY.

To live holily is the way to die safely, happily. If death be terrible, yet innocence is bold, and will neither fear itself nor let us fear ; where, contrariwise, wickedness is cowardly, and cannot abide any glimpse of light or show of danger.

BISHOP HALL.



DOST thou know who speaks to thee ?
Dark cloudy death o'ershades his beams of life,—
And he nor sees nor hears us what we say.

SHAKESPEARE.

THE GRAVE BUT A TRANSIENT RESTING-PLACE.

WHAT is death ?

No tyrant now, but servant, whose chief task
Is to unbind

The chains by which the children of the King
Are here confined.

For since Christ's body rose from out the tomb,
And sought the skies,
So the whole race of man now joined to Him,
Like Him must rise.

Oh ! false ungrateful words to call the grave
Man's long last home !

'Tis but a lodging held from week to week,
Till Christ shall come.

It is a store of which Christ keeps the key,
Where in each cell
Are laid in hope the vestments of the souls
He loves so well.

And when He comes upon His marriage morn,
In light arrayed,
He will invest His own in the same forms,
All glorious made.

Save us, for we are Thine, by bond and pledge ;
To Thee we trust
That which we hold most precious when we say,
"Dust unto dust."

The Homilist.



'Tis the cessation of our breath,
Silent and motionless we lie :
And no one knoweth more than this.

LONGFELLOW.



THE breathing miracle into silence passed.

GERALD MASSEY.

THE PROSPECT CLEAR.

DEATH's dark shades
 Seem, as we journey on, to lose their horror ;
 At near approach, the monsters formed by fear
 Are vanished all, and leave the prospect clear.

ROWE.

 IN GOD'S VIEW BLESSED.

A DEATH which in man's view is calamitous, is, in God's view, blessed ; provided it be a death "in the Lord ;" neither the manner nor the moment of the death is to be taken into consideration ; violence and suddenness do not assail its blessedness ; but wherever a child of God has departed, and under whatever circumstances, the voice from heaven bears its uniform and unfaltering attestation, "Blessed are the dead." When, therefore, we see a vigorous and valued life suddenly broken off from all its earnest purposes and active pursuits, and are tempted, in such a case, to regard death as premature and unhappy, let us call to mind the testimony which St. John was commanded to record—a testimony which no unwonted circumstances, however painful, attending the decease of a Christian can modify or change—a testimony which, in any such case, must allay the anguish of bereavement, and sustain our confidence amidst the darkness of the divine dispensations.

REV. THOMAS HILL.

 PASSING AWAY.

It is written on the rose,
 In its glory's full array ;
 Read what those buds disclose—
 "Passing away."

It is written on the skies
 Of the soft blue summer day ;
 It is traced on sunset's dyes—
 "Passing away."

It is written on the trees,
 As their young leaves glistening play,
 And on brighter things than these—
 “Passing away.”

It is written on the brow,
 Where the spirit's ardent ray
 Lives, burns, and triumphs now—
 “Passing away.”

It is written on the heart,
 Alas ! that there decay
 Should claim from love a part—
 “Passing away.”

Friends ! friends !—oh ! shall we meet
 In a land of purer day
 Where lovely things and sweet
 Pass not away ?

Shall we know each other's eyes,
 And the thoughts that in them lay,
 When we mingled sympathies
 “Passing away.”

Oh ! if this may be so,
 Speed, speed, thou closing day !
 How blest from earth's vain show
 To pass away !

MRS. HEMANS.

BE ye therefore ready, for the Son of Man cometh in an hour
 when ye think not.—Luke xii. 40.

THE ACTIONS OF THE JUST.

ALL heads must come
 To the cold tomb ;
 Only the actions of the just
 Smell sweet, and blossom in the dust.

JAMES SHIRLEY.

DEATH gives us sleep, eternal youth, and immortality.

JEAN PAUL RICHTER.

A DEATH-BED IS A WONDERFUL REASONER.

A DEATH-BED is a wonderful reasoner ; many a proud infidel hath it humbled and refuted without a word, who but a short time before would have defied all the ability of man to shake the foundation of his system. All is well as long as the curtain is up, and the puppet-show of life goes on ; but when the rapid representation draws to a close, and every hope of longer respite is precluded, things will appear in a very different light. Would to God I could say that that great and awful moment were as often distinguished by the dew of repentance as by the groan of despair.

HON. ROBT. BOYLE.

THE THORN OF EVERY ROSE OF EARTHLY
BLOOM.

MAN tried a thousand schemes
To ward thy blow, or hide thee from his eye ;
But still thy gloomy terrors, dipped in sin,
Before him frowned, and withered all his joy.
Still, feared and hated thing, thy ghostly shape
Stood in his avenues of fairest hope ;
Unmannerly, and uninvited, crept
Into his haunts of most select delight ;
Still, on his halls of mirth and banqueting,
And revelry, thy shadowy hand was seen
Writing thy name of—Death. Vile worm, that gnawed
The root of all his happiness terrene ; the gall
Of all his sweet ; the thorn of every rose
Of earthly bloom ; cloud of his noonday sky ;
Frost of his spring ; sigh of his loudest laugh
Dark spot on every form of loveliness ;
Harsh dissonance of all his harmony ;
Reserve of every promise, and the “ IF
Of all to-morrows.

ROBERT POLLOCK.

A MESSAGE FROM ABOVE.

O FOR a message from above
 To bear my spirit up !
 Some pledge of my Creator's love
 To calm my terrors and support my hope ;
 Let waves and thunders mix and roar ;
 Be thou my God, and the whole world is mine :
 While Thou art Sovereign, I'm secure :
 I shall be rich till Thou art poor ;
 For all I fear, and all I wish, Heaven, Earth, and Hell,
 are Thine,

DR. WATTS.

GOD caring for us we are strong to live ; with God near us, we
 are strong to die.

REV. THOMAS JONES.

THE CALM IMPRESS OF THAT HOLY SLEEP.

THE dead ! the sainted dead ! why should we weep
 At the last change their settled features take?
 At the calm impress of that holy sleep
 Which care and sorrow never more shall break ?
 Believe we not His word who rends the tomb,
 And bids the slumberers from that transient gloom
 In their Redeemer's glorious image wake ?
 Approach we not the same sepulchral bourne
 Swift as the shadow fleets ?—What time have we to
 mourn ?

MRS. SIGOURNEY.

A DEATH-BED'S A DETECTOR OF THE HEART.

THE chamber where the good man meets his fate
 Is privileged beyond the common walk
 Of virtuous life, quite on the verge of heaven.

Here—resistless demonstration dwells :
 A death-bed's a detector of the heart.
 Here tired Dissimulation drops her mask
 Through life's grimace, that mistress of the scene ;
 Here real, and apparent are the same,
 You see the man, you see his hold on heaven,
 If sound his virtue ;
 Heaven waits not the last moment ; owns her friends
 On this side death, and points them out to men ;
 A lecture silent, but of sovereign power !
 To vice confusion, and to virtue peace.
 Virtue alone has majesty in death !

EDWARD YOUNG.



THINK ON DEATH.

OH ! thou, whoever thou art, that art tempted to commit sin, do thou think on death, and that thought will be an angel to thee ! The hope of heaven will raise thy courage above the fiercest threatenings of the world ; the fear of hell will rob its persuasions of their enchantments : and the very extremity of thy trial may itself contribute to animate thy exertions, by the thought that the greater thy endurance here, the greater will be thy reward hereafter.

BISHOP HEBER.



HELP us, O Lord our God, for we rest on Thee.—2 Chron. xiv. 11.

Thanks be unto God which giveth us the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ.—1 Cor. xv. 57.



THE DEAD WHO DIE IN CHRIST ARE BLEST.

HAIL, heavenly voice, once heard in Patmos ! “Write,
 Henceforth the dead who die in Christ are blest :
 Yea, saith the Spirit, for they now shall rest
 From all their labours !” But no dull, dark night

That rest o'ershadows : 'tis the day-spring bright
 Of bliss ; the foretaste of a richer feast ;
 A sleep, if sleep it be, of lively zest,
 Peopled with visions of intense delight.
 And though the secrets of that resting-place
 The soul embodied knows not ; yet she knows
 No sin is there God's likeness to deface,
 To stint His love ; no purgatorial woes,
 Her dross is left behind, nor mixture base
 Mars the pure stream of her serene repose.

BISHOP MANT.



THRICE WELCOME DEATH !

THRICE welcome death !

That, after many a painful, bleeding step,
 Conducts us to our home, and lands us safe
 On the long wished-for shore ! Prodigious change !
 Our bane turned to our blessing ! Death, disarmed,
 Loses his fellness quite. All thanks to Him
 Who scourged the venom out !

ROBERT BLAIR.



HERE is the patience of the saints ; here are they that keep the commandments of God and the faith of Jesus. I heard a voice from heaven saying unto me, Write, Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord, from henceforth. Yea, saith the Spirit, that they may rest from their labours, and their works do follow them.—Rev. xiv. 12, 13.

There the wicked cease from troubling ; and there the weary be at rest.—Job iii. 17.



THE DEAD "IN THE LORD" REST.

THE dead "in the Lord" rest, and therefore they are blessed ; but we are not to conceive of the heaven of the redeemed as a heaven of superannuation and lethargy, where the world-weary

soul reposes in perpetual inaction. Such a heaven would not answer the aspirations of the soul aglow with divine love, and dowered with faculties which demand to be exercised on congenial objects. The weariest unrest is in inaction, and the truest tranquillity of the spirit of man is to be enjoyed in the active exercise of his faculties in the service of the Lord. Such is the rest of heaven. Death is the ascent of the spirit to its highest service, with revived and enlarged faculties, baptized as with fire, to work no longer under the eye of an invisible Master, but under His immediate command and His seen approving smile.

REV. THOMAS HILL.



O DEATH, WHAT ART THOU?

O DEATH, what art thou? A lawgiver that never altereth,
Fixing the consummating seal, whereby the deeds of life become
established :

O Death, what art thou? A stern and silent usher,
Leading to the judgment for eternity, after the trial scene of Time :
O Death, what art thou? The husbandman, that reapeth
always

Out of season, as in season, with a sickle in his hand :

O Death, what art thou? The shadow unto every substance,
In the bower as in the battle, haunting night and day :

O Death, what art thou? Nurse of dreamless slumbers,
Freshening the fevered flesh to a wakefulness eternal :

O Death, what art thou? Strange and solemn alchymist,
Elaborating life's elixir from these clayey crucibles :

O Death, what art thou? Antitype of nature's marvels,
The seed and dormant chrysalis bursting into energy and glory.
Thou calm safe anchorage for the shattered hulls of men,—
Thou spot of gelid shade, after the hot-breathed desert,—
Thou silent waiting-hall, where Adam meeteth with his children,—
How full of dread, how full of hope, loometh inevitable Death :
Of dread, for all have sinned ; of hope, for One hath saved :
The dread is drowned in joy, the hope is filled with immortality !
—Pass along, pilgrim of life, go to thy grave unfearing,
The terrors are but shadows now that haunt the vale of Death.

M. F. TUPPER.

TO DIE IS TO BEGIN TO LIVE.

To die is to begin to live : it is to end
 An old stale weary work, and to commence
 A newer and a better : 'tis to leave
 Deceitful knaves for the society
 Of Gods and goodness.

BEAUMONT AND FLETCHER.

THOU STRANGE, MYSTERIOUS POWER.

O DEATH ! thou strange, mysterious power, seen
 Every day, yet never understood but by the
 Incommunicative dead, what art thou ?

GEORGE LILLO.

How the wretched love to think of thee
 O thou true comforter, the friend of all
 Who have no friend beside.

SOUTHEY.

DEATH is a friend of ours ; and he that is not ready to entertain
 him is not at home.

LORD BACON.

It is remarkable that death increases our veneration for the
 good, and extenuates our hatred of the bad.

DR. JOHNSON.

MAN makes a death which Nature never made.

EDWARD YOUNG.

DEATH THE CURE FOR LIFE.

O DEATH ! thou pleasing end of human woe !
Thou cure for life ! Thou greatest good below !
Still mayest thou fly the coward, and the slave,
And thy soft slumbers only bless the brave.

OLIVER GOLDSMITH.

IS IT NOT GOD'S DEED.

Is it not God's deed whatever thing is done
In heaven and earth ? Did not He all create
To die again ? all ends that were begun ;
Their times in His eternal books of fate
Are written sure, and have their certain date.
Who then can strive with strong necessity,
That holds the world in his still changing state ?
Or shun the death ordained by destiny ?
When hour of death is come, let none ask whence
or why.

SPENSER.

OH let me die his death ! all nature cries.
Then live his life !—all nature falters there.

EDWARD YOUNG.

THE DYING CHRISTIAN.

Go, child of darkness ! see a Christian die !
No horror pales his lips, or dims his eye ;
No fiend-shaped phantoms of destruction start
The hope Religion pillows on his heart.
When, with a faltering hand, he waves adieu
To all who love so well, and weep so true ;
Meek as an infant to the mother's breast
Turns, fondly longing for its wonted rest,
He pants for where congenial spirits stray,
Turns to his God, and sighs his soul away.

REV. R. MONTGOMERY.

THE MIGHTIEST OF THE THINGS UNSEEN SAVE ONE.

O DEATH ! thou great invisible,
 Pale monarch of the unending Past,
 Who shall thy countless trophies tell,
 Or when shall be thy last ?
 By thee high thrones to earth are flung—
 By thee the sword and sceptre rust—
 By thee the beautiful and young
 Lie mouldering in the dust.
 Into thy cold and faded reign
 All glorious things of earth depart ;
 The fairest forms are early slain,
 And quenched the fiery heart,
 But in yon world thou hast not been,
 Where joy can fade, nor beauty fall ;
 O, mightiest of the things unseen
 Save One that ruleth all !

REV. G. H. COLTON.



LET ME DIE THE DEATH OF THE RIGHTEOUS.

IN the article of Death, the righteous have glorious prerogatives. The truth of this principle is generally admitted. We do not hear men exclaiming, "Let me die the death of the philosopher !" in whatever terms they express their admiration of his talents, his experiments, and his discoveries ; or, "Let me die the death of the warrior !" with whatever ardour they celebrate his martial virtues and his military achievements ; or, "Let me die the death of the statesman !" whatever encomium they may be disposed to pass on his political abilities. No—their language is, "Let me die the death of the righteous, and let my last end be like his."

THOMAS FULLER



DEATH GIVES FREEDOM.

THE soul in these poor bodies does not act to the utmost extent its nature is capable of. It is like a bird, that, let out,

enjoys a whole world of liberty, but not before. There is a kind of immensity in the soul, and this is one part of God's image; but it is straitened in these bodies that it cannot act to such an extensiveness. As the river is straitened within its banks till it falls into the ocean, so the soul here is straitened by ignorance, infirmities, pressures; but at death it slips into the ocean of eternity, where there is no more straightness.

DR. LIGHTFOOT.



THE FLIGHT OF THE SOUL.

THE flight through immensity is made "in the twinkling of an eye;" the pilgrimage to the spheres occupies but a moment. There is no waiting for a celestial convoy. A troop of angelic beings, unseen, crowd the chamber of death, and are ready, with outstretched wings, to bear the spirit home to God immediately on its emancipation from the flesh; the last quiver passed from the bloodless lip, the last breath sighed out, and, swifter than the beams of the morning, or the flash of the lightning, they tower with it to glory.

REV. EDWIN DAVIES.



OUR DESTINY.

I was born to die;
Tis but expanding thought, and life is nothing.

ROWE.



WHAT man is he that liveth and shall not see death? Shall he deliver his soul from the hand of the grave?—Psalm lxxxix. 48.

"Like sheep they are laid in the grave; death shall feed on them, and the upright shall have dominion over them in the morn, and their beauty shall consume in the grave from their dwelling. But God will redeem my soul from the power of the grave: for He shall receive me.—Psalm xlix. 14, 15.

"All the days of my appointed time will I wait, till my change come.—Job xiv. 14.

THE HEALER OF EVERY WOUND.

ROLL round, strange years ; swift seasons, come and go ;
 Ye leave upon us but an outward sign,
 Ye cannot touch the inward and divine,
 While God alone does know ;
 There sealed till summers, winters, all shall cease
 In His deep peace.

Therefore uprouse, ye winds, and howl your will ;
 Beat, beat, ye sobbing rains, on pane and door ;
 Enter, slow-footed age, and thou, obscure
 Great angel—not of ill ;
 Healer of every wound, where'er thou come,
 Glad, we'll go home.

DINAH MULOCH.



ONLY PARTED FROM THEM FOR A TIME.

THOSE who fall asleep in Jesus are not lost to those that survive them. They are only parted from them for a time, to meet again, and to meet at home. They are no more lost than a dear friend is lost who goes home before us, after we have sojourned at a distance, and whom we are soon to follow, and know where to find. But to our society, our counsels, our plans, and our labours here below, they *are* lost ; and the loss will be deeply and lastingly felt, in proportion to the greatness of the excellencies by which they were in life distinguished and endeared.

W. LEGG.



COLD AND LONELY.

EVEN to the best, the wise, and pure, and pious,
 Death, repulsive king, thine iron rule is terrible :
 Yea, and even at the best, in company of buried kindred,
 With hallowing rites, and friendly tears, and the dear old country
 church,

Death, cold and lonely, thy frigid face is hateful,
The bravest look on thee with dread, the humblest curse thy
coming.

Still, ye unwise among mankind, your foolishness hath added
fears ;

The crowded cemetery, the catacomb of bones, the pestilential
vault,

With fancy's gliding ghost at eve, her moans, and flaky footfalls,
And the gibbering train of terror to fright your coward hearts.

We speak not here of sin, nor the phantoms of a bloody conscience,
Nor of solaces, and merciful pardon : we heed but the inevitable
grave,

The grave, the wage of guilt, that due return to dust,

The grave, the gaol of earth, and starting-post for heaven.

M. F. TUPPER.



WHAT IS IT BUT A WELCOME CHANGE ?

To die—what is it but to sleep and sleep,
Nor feel the weariness of dark delay
Through the long night of time, and nothing know
Of intervening centuries elapsed,
When thy sweet morn, Eternity, begins?
Or else—what is it but a welcome change
From worse to better, from a world of pain
To one where flesh at least can nothing feel,
And pain and pleasure have no equal sway?
What is it but to meet ten thousand friends,
Whose earthly race was finished ere our own,
And be well welcome, where the tim'rous foot
Feared to intrude, and whence no foot returns?

JAMES HURDIS, D.D.



LIFE AND DEATH.

DEATH doth lurk always in life's delicious cup,
The mulberry leaf must bear the biting of a worm,
That so it may be raised to wear its silken form.

RUCKERT.

OH ! CHANGE—STUPENDOUS CHANGE !

TREAD softly ! bow the head—

In reverent silence bow !

No passing bell doth toll ;

Yet an immortal soul

Is passing now.

Stranger, however great,

With lowly reverence bow !

There's one in that poor shed—

One by that paltry bed—

Greater than thou.

Beneath that beggar's roof,

Lo ! Death doth keep his state !

Enter !—no crowds attend—

Enter !—no guards defend

This palace gate.

That pavement, damp and cold,

No smiling courtiers tread ;

One silent woman stands,

Lifting with meagre hands

A dying head.

No mingling voices sound--

An infant wail alone ;

A sob suppress'd—again

That short deep gasp—and then

The parting groan !

Oh ! change—Oh ! wondrous change

Burst are the prison bars !

This moment there, so low,

So agonized—and now

Beyond the stars !

Oh ! change—stupendous change !

There lies the soulless clod !

The sun eternal breaks ;

The new immortal wakes—

Wakes with his God.

PASSING FROM DARK TO LIGHT.

DEATH to a good man is but passing through a dark entry, out of one little dusky room of his father's house into another which is fair and large, lightsome and glorious, and divinely entertaining. Oh, may the rays and splendours of my heavenly apartments shoot far downward, and gild the dark entry with such a cheerful gleam as to banish every fear when I shall be called to pass through !

DR. WATTS.



JESUS Himself, the beloved Son of God, went not to His glory, but through the gates of death.

WILLIAM WASSE, LL.D.



THE GATE OF JOY TO THE BELIEVER.

DEATH, to the saints, is not so much a penalty as it is a remedy. It delivers them up, and lets them into such joys as "eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, neither hath entered into the heart of man to conceive." Yea, a man may as well with a coal paint out the sun in all its splendour, as with his pen or tongue express, or with his heart, were it deep as the sea, conceive the fulness of those joys, and sweetness of those pleasures which the saints shall enjoy at God's right hand for evermore. For quality, they have pleasures ; for quantity, fulness ; for dignity, at God's right hand ; for eternity, for evermore ; and, millions of years multiplied by millions, make not up a minute to this eternity.

YOUNGE.



DEATH SPEAKETH TO THE HEART.

THE clay that is moistened sends back no sound. Yes, death is silent to the ear, but it ever speaketh to the heart.

HENRY GILES.

DEATH HATH NO POWER OVER THE SOUL.

DEATH has no dominion over the soul. It can but touch the outer and the coarser part of our nature. It can take down the tabernacle in which the spirit has had a temporary abode, but the spirit turns aside his shaft and smiles at every effort of his power. All the laws and all the operations of our spiritual nature lead us to the conclusion that the moment of death is the moment of still higher mental and moral consciousness. It is true that in death we fall asleep, but it is the repose of that part of our humanity which has become exhausted, and nothing more. The grave is the sanctified couch in which we lay down the worn-out garment of the flesh ; for the spirit has winged her flight where all her powers are called into still higher activity ; and where her consciousness is ever being augmented and heightened.

ROBERT FERGUSON, D.D.



DEATH AN ANGEL FROM GOD.

WITH what a marvellous vigour can the soul
Put forth its hidden strength, looking at Death
As at an angel from the courts of God !
And with what beauty at the closing hour
Will childhood's sweet affections blossom out !

R. C. WATERSON.



GENTLE DEATH !

DEATH ! most desired, most lovely. To my ear
The very sound is soothing, When alone,
As a fond lover breathes the name most dear,
Sinking his accents to their softest tone ;
Even so, amid deep silence, oft do I
Utter thy name with hushed and trembling breath ;
And, listening to the night-winds rushing by,
Await in vain an answer—gentle Death !

How lovely must thou be ! Though some may fear
To approach thee, and unveil thy hidden face,
Thy beauty maddens those who gaze more near,
And thousands rush through crime to thy embrace.
Thy lovers are the young, the passionate,
The hearts that beat too quickly, who repine
Through years of suffering and decay to wait,
But snatch with eager haste at charms like thine !

Thou art a dangerous rival ! and for thee
The fairest are abandoned. Thou art known
To draw even Love from his fidelity,
Making the beautiful and loved thine own.
The golden portals of eternity
Are in thy keeping ; and thy thoughts must blend
With every wish and aspiration high,
That can from human hearts to heaven ascend.

Faith—Courage—Love ! What are they until Death
Stamps them with Truth's irrevocable seal ?
Mere words, depending on man's changing breath,
Falsehoods the morrow may perhaps reveal.
But thou art merciful ; and in the hour
Of mortal trial oft wilt interpose
To place our virtue beyond frailty's power,
Or shelter in the grave our guilt and woe's ?

Thou art the truth,—the certainty,—the hope
Of our mysterious being. Who could bear
With their own passions and the world to cope
In life's fierce warfare, if Thou wert not there
Awaiting, like a mother, to whose breast,
When all the tumults of the daytime cease,
She takes her wearied children to their rest—
Enfolds them gently there—and whispers, Peace !

MRS. TORRE HOLMES.

COMFORT IN PRAYER.

LET impatience (of pain) be quickly over. If we cannot master it by ourselves, let us take it with us to God, and under the sense of His embracement it will not abide. Modify both action and passion prayer assuredly does. It assuages calamity, excites hope, encourages endeavour, gives the feelings a link with heaven, both humble and exalted, animating and making patient. How can we think of God as a Father and not pray to Him? Not ask Him for help and expect even to receive it? Modestly, indeed, as children ask favours of an earthly father; and prepared as modestly for disappointment, knowing His wisdom. Suffering may sometimes be looked upon as one of the favours of God, and the beholders may justly think so, in proportion as the sufferer is great enough to deserve the opinion, and too modest to entertain it.

LEIGH HUNT.



THOU SEEDEST STRANGELY NEAR.

WHAT spirit is it that doth pervade
 The silence of this empty room?
 And as I lift my eyes, what shade
 Glides off and vanishes in gloom?
 I could believe, this moment gone,
 A known form filled that vacant chair;
 That those kind eyes upon me shone
 I never shall see anywhere!
 The living are so far away:
 But *thou*,—thou seemest strangely near:
 Knowest all my silent heart would say,
 Its peace, its pain, its hope, its fear.
 And from thy calm supernal height,
 And wondrous wisdom newly won,
 Smilest upon our poor delight
 And petty woe beneath the sun.
 From all this coil thou hast slipt away,
 As softly as a cloud departs
 Along the hill-side purple-grey—
 Into the heaven of patient hearts:

Nothing here suffered, nothing missed,
 Will ever stir from its repose
 The death-smile on her lips unkissed,
 Who all things loves and all things knows.

DINAH MULOCH.

DEATH NOT FEARFUL.

DEATH ever fronts the wise
 Not fearfully, but with clear promises
 Of larger life, on whose broad vans upborne,
 Their out-look widens, and they see beyond
 The horizon of the Present and the Past,
 Even to the very source and end of things.

J. R. LOWELL.

JOY IN DEATH'S MONITORY GLANCE.

SINCE 'tis certain then that we must die,
 No hope, no chance, no prospect of redress,
 Be it our constant aim unswervingly
 To tread God's narrow path of holiness:
 For He is first, last, midst,—O let us press
 Onwards, and when death's monitory glance
 Shall summon us to join his mortal dance,
 Even then shall hope and joy our footsteps bless.

LEON DE CARRION.

I KNOW that my Redeemer liveth, and that He shall stand at the latter day upon the earth; and though after my skin worms destroy this body, yet in my flesh shall I see God: Whom I shall see for myself, and mine eyes shall behold, and not another.—Job xix. 25—27.

OURSELVES also, which have the firstfruits of the Spirit, even we ourselves groan within ourselves, waiting for the adoption, to wit, the redemption of our body.—Rom. viii. 23.

THE Lord redeemeth the souls of His servants.”—Psa. xxxiv. 22.

A DARK ENTRANCE INTO MARVELLOUS LIGHT.

It is appointed unto all men once to die ; and therefore death visits the splendid palace of the great as well as the humble cottage of the poor. He pays no respect to rank or age, but demands an instant compliance to his unwelcome mandate—requiring an immediate separation of the soul from the body—commanding the *former* to appear before the Judge of quick and dead, to render “an account of all the deeds done in the body,” its frail tenement of clay, and partner in sin and sorrow ; while the *latter*, with all its fancied dignity and proud humanity, he consigns to its original dust, there to await the summons of the archangel at the general resurrection. How needful then is it, that we should diligently seek after that “wisdom which is from above,” and, through divine grace, be enabled to adopt the language of the Psalmist, and say, “Thou shalt guide me with Thy counsel, and afterward receive me to glory!” . . . The fear of death is no uncommon fear—it has been the worm at the root of many a good man’s comfort, and the unwelcome companion of a long life. Death is a gloomy state, but to the Christian it is only a dark entrance into marvellous light. Possessed with this persuasion the Psalmist could say, “Though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil, for Thou art with me.” The unseen hand will maintain its hold, and the voice of the almighty Saviour will then console him, saying, “Fear not, I am with thee,”—as the Deliverer from tears, from crying, from sorrow, from pain, and from death—a transition from all things common to this mortal state, and an entrance “into the joy of our Lord.” For this thrice happy state may we all be divinely prepared by the God of grace and glory, and guided by His Holy Spirit, while we travel through this fleeting world looking solely to Jesus Christ, “the Bright and Morning Star,” the Author and Finisher of our salvation.

REV. DR. VAUGHAN.



SEEK Him that turneth the shadow of death into the morning—The Lord is his name.--Amos v. 8.

PEACE.

THE last tear shed, the last sigh uttered, the last pain endured, all sin blotted out, and perfection in holiness, the days of your mourning are ended, you have nothing to fear, if you have peace through the blood of the Lamb, and glory only in the cross of our Lord Jesus Christ.

REV. W. B. BUCKE, M.A.

 WEEP NOT FOR ME.

WHEN the spark of life is waning,
 Weep not for me ;
 When the languid eye is straining,
 Weep not for me :
 When the feeble pulse is ceasing,
 Start not at its swift decreasing ;
 'Tis the fettered soul's releasing—
 Weep not for me.

When the pangs of death assail me,
 Weep not for me :
 Christ is mine—He cannot fail me,
 Weep not for me ;
 Yes, though sin and doubt endeavour
 From His love my soul to sever,
Jesus is my strength for ever,
 Weep not for me.

CANON DALE.

 THE LESS OF THIS COLD WORLD, THE MORE OF
 HEAVEN

IT matters not at what hour of the day
 The righteous fall asleep ; death cannot come
 To him untimely who is fit to die ;
 The less of this cold world, the more of heaven—
 The briefer life, the earlier immortality!

DEAN MILMAN.

WE ALL MUST DIE.

WE all know that we must die ! God, for our improvement, gives us daily warnings. Everything around us speaks of dissolution. The falling leaf—the passing cloud—the bursting bubble—the expiring wave—the setting sun—the sunken moon—yea, all nature turns us to the end of animate and inanimate objects. And when we fail to observe nature, death enters the domestic circle, and wrenches from our arms the fondest object of our affections—blasts it before our eyes—withers it when, perhaps, it appears in the greatest vigour, or else gradually turns it into corruption ; experience shows us the melancholy truth, and Scripture teaches that the same object that was buried shall revive—shall burst into incorruption and glory. This knowledge imparts consolation to us when we witness the decease of a friend or relative—the departure of the soul from the body of him, or her whom we loved. We watch the sinking countenance, the pale look, the glazing eye, and then the falling jaw, and last of all the lifeless corpse. We grieve, we lament, we sorrow, but not as men without hope ; faith teaches us that the same eye we saw fixed shall one day be animated—that the same tongue that gave its last blessing shall sing around the throne the songs of praise—that the same soul that winged its way to heaven shall be united to the same body that was lowered in the grave ; and thus the living, comforted, and with a holy fear and a perfect resignation, can exclaim, “The Lord gave, and the Lord hath taken away ; blessed be the name of the Lord.” . . . And then, when the resurrection morn dawns, there shall be the heavenly sound, the angels’ song, the hosanna in the highest ; the celestial host praising God—the very recesses of God’s kingdom thrown open to every believer. Oh ! press on, and journey on rejoicing through this vale of tears ; you shall again see the departed ; the child of your love shall again bloom like the unfading flowers in the paradise of God ; the husband, or the wife of your bosom whom death may have taken from you shall meet you, and know you, and live with you for ever. All your former kinsmen, all your friends shall rejoice with you, and the Saviour of the world shall welcome you, and say, “Come, ye blessed of My Father, enter ye into the joy of the Lord.”

DEATH THE ENTRANCE TO LIFE.

THE difference, in point of time, between dying and having died, is merely that of a moment ; the believer no sooner meeting death, than death ceases to be death to him : it is rather the gate standing at the entrance to those blissful scenes, whence itself shall be for ever excluded.

VERY REV. H. B. MOFFAT.

DEATH's but a path that must be trod
If man would ever pass to God.

PARNELL.

PEACEFUL DEATH OF THE RIGHTEOUS.

REMEMBER, the happy peaceful death of the righteous man can only be obtained or hoped for by those who have lived the life of the righteous. Remember that every guilty compliance with the humours of the world, every sinful indulgence of our own passions, is laying up cares and fears for the hour of darkness ; and that the remembrance of ill-spent time will strew our sick bed with thorns, and rack our sinking spirits with despair !

BISHOP HEBER.

LET me die the death of the righteous, and let my last end be like his !—Numb. xxiii. 10.

The righteous hath hope in his death.—Prov. xiv. 32.

Mark the perfect man, and behold the upright, for the end of that man is peace.—Psa. xxxvii. 37.

Precious in the sight of the Lord is the death of His saints.—Psa. cxvi. 15.

Absent from the body — present with the Lord ; having a desire to depart, and to be with Christ, which is far better.—Phil. i. 23.

Mortality swallowed up of life.—2 Cor., v. 4.

LEANING on Thee, no fear alarms ;
Calmly I stand on death's dark brink ;
I feel " the everlasting arms,"
I cannot sink.

Hymns selected by REV. J. C. RYLE, B.A.

O GRAVE ! WHERE IS THY VICTORY ?

VITAL spark of heavenly flame,
 Quit, O quit this mortal frame !
 Trembling, hoping, lingering, flying,
 Oh the pain, the bliss of dying !
 Cease, fond nature, cease thy strife,
 And let me languish into life.

Hark ! they whisper ; angels say,
 Sister spirit, come away.

What is this absorbs me quite ?
 Steals my senses, shuts my sight ?
 Drowns my spirit, draws my breath ?
 Tell me, my soul, can this be death ?

The world recedes ; it disappears !
 Heaven opens on my eyes !—my ears
 With sounds seraphic ring !
 Lend, lend your wings ! I mount ! I fly !
 O grave ! where is thy victory ?
 O death ! where is thy sting ?

POPE.



ASLEEP IN JESUS.

ASLEEP in Jesus ! blessed sleep,
 From which none ever wakes to weep,
 A calm and undisturbed repose,
 Unbroken by the last of foes !

Asleep in Jesus ! oh, how sweet
 To be for such a slumber-meet !
 With holy confidence to sing
 That death hath lost his venom'd sting.

Asleep in Jesus ! peaceful rest,
 Whose waking is supremely blest ;
 No fear, no woe, shall dim that hour
 That manifests the Saviour's power.

Asleep in Jesus! oh, for me
 May such a blissful refuge be!
 Securely shall my ashes lie,
 Waiting the summons from on high.

Asleep in Jesus! time nor space
 Debars this precious "hiding-place;"
 On Indian plains, or Lapland snows,
 Believers find the same repose.

Asleep in Jesus! far from thee
 Thy kindred and their graves may be;
 But thine is still a blessed sleep,
 From which none ever wakes to weep!

MARGARET MACKAY.



BURSTING GLORIOUS FROM THE SILENT CLAY.

To grow immortal, into life we die!
 What though the path be dark that must be trod,
 Though man be blotted from the works of God,
 Though the four winds his scattered atoms bear
 To earth's extremes, thro' all the expanse of air?
 Yet, bursting glorious from the silent clay,
 He mounts triumphant to eternal day!

REV. ARTHUR BROOME.



THE ULTIMATE REDEMPTION OF THE BODY.

THE body, which we look upon as the casket of the soul, although doomed to perish, and its particles to be scattered, will one day be raised up to newness of life by the same master Hand that directs the sun in his journey or the grub to spring into a flying insect with colours equal to those of the bow.

REV. E. THOMPSON, D.D.



DEATH! THOU ART NO KING!

DEATH! king of terrors, thou art no king in thy Conqueror's presence! In Christ's presence, Death drops his dart. As Christ

puts on His crown, Death puts off his. As Christ assumes His glory, Death divests himself of his terrors ; still, sometimes transported with the view, the believer would spurn this earth, and on eagle's wings soar off to heaven. Paul's is his opinion, Paul's is his judgment ; "to be absent from the body and to be present with the Lord" is far better. God give you such views of Christ ! Amen.

REV. THOMAS GUTHRIE, D.D.

DEATH falls heavy upon him who is too much known to others, and too little to himself.

SENECA.

THE FACE OF THE DEAD.

THERE is something in the sight of a dead face which stirs the deepest feelings of the human heart. It is not easy to analyze this sentiment. It has in it wonder, terror, curiosity, and incredulity. It is a great, great lesson. No living tongue can say so much as those closed, pale, ice-cold lips, and they have smiled, jested, commanded. Light words have fallen from them.

GEORGE AUGUSTUS SALA.

"LIKE sheep they are laid in the grave ; death shall feed on them ; and the upright shall have dominion over them in the morning ; and their beauty shall consume in the grave from their dwelling."—Psalm xlix. 14.

LIGHT PRECEDING DEATH.

IN all ages the hour of death has been considered as an interval of more than ordinary illumination ; as if some rays from the light of the approaching world had found their way to the darkness of the departing spirit, and revealed to it an existence that could not terminate in the grave, but was to commence in death.

CURRAN.

GREAT HOUR OF ANSWERS TO LIFE'S PRAYER.

O DEATH!—dark hour to hopeless unbelief!—hour to which, in that creed of despair, no hour shall succeed! being's last hour! to whose appalling darkness even the shadows of an avenging retribution were brightness and relief. Death! what art thou to the Christian's assurance? Great hour of answers to life's prayer—great hour that shall break asunder the bond of life's ministry—hour of release from life's burden—hour of reunion with the loved and lost—what mighty hopes hasten to their fulfilment in thee! What longings, what aspirations, breathed in the still night, beneath the silent stars—what dread emotions of curiosity—what deep meditations of joy—what hallowed imaginings of never experienced purity and bliss—what possibilities shadowing forth unspeakable realities to the soul, all verge to their consummation in thee! O death! the Christian's death! what art thou but the gate of life, the portal of heaven, the threshold of eternity! “Thanks be to God,”—let us say it, Christians, in the comforting words of Holy Scripture—“thanks be to God, who giveth us the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ.”

REV. ORVILLE DEWEY, D.D.



HE will swallow up death in victory.—Isa. xxv. 8.

Now is Christ risen from the dead, and become the first-fruits of them that slept. So also is the resurrection of the dead. It is sown in corruption, it is raised in incorruption; it is sown in dishonour, it is raised in glory; it is sown in weakness, it is raised in power; it is sown a natural body, it is raised a spiritual body. And as we have borne the image of the earthy, we shall also bear the image of the heavenly.—I Cor. xv. 20, 42—44, 49.

SORROW.



SORROW FOR THE DEAD.

THE sorrow for the dead is the only sorrow from which we refuse to be divorced. Every other wound we seek to heal—every other affliction to forget; but this wound we consider it a duty to keep open—this affliction we cherish and brood over in solitude. Where is the mother who would willingly forget the infant that perished like a blossom from her arms, though every recollection is a pang? Where is the child that would willingly forget the most tender of parents, though to remember be but to lament? Who, even in the hour of agony, would forget the friend over whom he mourns? Who, even when the tomb is closing upon the remains of her he most loved; when he feels his heart, as it were, crushed in the closing of its portal;—who would accept of consolation that must be bought by forgetfulness? No, the love which survives the tomb is one of the noblest attributes of the soul. If it has its woes, it has likewise its delights; and when the overwhelming burst of grief is calmed into the gentle tear of recollection; when the sudden anguish and the convulsive agony over the present ruins of all that we most loved is softened away into pensive meditation on all that it was in the days of its loveliness—who would root out such a sorrow from the heart? Though it may sometimes throw a passing cloud over the bright hour of gaiety, or spread a deeper sadness over the hour of gloom, yet who would exchange it, even for a song of pleasure, or the burst of revelry? No, there is a voice from the tomb sweeter than song. There is a remembrance of the dead, to which we turn even from the charms of the living. Oh, the grave!—the grave! It buries every error—covers every defect—extinguishes every resentment. From its peaceful bosom spring none but fond regret and tender recollections. Who can look down upon the grave

even of an enemy, and not feel a compunctious throb that he should ever have warred with the poor handful of earth that lies mouldering before him?

But the grave of those we loved—what a place for meditation! There it is that we call up, in long review, the whole history of virtue and gentleness, and the thousand endearments, lavished upon us—almost unheeded—in the daily intercourse of intimacy; there it is that we dwell upon the tenderness—the solemn awful tenderness of the parting scene. The bed of death, with all its stifled griefs—its noiseless attendance, its mute, watchful assiduities. The last testimonies of expiring love! The feeble, fluttering, thrilling—oh, how thrilling!—pressure of the hand. The last fond look of the glazing eye, turning upon us, even from the threshold of existence! The faint, faltering accents, struggling in death to give one more assurance of affection!

Ay! go to the grave of buried love, and meditate! There settle the account with thy conscience, for every past benefit unrequited—every past endearment unregarded—of that departed being who can never—never—never return, to be soothed by thy contrition! If thou art a child, and hast ever added a sorrow to the soul, or a furrow to the silvered brow of an affectionate parent,—if thou art a husband, and hast ever caused the fond bosom that ventured its whole happiness in thy arms, to doubt one moment of thy kindness or thy truth,—if thou art a friend, and hast ever wronged, in thought, or word, or deed, the spirit that generously confided in thee,—if thou art a lover, and hast ever given one unmerited pang to that true heart which now lies cold and still beneath thy feet;—then be sure that every unkind look, every ungracious word, every ungentle action, will come thronging back upon thy memory, and knocking dolefully at thy soul; then be sure that thou wilt lie down sorrowing and repentant on the grave, and utter the unheard groan, and pour the unavailing tear—more deep, more bitter, because unheard and unavailing.

Then weave thy chaplet of flowers, and strew the beauties of nature about the grave; console thy broken spirit, if thou canst, with these tender yet futile tributes of regret; but take warning by the bitterness of this thy contrite affliction over the dead, and henceforth be more faithful and affectionate in the discharge of thy duties to the living.

WASHINGTON IRVING.

SORROW'S CROWN.

THIS is truth the poet sings,
That a sorrow's crown of sorrow is remembering happier things.
TENNYSON.

BLESSED EFFECTS OF GRIEF.

GRIEF hallows hearts, e'en while it ages heads.
SHAKESPEARE.

FROM his big heart, o'ercharged with generous sorrow,
See the tide working upward to his eye,
And stealing from him in large silent drops,
Without his leave.

EDWARD YOUNG.

THERE is God's rose for sorrow's thorn—
'Tis not for long!

CHARLES SWAIN.

HE mourns the dead who lives as they desire.

EDWARD YOUNG.

INDULGE NOT IN EXCESSIVE SORROW.

WHILE loss is new we dread the comfort of forgetting; it seems more cruel than any permanence of sorrow; but by and by we feel it wrong to brood; selfish to cherish a grief that paralyzes us, heart and hand; we forgive God that He has wounded us, and begin to pray that we may rise out of our sickness—and we do rise, and are presently healed.

But I do not believe in forgetting,—as little do I believe in forgetting as in always grieving. Feeling has its rests and its pauses, but the once deeply felt, exists for ever. The place where

a real trouble lies hushed will wake up now and then with such a thrilling echo ! You may be sitting by the fireside alone, as I am now, or you may be out in the pleasant sun with nothing but hills and fields and heaven around you, or you may be in a mist of faces with music, and low laughter and whispered talk in the air, and suddenly without warning, out of space suddenly, smites the remembrance of the old pang with a dull physical anguish of the heart, and all the joy and sweetness of the present are banned away by the shadow of the past.

HOLME LEE.

WHAT havoc hast thou made, foul monster *Sin* !
 Greatest and first of ills ! the fruitful parent
 Of woes of all dimensions ! but for thee
 Sorrow had never been !

HUGH BLAIR.

SORROW BEARS NO PROPORTION TO OUR MERCIES.

THOUSANDS have been my sins, and ten thousands my transgressions ; but my sanctifications have remained within me, and my heart, through thy grace, hath been an unquenched coal upon Thine altar. O Lord my strength, I have since my youth met with Thee, have been attended by Thee in all my ways ; by Thy fatherly compassions, by Thy comfortable (properly, that which strengthens and sustains), and by Thy most visible providence. As Thy favours have increased upon me, so have Thy corrections ; so that Thou hast been always near me, O Lord ; and ever as my worldly blessings were exalted, so secret darts from Thee have pierced me ! and when I have ascended before men, I have descended in humiliation before Thee. And now, when I have thought most of peace and honour, Thy hand is heavy upon me, and hath humbled me according to Thy former loving kindness ; keeping me still in Thy fatherly school, not as a bastard, but as a child. Just are Thy judgments upon me for my sins, which are more in number than the sands of the sea, but have no proportion to Thy mercies. For what are the sands of the sea, to the sea, earth, heavens ? And all these are nothing to Thy mercies.

LORD BACON.

BASELESS FEARS BANISH HOPE.

My fears and sorrows banished all my religious hope. All that former confidence in God which was founded on such wonderful experience as I had had of His goodness now vanished, as if He that had fed me by miracle hitherto could not preserve by His power the provision which He had made for me by His goodness.

DANIEL DEFOE.



GOOD LORD, REMEMBER ME.

O THOU from whom all goodness flows,
I lift my soul to Thee ;
In all my sorrows, conflicts, woes,
Good Lord, remember me.

When on mine aching, burdened heart
My sins lie heavily,
My pardon speak, new peace impart,
In love remember me.

When trials sore obstruct my way,
And ills I cannot flee,
Lord, let my strength be as my day ;
For good remember me.

When worn with pain, disease, and grief,
This feeble body see,
Grant patience, rest, and kind relief ;
Hear and remember me.

If on my face, for Thy dear name,
Shame and reproach shall be,
All hail reproach, and welcome shame,
If Thou remember me.

When in the solemn hour of death
I wait Thy just decree,
Saviour, with my last parting breath
I'll cry, "Remember me."

THOMAS HAWEIS.

THINE HELP.

LET no trouble fall upon us greater than Thine help in us, but be Thou stronger in us than the temptation Thou sendest or lettest upon us.

WM. TYNDALE.

COUNSEL AND COMFORT OF GOD.

YE schul first in alle youre sorrowes mekely biseche to the hihe God that He wol be your counseilour ; and schape you to that entent that He give you conseil and comfort, as at alle tymes thou schelt blesse God, and pray Him to dresse thy wayes ; and loke that alle thi counseiles be in Him for evermore.

GEOFFREY CHAUCER.

THEREIN WE BETTER DISCERN GOD.

ALTHOUGH the air which compasseth adversity be very obscure, yet therein we better discern God than in that shining light which environeth wordly glory ; through which, for the clearness thereof, there is no vanity which escapeth our sight. And let adversity seem what it will, to happy men ridiculous, and to those under the cross grievous, yet this is true, that for all that is past, to the very instant, the portions remaining are equal to either. For be it that we have lived many years, “ and in them all we have rejoiced ; ” or be it we have measured the same length of days, and therein have evermore sorrowed ; yet, looking back from our present being, we find both the one and the other—to wit, the joy and the woe—sailed out of sight ; and death, which doth pursue us and hold us in chase from our infancy, hath gathered it. Whatsoever of our age is past, death holds it.

SIR WALTER RALEIGH.

THE TRUE COMFORTER IN SORROW.

ARE you travailing with sorrow ? Are you heavy laden with the burden of oppression or woe ? Christ will give you rest. Doubtless the heavy laden with the burden of sin are first invited

but they exclude no other sufferers. There is no exception of age, or rank, or clime, the extent of the travail, or the weight of the burden; the childish sorrows of the weeping schoolboy are as much the subject of the Saviour's sympathy as the matured wretchedness of the aged man; all come within the Saviour's invitation.

H. BLUNT.

CHRIST ALSO SUFFERED.

LET us be thankful that our Saviour is "the Man of sorrows," that by His subjection to sorrow He has become so perfect a Redeemer: His manhood so great and grand, and peerless in obedience, and patience, and faith; and so human, and sympathizing, and tender, through mutual experiences of temptation, and sorrow, and death. Thus He is "such an High Priest as becomes us," "touched with the feeling of our infirmities," knowing how to "succour them that are tempted, inasmuch as He also suffered, being tempted."

REV. HENRY ALLON.

JESUS OUR PATTERN.

IN all your difficulties, temptations, sorrows, and trials,—in every event of life, you have Jesus for a pattern and a model. His are sacred footprints in which to tread. You have His laws and His words, and above all, you have His redeeming and ever-sustaining love.

REV. T. R. W. PEARSON, B.A.

TAKE JESUS FOR YOUR SAVIOUR.

O YE tempest-tossed mariners, who seem to have more than the ordinary share of rocking up and down on life's storms, take Jesus for your Saviour, and you shall one day arrive at that blessed haven of eternal rest and peace, where you will have no more tossings up and down every minute of existence; no more fears of sudden, sweeping hurricane blasts; no more sunless, tedious days, glancing uncertain on the compass, and rendering null both chart and quadrant; no more nights, moonless and misty, that shut the view of horrid icebergs and wrecking rocks

till too late to avert the towering, crushing destruction ; no more sighings after home out on the lone, monotonous main, with all God's waves and winds going over your head, ready to sink into the black opening chasm of despair,—rejoice that soon there shall be an end of all your mind-rocking, heart-sinking troubles, for in heaven there are no more storms.

REV. RICHARD JONES, M.A.

HOW DIVINE A THING IS SORROW !

O BELOVED in Jesus Christ, we feel not how divine a thing is sorrow, when we forget who it was that once voluntarily chose it as His own. A man of moderately pious sensibility would surely feel a strange pleasure and a kind of natural dedication to holiness, if he could be certified that, by some happy caprice of nature, his outward face and form were accurately moulded to the image of those of Jesus of Nazareth. The Christian mourners wear the dress—the chosen dress, and form and feature—of that divine Redeemer's soul. “The poor ye have always with you, but Me ye have not always.” Nay, Lord, in the poor we have Thee—Thee in Thine humble image. The poor man dwells in the same moral climate his Saviour inhabited ; breathes the air his Saviour breathed. Is there not always something sublime in sorrow, thus for ever brightened, glorified, transfigured by Him who rejected every other state to wear it?

ARCHER BUTLER.

THE SACRED SWEETNESS OF SUFFERING.

THERE is a great want about all Christians who have not suffered. Some flowers must be broken or bruised before they emit any fragrance. All the wounds of Christ sent out sweetness : the sorrows of Christians do the same. To me there is something sacred and sweet in suffering ; it is so much akin to the “Man of sorrows.”

PURVIS.

'Tis impious in a good man to be sad.

EDWARD YOUNG.

SYMPATHY OF JESUS WITH OUR SORROW.

JESUS is the fountain-head of sorrow—or rather, God is the fountain-head, and Jesus the containing ocean, out of whose fulness it ever overfloweth in streams to moisten and mellow the heart of man ; for as water to the parched earth, so is sorrow to the hard heart of man. It may seem strange to say it, but it is most true, that the tears which flow from the eyelids of a man are as needful to the fruitfulness of his heart as the dews which descend from the eyelids of the morning are to the thirsty ground. God's sorrow over the world ceased not with the agony of Gethsemane, or the heart which broke on Calvary. If love be the door of entrance into sorrow—for how can a man grieve if he have no tenderness of heart to be wounded, no losses or crosses, nor widowed affections over which to weep,—how, oh ! how shall we be lifted up into love, that we may be able to go down into sorrow, and make common cause with our God ? In no other way can the region of love be entered, but by escaping out of the region of fear, where dwelleth nothing but sadness, trembling, and the shadow of death. Thou must believe, O sinner, that Jesus hath made thy griefs His, and borne them all.

EDWARD IRVING.



THE NIGHT IS ONLY FOR MORTALITY.

CONTINUAL light would have seemed tedious to man, therefore God interchanged it with darkness. He could have made it perpetual ; He would not, that it might be more grateful. There is nothing but God himself whereof man would not be weary. The manna was that sweet relish to every palate which the palate desired, yet was Israel satiate with it. Even the things which we most affect cloy us with the continuance. Therefore God made such change of creatures to answer the desires of man, for whom He made them. God delights in constancy, we in change. To walk, or sit, or lie continually, seems a pain not tolerable. We are sick with lying, therefore rise ; sick with working, therefore rest. So the day dies into night, the morning is a resurrection.

Darkness keeps her turn, that light may be more welcome. There is no constant and unalterable fixture in this world, all hang together by successions. Above it shall be day for ever. The night is only for mortality, it is eternal day in heaven. Yet let us strive, in some measure of resemblance, to be here as we shall be there. Let us dispel the clouds that darken our internal light, that our souls may have a continual day. If any fog be gathered in our lives, any mist arise in our consciences, let us labour, like the moon under an eclipse, to get out, abhorring the interposition of lusts between the light of our salvation and our souls. Let us walk in the light of this day till we come to the day of that light.

THOMAS ADAMS.



PAST SORROW.

WHEN we shall come home and enter into the possession of our brother's fair kingdom, and when our heads shall find the weight of the eternal crown of glory, and when we shall look back to pains and suffering, then shall we see life and sorrow to be less than one step or stride from a prison to glory, and that our little inch of time-suffering is not worthy of our first night's welcome home to heaven.

SAMUEL RUTHERFORD.



WE SUFFER NO MORE THAN OUR SINS DESERVE.

HE is a God of infinite justice. Our impatience under affliction generally springs from a secret belief that we do not deserve what we suffer.

It is our duty to recollect that, however sovereign are all God's acts towards us, in themselves they are all acts of the strictest righteousness and equity. "He is righteous in all His ways, and holy in all His works." "Shall not the Judge of all the earth do right?" was the inquiry of Abraham. "Doth God pervert judgment? or doth the Almighty pervert justice?" was

the challenge of Bildad. And numerous statements to the same effect will be found in the word of God. "I will ascribe righteousness to my Maker." "Against Thee, Thee only, have I sinned, and done this evil in Thy sight: that Thou mightest be justified when Thou speakest, and be clear when Thou judgest." "Just and true are Thy ways, Thou King of saints." "Thou art righteous, O Lord God Almighty, because Thou hast judged thus." "Clouds and darkness are round about Him; justice and judgment are the habitation of His throne." Such being the perfect equity of the divine administration, we may feel assured that whatever innocence any of us may plead, we suffer no more than what our sins and our iniquities deserve. "Wherefore doth a living man complain, a man for the punishment of his sins?" is a most just and reasonable inquiry. At the best we are unprofitable servants.

REV. PETER GRANT.



THE SEASON OF SORROW MOST FRIENDLY TO RELIGION.

IT has always been found that the season of sorrow and distress is the most friendly to religion. Those noxious weeds which so luxuriantly spring up within us during the sunshine of prosperity require the hand of adversity to extirpate them; and the winds of affliction must blow upon us in order to dissipate those pestilential vapours of pride, self-satisfaction, and vanity, which threaten to extinguish the sacred flame of piety in the soul.

REV. PETER GRANT.



"BEFORE I was afflicted I went astray: but now have I kept Thy word."—Psa. cxix. 67.

"WHEN they returned, and cried unto Thee, Thou heardest them from heaven; and many times didst Thou deliver them according to Thy mercies."—Neh. ix. 28.

THE HONEY TO BE APPRECIATED MUST BE FOUND IN THE ROCK.

GOD promises vineyards from the wilderness, and honey from the rock,—indicating, under both figures, that those dispensations which have in them most of the painful and severe, the dreariness of the wilderness and the hardness of the rock, are both designed and adapted to yield to their subjects an abundance of the very choicest of spiritual provision. Yea, you must go to the wilderness for vineyards, and to the rock for honey. Not that there are no vineyards except in the wilderness, and no stores of honey except in the rock. The vine will grow in the sunny vale, and the bee find and deposit her treasures in the luxuriant garden; for religion is adapted as much to prosperity as to adversity. But we take comparatively little note of the vine amid a hundred other tokens of fertility, and the honey is almost untasted where every luscious fruit is offering itself abundantly. The worth of the vineyard is felt when met with in the wilderness, and the honey to be appreciated must be found in the rock.

REV. HENRY MELVILLE.

THE PURIFYING PROCESS OF SORROW.

THE fiery ordeal, instead of destroying, purifies and refines the Christian. His Saviour is with him, and that not only secures him from destruction, and that no trial shall come without corresponding grace to bear it, but that it shall work for his good. Jesus himself superintends and directs the refining process. "He shall sit as a refiner and purifier of silver, and purge them as gold and silver, that they may offer unto the Lord an offering in righteousness." Just as the workman engaged in purifying silver sits and marks intently the refining process, and knows that all the dross is burnt out when he sees his own face clearly imaged in the bright liquid metal, which is then fit to be made into articles for use in the palace or mansion; so does Christ watch the purifying process in His people, and when the fiery trial has reduced the dross to a minimum, and He sees His own image reflected in them in righteousness and true holiness, then the work is complete, and the subject of it fitted for the inheritance of the saints in light.

REV. B. SWIFT, LL.B.

GOD NEVER FORSAKES THOSE WHO TRUST
IN HIM.

O LORD God, without whose will and pleasure a sparrow doth not fall unto the ground ; seeing it is Thy will and permission that I should be in this misery and adversity,—not to destroy me and cast me away, but to call me to repentance and to save me; for whom Thou lovest, him dost Thou chastise : furthermore, seeing affliction and adversity work patience, and who so patiently beareth tribulation is made like unto our Saviour Christ, our Head : finally, seeing that in all tribulation and adversity I am in assurance of comfort at Thy gracious hand ; for Thou hast commanded me to call upon Thee in the time of tribulation, and hast promised to hear and succour me : grant me therefore, O Almighty God and merciful Father, in all trouble and adversity to be quiet, without impatience and murmuring, without discouraging and desperation, to praise and magnify Thee, to put my whole trust in Thee ; for Thou never forsakest them that trust in Thee, but workest all for the best to them that love Thee, and seek the glory of Thy holy name. Amen.

ARCHBISHOP CRANMER.

HEART SORROW.

No, no, Thou dost not borrow
That sadness from the wind,
Nor are those tones of sorrow
In thee, O harp, enshrined ;
But in our own hearts, deeply set,
Lies the true quivering lyre,
Whence love, and memory, and regret,
Wake answers from thy wire.

MRS. HEMANS.

LIKE a crane or a swallow, so did I chatter : I did mourn as a dove : mine eyes fail with looking upward : O Lord, I am oppressed ; undertake for me. What shall I say? He hath both spoken unto me, and Himself hath done it : I shall go softly all my years in the bitterness of my soul.—Isa. xxxviii. 14, 15.

WE MUST TAKE CARE THAT OUR COMPLAINTS BE WITHOUT DESPAIR.

THAT we may secure our patience, we must take care that our complaints be without despair. Despair sins against the reputation of God's goodness, and the efficacy of all our old experience. By despair we destroy the greatest comfort of our sorrows, and turn our sickness into the state of devils and perishing souls. No affliction is greater than despair; for that is it which makes hell-fire, and turns a natural evil into an intolerable; it hinders prayers, and fills up the intervals of sickness with a worse torture; it makes all spiritual acts useless, and the office of spiritual comforters and guides to be impertinent. Against this, hope is to be opposed; and its proper acts, as it relates to the virtue and exercise of patience, are—1st. Praying to God for help and remedy. 2nd. Sending for the guides of souls. 3rd. Using all holy exercises and acts of grace proper to that state, which who so does hath not the impatience of despair; every man that is patient hath hope in God in the day of his sorrows.

JEREMY TAYLOR.



THE SACREDNESS OF TEARS.

THERE is a sacredness in tears. They are not the mark of weakness, but of power. They speak more eloquently than ten thousand tongues. They are the messengers of overwhelming grief, of deep contrition, and of unspeakable love.

WASHINGTON IRVING.



GIVE sorrow words: the grief that does not speak
Whispers the o'erfraught heart, and bids it break.

SHAKSPERE.



THERE are no faces truer than those that are so washed [*i. e.*, with tears].

SHAKSPERE.

GRAND TRUTHS OF GOD LEARNED IN TROUBLE.

MOST of the grand truths of God have to be learned by trouble; they must be burned into us with the hot iron of affliction, otherwise we shall not truly receive them. No man is competent to judge in matters of the kingdom until first he has been tried; since there are many things to be learned in the depths which we can never know in the heights. We discover many secrets in the caverns of the ocean, which, though we had soared to heaven, we never could have known.

REV. C. H. SPURGEON.

THE king was much moved, and went up to the chamber over the gate, and wept: and as he went, thus he said, O my son Absalom, my son, my son Absalom! would God I had died for thee, O Absalom, my son, my son!—2 Sam. xviii. 33

I AM weary of my crying: my throat is dried: mine eyes fail while I wait for my God.—Psa. lxxix. 3

WHEN the poor and needy seek water, and there is none, and their tongue faileth for thirst, I the Lord will hear them, I the God of Israel will not forsake them.—Isa. xli. 17

THOU shalt weep no more: He will be very gracious unto thee at the voice of thy cry; when He shall hear it, He will answer thee.—Isa. xxx. 19.

GOD DOTH NOT LEAVE HIS OWN.

God doth not leave His own!

Though few and evil all their days appear;

Though grief and fear

Come in the trains of earth, and hell's dark crowd,—

The trusting heart says, even in the cloud,

God doth not leave His own!

God doth not leave His own!

Their sorrow in this life He doth permit,—

Yea, chooseth it

To speed His children in their heavenward way;

He guides the winds;—faith, hope, and love, all say,

God doth not leave His own!

From Hymns selected by J. C. Ryle.

AFFLICTION FALLS TO THE SHARE OF THE SERVANTS OF GOD.

GOD in His merciful providence causes affliction to fall to the share of His true servants, in order to promote His will in their sanctification. By tribulation we learn the exercise of humility, self-denial, and resignation. By tribulation we learn to be conformed to the fellowship of Christ's suffering; "knowing certainly that, if we truly repent us of our sins, and bear our affliction patiently, trusting in God's mercy, for His dear Son Jesus Christ's sake; and render to Him humble thanks for His fatherly visitation, submitting ourselves wholly unto His will, it shall turn to our profit, and help us forward in the right way that leadeth to everlasting life."

REV. PASCOE GRENFELL HILL.



GOD DOTH NOT WILLINGLY AFFLICT.

ALL God's judgments have for their object the assertion of His own glory, and the eventual promotion of the good of man. "In the midst of judgment He remembers mercy." And "mercy rejoiceth over judgment," like a victory to which all hearts cry Hosanna! Every divine judgment, this side of the great day, is in order to mercy. It is grace, in the rough guise of correction, exhibiting God in His fatherly attribute. With His own children, judgment is like Jesus cleansing the temple; the scourge is in his Hands, but it is one of "small cords." He doth not willingly afflict "the children of men, but for their profit." No chastening for the present seemeth to be joyous, nevertheless afterward it "yieldeth the peaceable fruit of righteousness." As the earth yieldeth her crops after the rain, what a harvest home for many a soul, gathered into the great harvest of the Lord!

REV. J. B. OWEN, M.A.



BEYOND all this we may find another reason why God hath scattered up and down several degrees of pleasure and pain in all the things that environ and affect us, and blended them together in almost all that our thoughts and senses have to do

with ; that we, finding imperfection, dissatisfaction, and want of complete happiness in all the enjoyments which the creatures can afford us, might be led to seek it in the enjoyment of Him with whom there is fulness of joy, and at whose right hand are pleasures for evermore.

JOHN LOCKE.



WE must not reckon upon a smooth road to glory, but it will be a short one.

REV. R. M. M'CHEYNE.



THE PATH OF SORROW.

THE path of sorrow, and that path alone,
Leads to the land where sorrow is unknown ;
No traveller ever reached that blest abode
Who found not thorns and briars in his road.
The world may dance along the flowery plain,
Cheered as they go by many a sprightly strain ;
Where Nature has her mossy velvet spread,
With unshod feet they yet securely tread ;
Admonished, scorn the caution and the friend,
Bent all on pleasure, heedless of its end.
But He who knew what human hearts would prove,
How slow to learn the dictates of His love,
That, hard by nature and of stubborn will,
A life of ease would make them harder still,
In pity to the souls His grace designed
To rescue from the ruins of mankind,
Called for a cloud to darken all their years,
And said, " Go spend them in the vale of tears ! "
O balmy gales of soul-reviving air !
O salutary streams that murmur there !
These flowing from the Fount of Grace above,
Those breathed from lips of everlasting love.
The flinty soil indeed their feet annoys,
Chill blasts of trouble nip their springing joys,

An envious world will interpose its frown
 To mar delights superior to its own ;
 And many a pang experienced still within,
 Reminds them of their hated innate sin :
 But ills of every shape and every name,
 Transformed to blessings, miss their cruel aim ;
 And every moment's calm that soothes the breast
 Is given in earnest of eternal rest.

COWPER.

BE COMFORTED.

A DISPOSER whose power we are little able to resist, and whose wisdom it behoves us not at all to dispute, has ordained it in another manner, and (whatever my querulous weakness might suggest) a far better. The storm has gone over me, and I lie like one of those old oaks which the late hurricane has scattered about me. I am stripped of all my hopes, I am torn up by the roots, and lie prostrate on the earth. There, and prostrate there, I most unfeignedly recognise the divine justice, and in some degree submit to it. In every accident which may happen through life, in pain, in sorrow, in depression and distress, I will call to mind the principles of general justice and benevolence, and be comforted.

EDMUND BURKE.

SYMPATHY OF GOD.

A HEAVENLY awe overshadows and encompasses, as it ought, and must, all earthly sorrows.

THOMAS CARLYLE.

SORROW FOR SIN UNTO REPENTANCE.

ANGUISH is so alien to man's spirit that nothing is more difficult to will than contrition ; therefore God is good enough to afflict us, that our hearts, being brought low enough to feed on sorrow, may the more easily sorrow for sin unto repentance.

AUGUSTUS HARE.

SORROW IS ROUGH-HEWN IN HEAVEN.

AH ! it consoles one for many things unalterable and inexplicable to stick by that old-fashioned precept of Christian philosophy, that whatever cross we carry is rough-hewn in heaven.

HOLME LEE.

THUS HE WINS THE HEART.

GOD strips off the leaves whose beauty attracted us ; He cuts off the flowers whose fragrance fascinated us ; He tears off one string after another from the lyre whose music charmed us. When He has shown us each object of earth in its nakedness or deformity, then He presents Himself to us in the brightness of His own glory, and thus He wins the heart.

REV. HORATIUS BONAR.

TO MOURN IS THE LOT OF MAN.

To mourn is the lot of man ; nothing does he hold by so sure a tenure as his griefs. But must he be the victim of wants for which there is no provision ? Is there no solace for his sorrows, no balm for his wounds ? Yes, we can tell him of that which will render him buoyant beneath every burden, happy in every privation, tranquil in every calamity, and triumphant in the hour of death. Heaven has provided and sent down to earth a remedy, which, wherever it is offered and accepted, proves mighty and effectual ; and that is *true religion*. Like the pillar of fire, it irradiates the true Israel of God ; so that "to the upright there ariseth light in the darkness."

REV. STEPHEN BRIDGE, M.A.

CLEAVING TO GOD.

WHAT a God-honouring thing, to see a struggling, sorrowing child of earth cleaving fast to God, calmly trusting in Him, happy and at rest in the midst of storm and suffering ! What a spectacle for the host of heaven ! Now, then, is the time for the

saints to give glory to the Lord their God. Let them prize affliction as the very time and opportunity for doing so most of all.

REV. HORATIUS BONAR.

TEARS ARE THE SIGNS OF SEVERED LOVE.

WHEN the finger of the destroyer beckons us to look at our cherished ones lying stark in his embrace; when he points us to the cold lip and icy eyelid, unresponsive to the pressure of our kiss or the language of our glance; when he shows us coffins, and shrouds, and snow-veiled graves, and rings a passing-bell in the chambers of our active memories,—it is not wrong to weep. Such tears must flow, for they are the signs of severed love. The thing they weep over is the child of sin; and the tear may be the libation of a gentle weakness, but it was a weakness which the world's sorrow did not spurn to show. HE often wept with those that wept, and on the turf of Lazarus's new-made grave there fell a tear of tenderness which showed that Divinity itself knew how to weep

REV. ARTHUR MURSELL.

BLESSED ARE THE MINISTRATIONS OF SORROW.

BLESSED are the ministrations of sorrow! Through it we are brought into more tender relationship to all other forms of being, obtain a deeper insight into the mystery of eternal life, and feel more distinctly the breathings of the Infinite.

MRS. L. M. CHILD.

HEAVEN STILL SPEAKS TO US.

SELDOM desponding men look up to heaven,
Although it still speak to them in its glories;
For when sad thoughts perplex the mind of man,
There is a plummet in the heart that weighs,
And pulls us living to the dust we came from.

BEAUMONT AND FLETCHER.

WRETCHED VOTARIES OF THE WORLD AND
OF SORROW.

BUT oh ! even sorrow itself is weak where God does not infuse His lessons in its sting. To no subordinate means will He depute His omnipotence. And oftentimes, just as the sinking seaman seizes in his agony the nearest support, so in our agony too we grasp at the hope next us,—some vain thought as idle as the one that wrecked us, some new dependence that fails us as the old did. And thus it is that we see so many wretched votaries of the world and of sorrow, who know happiness neither in enjoyment nor promise, to whom earth is no heaven, and yet heaven no hope,—exiles of both worlds, and without claim in either !

ARCHER BUTLER.

SORROW GOD'S HEALING MESSENGER.

THE sorrow that brings the heart into relations with God is His healing messenger, drawing closer our communion with the Source of our being, and leading to that repentance which is only another name for a new and divine life ; whilst the sorrow that does not bring the heart into healing and strengthening relations with God, but settles on the worldly aspects of our grief, calls no angel emotion to unbar our prison doors, but leaves us to ourselves in that hour of woe and weakness, alone with our humiliation, our darkness, our anguish, and our sin. The sorrows which the same affliction awakens may be so absolutely different in kind as to have nothing moral in common. It may be the godly sorrow that restores spiritual life : it may be the sorrow whose eye is on the world, that sinks in moral death.

J. H. THOM.

TO GRIEVE AND YET HAVE NO COMFORTER.

THOUGH standing afar off from the saints, and unable to mingle its sympathies with theirs, still the world has sorrows of

its own—deep and many. To grieve and yet have no comforter, to be wounded and yet have no healer, to be weary and yet have no resting-place,—this is the world's hard lot. Yet it is a self-chosen one.

REV. HORATIUS BONAR.



GOD IS MORE CONCERNED TO MAKE MAN HOLY THAN HAPPY.

WHOEVER well considers the state of the world, and human experience, cannot but conclude that God is more concerned to make man holy than happy; for many are able to rest in their sorrows, for the sake of their use and end, but no one finds rest in unholy delights. In sinful pleasure God follows man with a scourge; in sorrow, with balm.

REV. JOHN PULSFORD.



SORROW IS A SACRED THING.

WITH a soul that ever felt the sting
Of sorrow, sorrow is a sacred thing;
Not to molest, or irritate, or raise
A laugh at his expense, is slender praise;
He that has not usurped the name of man
Does all, and deems too little all he can,
To assuage the throbbings of the festered part,
And stanch the bleedings of a broken heart.
'Tis not, as heads that never ache suppose,
Forgery of fancy, and a dream of woes;
Man is a harp whose chords elude the sight,
Each yielding harmony, disposed aright;
The screws reversed (a task which, if He please,
God in a moment executes with ease),
Ten thousand thousand strings at once go loose,
Lost, till He tune them, all their power and use.
Then neither healthy wilds, nor scenes as fair
As ever recompensed the peasant's care,
Nor soft declivities with tufted hills,

Nor view of waters turning busy mills,
 Parks in which art preceptress nature weds,
 Nor gardens interspersed with flowery beds,
 Nor gales that catch the scent of blooming groves,
 And waft it to the mourner as he roves,
 Can call up life into his faded eye,
 That passes all he sees unheeded by ;
 No wounds like those a wounded spirit feels,
 No cure for such, till God who makes them heals.

COWPER.



SWEET SORROW FOR THE LOST.

IF the hidden Infinite One, who is encompassed by gleaming abysses without bounds, and who Himself creates the bounds, were now to lay immensity open to thy view, and to reveal Himself to thee in the distribution of the suns, the lofty spirits, the little human hearts, and our days, and some tears therein—would'st thou rise up out of thy dust against Him, and say, “Almighty! be other than Thou art?” But be one sorrow alone forgiven thee, or made good to thee, the sorrow for thy dead ones ; for this sweet sorrow for the lost is itself but another form of consolation. When the heart is full of longing for them, it is but another mode of continuing to love them ; and we shed tears as well when we think of their departure, as when we picture to ourselves our joyful reunion—and the tears, methinks, differ not.

JEAN PAUL RICHTER.



GRIEF IS ITSELF A MEDICINE.

GRIEF is itself a medicine, and bestowed
 To improve the fortitude that bears the load ;
 To teach the wanderer, as his woes increase,
 The path of wisdom, all whose paths are peace !

COWPER.

SWEET ARE THE USES OF ADVERSITY.

No man is more miserable than he that hath no adversity ; that man is not tried whether he be good or bad ; and God never crowns those virtues which are only faculties and dispositions.

JEREMY TAYLOR.



IF sorrow come not near us, and the love
Which wisdom-working sorrow best imparts,
Found never time of entrance to our hearts,
If we had won already a safe shore,
Or if our changes were already o'er,
Our pilgrim being we might quite forget,
Our hearts but faintly on those mansions set,
Where there shall be no sorrow any more.
Therefore we will not be unwise to ask
This, nor secure exemption from our share
Of mortal suffering, and life's drearier task—
Not this,—but grace our portion so to bear,
That we may rest, when grief and pain are over,
With the meek Son of our Almighty Lover.

ARCHBISHOP TRENCH.



THE hues of bliss more brightly glow,
Chastised by sabler tints of woe.

THOMAS GRAY.



SORROW GOOD FOR THE SOUL.

GOD uses the severest means with his choicest and most valued plants,—prunes those that bring forth fruit that they may bring forth still more fruit. Where would be His love to us, if He left us unpruned and fruitless, to be broken off at last as useless branches, and cast into the fire ?

God sees the end from the beginning ; His infinite mind traces relations and consequences of which we can form no just conception. With Him there is no such thing as chance, doubt,

and conjecture. Disposed before Him in the most luminous order, the whole series of events that ever will occur occupy the very places and crises when they can most effectually promote His glory and our eternal welfare.

REV. LUKE FOSTER.

SUFFERING EXALTS AND PURIFIES

It is good for us at times to be sad, to be serious, to meditate profoundly, to send out thoughts earnestly forward to another world, to hush the sound of mirth, and shade the splendours of life, and hold meek and reverential communion with Him who presideth over all. Those wish not wisely who desire life to be like one strain of music, or the sparkle of a summer's wave. Suffering often calls forth our best feelings, and the highest energies of the mind. It exalts and purifies. It awakens a true spirit, and naturally leads us nearer to heaven. As the shadow of Peter is said to have given life to those upon whom it rested, so often will sorrow give higher life to the soul.

R. C. WATERSON.



TRUE RELIGION THE SOLACE OF WOE.

It is a peculiar incident that perhaps occurs to us at all times, but which I have never found expressed in books, viz., to hear a doubt of futurity at the very moment in which the present is most overcast; and to find at once this world stripped of its delusion, and the next of its consolation. It is perhaps for others, rather than ourselves, that the fond heart requires an Hereafter. The tranquil rest, the shadow, and the silence, the mere pause of the wheel of life, have no terror for the wise, who know the due value of the world.

“After the billows of a stormy sea,
Sweet is at last the haven of repose!”

But not so when that stillness is to divide us eternally from others; when those we have loved with all the passion, the devotion, the watchful sanctity of the weak human heart, are to exist to us no more—when, after long years of desertion and

widowhood on earth, there is to be no hope of reunion in that Invisible beyond the stars ; when the torch, not of life only, but of love, is to be quenched in the dark fountain ; and the grave, that we would fain hope is the great restorer of broken ties, is but the dumb seal of hopeless, utter, inexorable separation ! And it is this thought, this sentiment, which makes religion out of woe, and teaches belief to the mourning heart, that in the gladness of united affections felt not the necessity of a heaven ! To how many is the death of the beloved the parent of faith !

LORD LYTTON.



SORROW BRINGETH AN ABIDING BLESSING.

WE are hardly surprised that when the divine Master said to His disciples "It is expedient for you that I go away," they, falling back and forming little groups of perplexed, earnest talkers, should say, "What is this that He saith?" Like mariners at sea, whose ship is fast sailing into the darkness and storm, amid the foam-crested waves and gaping troughs, and when mostly a firm hand is required to guide, the pilot is swept away. Such are we. Master, it is most inexpedient for us that Thou go away. Those disciples did not see how an abiding benefit could come to them and a universal and everlasting blessing rise out of that temporary and local sorrow. They knew not the full meaning of Christ's words, nor saw the whole circle of His works. Hence there was a wrong judgment, and sorrow filled their hearts. Like them, frequently we have thought that the words and works of Christ were in conflict. We have glanced at the promise and then gazed at the trial. We have listened, "All things work together for good," &c. We have still listened, "There shall no evil befall thee," &c. And then we have turned and looked upon the spoiling of our goods, the diminishing of our possessions, the waning of our friendships, the wearing down of our spirits, the wasting of our flesh. We have looked through blinding tears into the empty cot where had lain our little child. We have listened vainly for wonted sounds, the sister's voice or brother's footfall. We have longed, but vainly

so, to have again the mother's warm affection or the father's wise advice. And as we have turned from these scenes of sorrow to those words of love, we have asked, "What is this that He saith?" Now we tell how in the day of trial we have clung to those truths; we knew not the way in which God would fulfil His own promise. We walked by faith in the words of our Lord Jesus, and we have found, as did those eleven disciples, that His promise and His providence, His words and His works, are in harmony; that a sore bereavement may be a sure blessing, a seeming loss prove a substantial gain; that out of the fierce fires of consuming sorrow may rise a great and ever-living joy. "Your sorrow shall be turned into joy."

REV THOMAS SCOWBY.

BE PATIENT.

OUR complaints in trouble must be without murmur. Murmur sins against God's providence and government, by it we grow rude, and like the falling angels, displeased at God's supremacy; and nothing is more unreasonable—it talks against God, for whom all speech was made; it is proud and fantastic, hath better opinions of a sinner than of the divine justice, and would rather accuse God than himself. Against this is opposed that part of patience which resigns the man into the hands of God, saying with old Eli, "It is the Lord; let Him do what he will;" and, "Thy will be done in earth, as it is heaven;" and so by admiring God's justice and wisdom, does also dispose the sick person for receiving God's mercy, and secures him the rather in the grace of God. The proper acts of this part of patience are—1st. To confess our sins and our own demerits. 2nd. It increases and exercises humility. 3rd. It loves to sing praises to God, even from the lowest abyss of human misery.

JEREMY TAYLOR.

THE sorrows which the soul endures,
 Not self-inflicted, are but hooded joys,
 That when she touches the white strand of heaven,
 They cluster round her and slip off their robes,
 And smile out angels in the world of light.

J. STANYAN BIGG.

GOD'S WISDOM AND MERCY.

CLOUDS and darkness are round the throne of God ; His ways are often past finding out, yet of this we may be assured, that whether He withholds or gives, whether He refuses or bestows, His determinations are founded in wisdom and righteousness and mercy.

REV. J. KENDRICK.



SORROW IS EXCEPTIONAL.

It is easy to delight in God's doings when His providential ways are pleasant to us, when His providential gifts are affluent. And this is really the chief experience of most lives. Privation and sorrow are much more exceptional than we commonly think. A great sorrow fills a large space in our thoughts, but only a small space in our lives. We think more of the one black cloud than of the blue sky across which it is driven. But even when God gives the most richly, we do not always rejoice in Him. Still harder is it to delight in God when His providential ways are dark and painful, when He afflicts us with privation, and sorrow, and pain. And yet a true and high piety requires this of us. When we have clearly ascertained that the thing is of God, that it is not a self-caused sorrow, the penalty of our own folly and sin, that it is the appointment of infinite wisdom and love, we ought to do more than just acquiesce in it. We cannot, of course, delight in pain, but we may delight in God who inflicts pain, delight in Him although He inflicts pain ; have such strong assurance of His wise love, that we cling to Him in the steadfast love of our troubled hearts. He appoints all these conditions and experiences of my life. He does me this honour, to care for me and perfect me ; I will therefore bless Him who gives as well as Him who takes away. When a man attains to this feeling, he has attained to strength and comfort. It is a strong, noble attitude and temper of soul, in patient piety to receive evil as well as good from the hand of the Lord ; in lowly acquiescence to say, even in our agony, "Not my will, but Thine, be done."

REV. HENRY ALLON.

ABSORBING SORROW.

AND she forgot the stars, the moon, and sun,
 And she forgot the blue above the trees,
 And she forgot the dells, where waters run,
 And she forgot the chilly autumn breeze ;
 She had no knowledge when the day was done,
 And the new moon she saw not : but in peace
 Hung over her sweet Basil evermore,
 And moistened it with tears unto the core.

KEATS.



WAKEFUL he sits, and lonely and unmoved,
 Beyond the arrows, views, or shouts of men
 As oftentimes an eagle, when the sun
 Throws o'er the varying earth his early ray,
 Stands solitary, stands immoveable
 Upon some highest cliff, and rolls his eye,
 Clear, constant, unobservant, unabased,
 In the cold light.

W. S. LANDOR.



IN some there lies a sorrow too profound
 To find a voice or to reveal itself
 Throughout the strain of daily toil or thought,
 Or during converse born of souls allied,
 As aught men understand. And though mayhap
 The cheeks will thin or droop, and wane their eye's
 Frank lustre ; hair may lose its hue, or fall ;
 And health may slacken low in force, and they
 Are older than the warrant of their years ;
 Yet they to others' seeing gild their lives
 With cheerfulness, and every duty tend,
 As if their aspects told the truth within.

THOMAS WOOLNER.

THE LOT OF THOUSANDS.

WHEN hope lies dead within the heart,
 By secret sorrow long concealed,
 We shrink lest looks or words impart
 What may not be revealed.

'Tis hard to smile when one would weep,
 To speak when one would silent be,
 To wake when one would wish to sleep,
 And wake to agony.

Yet such the lot for thousands cast,
 Who wander in this world of care,
 And bend beneath the bitter blast,
 To save them from despair.

Yet Nature waits her guests to greet,
 Where disappointment cannot come ;
 And time leads with unerring feet
 The weary wanderer home.

MRS. ANNE HUNTER.



WISDOM BORN OF SORROW.

It is not in the summer-tide of life
 That the heart hoards its treasures ; it is when
 The storm is loud, and the rude hurricane
 Of sorrow is abroad ; when solemn strife,
 Such as may move the souls of constant men,
 Is struggling in our bosoms,—it is then
 The heart collects her stores with wisdom rife.

DR. PARKER.



BE thou the rainbow to the storms of life,
 The evening beam that smiles the clouds away,
 And tints to-morrow with prophetic ray.

LORD BYRON.

FEELINGS ENGENDERED BY SORROW SOON FADE.

WHO that a watcher doth remain
Beside a couch of mortal pain
Deems he can ever smile again ?

Oh ! who that weeps beside a bier
Counts he has any more to fear
From the world's flatteries, false and leer ?

And yet anon and he doth start
At the light toys in which his heart
Can now already claim its part.

O heart of ours ! so weak and poor,
That nothing there can long endure ;
And so their hurts finds shameful cure,—

While every sadder, wiser thought,
Each holier aim which sorrow brought,
Fades quite away, and comes to nought.

ARCHBISHOP TRENCH.



SORROW NOURISHES TILL STRENGTH RETURNS.

WEAK minds make treaties with the passions they cannot overcome, and try to purchase happiness at the expense of principle. But the resolute will of a strong man scorns such means, and struggles nobly with his foe to achieve great deeds. Therefore, whosoever thou art that sufferest, try not to dissipate thy sorrow by the breath of the world, nor drown its voice in thoughtless merriment. It is a treacherous peace that is purchased by indulgence. Rather take this sorrow to thy heart and make it a part of thee, and it shall nourish thee till thou art strong again.

LONGFELLOW.



CALAMITY alone's the perfect glass
Wherein we truly see and know ourselves.

SIR WM. DAVENANT.

OUR FIRST GREAT SORROW.

THERE is no despair so absolute as that which comes with the first moments of our first great sorrow, when we have not yet known what it is to have suffered and be healed, to have despaired, and to have recovered hope.

GEORGE ELIOT.

OUR GREATEST GLORY IS NOT IN NEVER FALL-
ING, BUT IN RISING EVERY TIME WE FALL.

WE should feel sorrow, but not sink under its oppression ; the heart of a wise man should resemble a mirror, which reflects every object without being sullied by any. The wheel of fortune turns incessantly round, and who can say within himself, I shall to-day be uppermost ? We should hold the immutable mean that lies between insensibility and anguish ; our attempts should be, not to extinguish nature, but to repress it ; not to stand unmoved at distress, but endeavour to turn every disaster to our own advantage. Our greatest glory is not in never falling, but in rising every time we fall.

OLIVER GOLDSMITH.

THE STORMS OF WINTRY TIME WILL QUICKLY
PASS.

YE good distressed !
Ye noble few ! who here unbending stand
Beneath life's pressure, yet bear up awhile,
And what your bounded view, which only saw
A little part, deemed evil, is no more
The storms of wintry time will quickly pass,
And one unbounded spring encircle all.

THOMSON.

TIME A DEEP REMEDIAL FORCE.

THE compensations of calamity are made apparent to the understanding after long intervals of time. A fever, a mutila-

tion, a cruel disappointment, a loss of wealth, a loss of friends, seems, at the moment, unpaid loss, and unpayable. But the sure years reveal the deep remedial force that underlies all facts.

RALPH WALDO EMERSON.

THE CUP OF SORROW IS IN CONSTANT CIRCULATION.

THE cup of sorrow is in constant circulation. We must all drink, and some of us drink deeply. It is not material whose turn comes first ; the thing is to benefit by the draught : for it requires very little self-knowledge to convince us that we are unequal to prosperity, and unable to sustain it without growing careless, or attaching ourselves too strongly to the things which perish, to the exclusion of things eternal.

REV. ROBERT GRANT.

BEAR THY CROSS IN PATIENCE.

“BLESSED are they that mourn, for they shall find Comfort and joy !” Though flesh and blood rebel
 'Gainst heavenward thoughts, and the vexed spirit swell
 With anxious tossings, still, the veil behind
 Of earth-born mists, the faith-directed mind
 Sees throned in cloudless light the Invisible,
 At whose right hand delights in fulness dwell,
 And bliss for everlasting. Be resigned,
 Thou child of sorrow, to His sovereign will ;
 Drink, as He bids, the bitter cup, and bear
 Thy cross in patience ! From the holy hill
 A gleam shall cheer thee, till, safe harboured there,
 Thou feel how faintly earth's severest ill
 May with the weight of heavenly joys compare !

BISHOP MANT.

A GLORIOUS RECOMPENSE.

ONE hour of eternity, one moment with the Lord, will make us utterly forget a lifetime's desolations

REV. HORATIUS BONAR.

CLOUDS IN THE EVENING SKY.

INTO the Silent Land !
 Ah ! who shall lead us thither ?
 Clouds in the evening sky more darkly gather,
 And shattered wrecks lie thicker on the strand ;
 Who leads us with a gentle hand
 Thither, oh, thither—
 Into the Silent Land ?
 Into the silent land !
 To you, ye boundless regions
 Of all perfection ! Tender morning visions
 Of beauteous souls ! The future's pledge and band !
 Who in life's battle firm doth stand
 Shall bear hope's tender blossoms
 Into the silent land !
 O land ! O land !
 For all the broken-hearted,
 The mildest herald by our fate allotted
 Beckons, and with inverted torch doth stand,
 To lead us with a gentle hand
 Into the land of the great departed—
 Into the Silent Land !

SALIS.

 UNINTERRUPTED SUNSHINE WOULD PARCH
 OUR HEARTS.

WE often live under a cloud ; and it is well for us that it should be so. Uninterrupted sunshine would parch our hearts ; we want shade and rain to cool and refresh them. Only it behoves us to take care that, whatever cloud may be spread over us, it should be a cloud of witnesses. And every cloud may be such, if we can only look through it to the sunshine that broods behind it.

SIR ARTHUR HELPS.

 IS NOT GOD THY FATHER ?

Is it not God thy Father ? Go and boldly lay open thy case unto Him ; His bowels will certainly yearn toward thee.

Is it spiritual blessings thou wantest? Spread thy requests before Him; for He is thy Father, so He is the God of all grace, and will give unto thee out of His fulness; for God loves that His children should be like Him. Or is it temporal mercies thou wantest? Why, He is thy Father, and He is the "Father of mercies, and the God of all comfort." And why shouldst thou go so dejected and disconsolate, who hast a Father so able and so willing to relieve and to supply thee? Only beware that thou askest not "stones" for "bread," nor "scorpions" for "fish," and thou ask what thou wilt for thy good, and thou shalt receive it.

BISHOP HOPKINS.

GOD REGARDETH OUR MOANINGS.

EVERY good and holy desire, though it lack the form, hath notwithstanding in itself the substance and the force of a prayer with God, who regardeth the very moanings, groans, and sighings of the heart of man. The prayers of the just are accepted always, but not always those things granted for which they pray.

BISHOP HOOKER.

SUFFERING IS A TITLE TO AN EXCELLENT INHERITANCE.

THE very suffering is a title to an excellent inheritance; for God chastens every son whom He receives; and if we be not chastised, we are bastards, and not sons. And be confident, that although God often sends pardon without correction, yet He never sends correction without pardon, unless it be thy fault: and therefore take every or any affliction as an earnest penny of thy pardon; and, upon condition there may be peace with God, let anything be welcome that He can send as its instrument or condition. Suffer, therefore, God to choose His own circumstances of adopting thee, and be content to be under discipline, when the reward of that is to become the son of God: and by such inflictions He hews and breaks thy body, first dressing it to funeral, and then preparing it for immortality. And if this be

the effect or the design of God's love to thee, let it be occasion of thy love to Him ; and remember that the truth of love is hardly known but by somewhat that puts us to pain.

JEREMY TAYLOR.

SORROW BRAVELY BORNE.

SORROW leaves slighter tears when bravely borne,
And Time has been most gentle in his dealing
With me. He has not harshly snatched and torn
My May-day bloom ; or if he has been stealing
A rose or two, he has not left the thorn
Severely prominent in its revealing,
But flung some leaves of genial summer flush,
To take the place of Hebe's vermeil blush.

ELIZA COOK.

A FACE wherein there lies
Clusters of clouds, which no calm ever clears.

POOLE.

ONWARD, ONWARD INTO LIGHT.

OUR course is onward, onward into light ;
What though the darkness gathereth amain,
Yet to return or tarry, both are vain.
How tarry, when around us is thick night ?
Whither return ? what flower yet ever might,
In days of cold and gloom and stormy rain,
Enclose itself in its green bud again,
Hiding from wrath of tempest out of sight ?
Courage ! we travel through a darksome cave ;
But still as nearer to the light we draw,
Fresh gales will reach us from the upper air,
And wholesome dews of heaven our foreheads lave,
The darkness lighten more, till full of awe
We stand in the open sunshine unaware.

ARCHBISHOP TRENCH.

SORROW THE SEMINARY OF COMFORT.

GOD, who in mercy and wisdom governs the world, would never have suffered so many sadnesses, and have sent them especially to the most virtuous and the wisest men, but that He intends they should be the seminary of comfort, the nursery of virtue, the exercise of wisdom, the trial of patience, the venturing for a crown, and the gate of glory.

JEREMY TAYLOR.

I WILL gather them that are sorrowful ; and I will strengthen them in the Lord (Zeph, iii. 18). And they shall walk up and down in His name saith the Lord.—Zech. x. 12.

I JOY IN GOD, THOUGH I SUFFER PRIVATION.

SUPPOSE that sorrow, or rather outward causes for sorrow, befall us. Can any support or soothing for it be imagined more potent than religious joy? I joy in God, though I suffer privation and pain. In the world I have tribulation ; in Him I have peace. Joy in God is the light that springs up in this darkness. Joy in God is the anchor that holds fast the soul in this storm. Joy in God gives patience and victory in this conflict.

REV. HENRY ALLON.

SAY, what is prayer when it is prayer indeed?
 The mighty utterance of a mighty need.
 The man is praying who doth press with might
 Out of his darkness into God's own light.

ARCHBISHOP TRENCH.

TIME OF TRIAL A TIME WHEN GOD ESPECIALLY
SPEAKS TO US.

THE efficacy of sorrow for the great work of self-abasement is mighty. Affliction is the very voice of God speaking to man in his nothingness. Sorrow is more eloquent than the preacher's discourse. It is not the gospel, but it is the herald of the gospel ; it is the very voice of Him that crieth in the vast

wilderness of the desolated heart, "Prepare ye the way of the Lord, make straight in the desert a highway for our God." Surrounded by all earthly comforts, we may not comprehend the message, "Comfort ye." It may seem a superfluous consolation. We send it to the widow, the orphan, the captive. But when around us lie shattered the hopes and dreams of that fleeting prosperity, when we walk among ruins, ourselves a ruin, *then* God's time is near, His hand is busy on that chaos, "the broken heart," which He has promised not to spurn, and His Spirit (which works by means and times and seasons) is even now about to weave of the dark substance of that grief "the garment of praise" of which His prophet has spoken,—the adorning meet for the everlasting kingdom! Blessed indeed are the mourners to whom their mourning has brought humiliation. The raptures of eternity will declare whether that is "a repentance to be repented of."

ARCHER BUTLER.



LORD, all my desire is before Thee ; and my groaning is not hid from Thee. My heart panteth, my strength faileth me : as for the light of mine eyes, it also is gone from me.—Psa. xxxviii. 9, 10.

I HAVE satisfied the weary soul, and I have replenished every sorrowful soul.—Jer. xxxi. 25.

WHY art thou cast down, O my soul? and why art thou disquieted within me? hope in God : for I shall yet praise Him, who is the health of my countenance, and my God.—Psa. xliii. 5.

THE Lord shall give thee rest from thy sorrow.—Isa. xiv. 3.

THOUGH He cause grief, yet will He have compassion according to the multitude of His mercies. For He doth not afflict willingly nor grieve the children of men.—Lam. iii. 32, 33.

SYMPATHY.



CHRIST ALWAYS AT HAND TO HELP US.

THERE is no situation in which Christ is not willing and able to help us. When did He come to Peter and to his fellow-voyagers? (Matt. xiv. 24, &c.). It was "about the fourth watch of the night," while morning had scarce begun to dawn, and all nature was sunk in slumber. And who, after the toils of the preceding day, would have felt these slumbers more sweet, or nature's rest more refreshing, than the weary Man of sorrows? But He, who had gone to the lonely mountain-top to seek a couch of rest, when elsewhere He had none, willingly forsook even this, to come to the help of His beloved disciples! What does this tell us, but that we can never go out of season to Christ; that there is not the hour in which He is inaccessible to our wants, or will refuse to give us help; that there is not the danger from which He cannot extricate us; nor the trial which He will not overrule for the strengthening of our faith? He is able to save. He is willing to save. None are beyond the reach of His abounding grace and mercy. As the ocean supports a navy as easily as the bubble on the breaker, or the sea-bird sitting on its crested foam; as the earth supports the everlasting hills as easily as the tiny grass which clothes its sides, or the cattle which browse on them: so Jesus can save great and small; He is the spiritual Atlas carrying a ruined world. In the season of our deepest extremity, even when we may seem on the brink of perishing—the waves of destruction about to close over us,—with such a Saviour there is no room to despair.

REV. J. R. MACDUFF, D.D.

BEGINNING to sink, he cried, saying, Lord, save me !—Matt. xiv. 30.

THE Lord was ready to save me.—Isa. xxxviii. 20.

IF we believe not, yet He abideth faithful: He cannot deny Himself.—2 Tim. ii. 13.

HUMAN SYMPATHY.

GIVE me some token of your love,
One heavenly thought, in heavenly silence born.

MRS. SIGOURNEY.

HIDE not thy tears ; weep boldly, and be proud
To give the flowing virtue manly way :
'Tis nature's mark to know an honest heart by.
Shame on those breasts of stone that cannot melt
In soft adoption of another's sorrow !

AARON HILL.

WE sat together and alone,
And to the want, that hollowed all the heart,
Gave utterance by the yearning of an eye,
That burn'd upon its object through such tears
As flow but once a life.

TENNYSON.

I CAME to tell her how she might be happy ;
To soothe the secret anguish of her soul,
To comfort that fair mourner, that forlorn one,
And teach her steps to know the paths of peace.

ROWE.

THERE is a tear for all who die
A mourner o'er the humblest grave.

LORD BYRON.

OH! sweet is sympathy to hearts that grieve,
And pitying tear-drops many a pain relieve.

From the Basque.



THY words have darted hope into my soul,
And comfort dawns upon me.

THOMAS SOUTHERNE.



IN such a world, so thorny, and where none
Finds happiness unblighted, or, if found,
Without some thistly sorrow at its side,
It seems the part of wisdom, and no sin
Against the law of love, to measure lots
With less distinguished than ourselves; that thus
We may with patience bear our moderate ills,
And sympathize with others suffering more.

COWPER.



GOD WATCHES WHEN HOPE GROWS DIM.

IN weariness,
In disappointment or distress,
When strength decays, or hope grows dim,
We ever may recur to Him,
Who has the golden oil divine,
Wherewith to feed our failing urns,
Who watches every lamp that burns
Before His sacred shrine.

ARCHBISHOP TRENCH.



CAST thy burden upon the Lord, and He shall sustain thee.—Psa. lv. 22.

THE Lord hath comforted His people, and will have mercy upon His afflicted.—Isa. xlix. 13.

CHRIST BEARETH OUR CURSE AWAY.

SAVIOUR of this poor suffering world, when all in darkness lay,
Oh! who but Thou could'st meet the doom, and bear the curse
away?

And who but Thou, Thou Lamb of God, the Man of sorrows
here,

Could solve the mystery of woe, and make its meaning clear?

Without Thee what a dreary waste this groaning earth would
be!

For ever sending up the cry of helpless misery.

But Thou art the Deliverer, and blessings out of woe,
From the full treasures of Thy love, in liberal bounty flow.

In Thee believing, we may pass without a failing heart
Through every grief and agony, and feel that there Thou art.

In Thee believing, we can rest, upon the strength of love,
And from the cross of pain below, see the bright crown above.

MRS. HAWTREY.

THE LIFE BEYOND.

THE departed are thinking, feeling, acting still. Their bodies are in the dust, but their bodies are there, not them—their instruments, not themselves. The breaking up of the harp destroys neither the life nor the music of the lyrist. The science and love of sweet sounds may still inspire his breast, he may grasp some other instrument, and send forth strains more rich, more deep, more entrancing than ever. The spirits, tuned into music here, hymn their lofty anthems.

REV. DAVID THOMAS, D.D.

JESUS MUST SHARE IN EVERY HUMAN
AFFECTION.

THE dearest, choicest ties of human affection are but as brittle glass. They are easily broken and soon destroyed. No union but that which is with Jesus, and in Jesus, extends beyond the

grave. He must share in every tie of creature love, if it be holy and permanent. Think not that the union of holy hearts is dissolved by death. Oh no! Death does not sever, death unites the sanctified. The bonds of the holy are beyond his ruthless power to break. The love which the image of Jesus, reflected in His people, inspires, is as deathless as the love of Jesus Himself. It is as immortal as their own redeemed, transformed, and glorified nature. And in reference to a more divine and elevated sentiment than that to which the poet refers, we apply his beautiful words :—

“ They sin who tell us love can die :
 With love all other passions fly—
 All others are but vanity ;
 But love is indestructible,
 Its holy flame for ever burneth ;
 From heaven it came, to heaven returneth.”

REV. OCTAVIUS WINSLOW, D.D.



O LORD, ABIDE WITH ME.

ABIDE with me, fast falls the eventide :
 The darkness thickens—Lord, with me abide.
 When other helpers fail, and comforts flee,
 Help of the helpless, O abide with me.

Swift to its close ebbs out life's little day ;
 Earth's joys grow dim, its glories pass away ;
 Change and decay in all around I see :
 O Thou who changest not, abide with me.

Not a brief glance I beg, a passing word,
 But as Thou dwell'st with Thy disciples, Lord,
 Familiar, condescending, patient, free—
 Come not to sojourn, but abide with me.

Come not in terrors, as the King of kings,
 But kind and good, with healing in Thy wings ;
 Tears for all woes, a heart for every plea ;
 Come, Friend of sinners, thus abide with me.

I need Thy presence every passing hour
 What but Thy grace can foil the tempter's power?
 Who like Thyself my guide and stay can be?
 Through cloud and sunshine, O abide with me.

I have no foe, with Thee at hand to bless—
 Ills have no weight, and tears no bitterness;
 Where is Death's sting? where, Grave, thy victory?
 I triumph still if Thou abide with me.

Hold Thou Thy cross before my closing eyes;
 Shine through the gloom, and point me to the skies;
 Heaven's morning breaks, and earth's vain shadows
 flee :

In life, in death, O Lord, abide with me.

REV. H. F. LYTE.



BE NOT WEARY, ONWARD PRESS.

YES ! He knows the way is dreary,
 Knows the weakness of our frame,
 Knows that hand and heart are weary :
 He in all points felt the same.
 He is near to help and bless ;
 Be not weary, onward press.

* * *

Look to Him who ever liveth,
 Interceding for His own ;
 Seek, yea, claim the grace He giveth
 Freely from His priestly throne.
 Will He not thy strength renew
 With His Spirit's quickening dew?

Look to Him, and faith shall brighten,
 Hope shall soar, and love shall burn ;
 Peace once more thy heart shall lighten :
 Rise ! He calleth thee, return !
 Be not weary on thy way ;
 Jesus is thy strength and stay.

FRANCES RIDLEY HAVERGAL.

THERE IS A LOVE THAT NEVER FAILS.

THERE is an eye that never sleeps
 Beneath the wing of night ;
 There is an ear that never shuts
 When sink the beams of light.

There is an arm that never tires
 When human strength gives way ;
 There is a love that never fails
 When earthly loves decay.

That eye is fixed on seraph throngs ;
 That ear is filled with angels' songs ;
 That arm upholds the worlds on high ;
 That love is throned beyond the sky.

BISHOP HEBER.



O LORD, I am oppressed, undertake for me.—Isa. xxxviii. 14.

THE Lord heareth, and delivereth them out of all their troubles.—Psa. xxxiv. 17.

WE have not an high priest which cannot be touched with the feeling of our infirmities ; but was in all points tempted like as we are, yet without sin.—Hebrews iv. 15.

THE Lord is good, a strong-hold in the day of trouble ; and He knoweth them that trust in Him.—Nahum i. 7.



LO, I AM WITH THEE !

“Lo, I am with thee !” Bid thy fears
 And anxious sorrows cease ;
 My hands shall dry thy bitter tears,
 My lips shall whisper peace.

“Lo, I am with thee !” When the tomb
 Thy loved ones calls away,
 My voice shall cheer the valley's gloom
 With thoughts of endless day.

“Lo, I am with thee !” What the loss
Of all thou canst deplore,
When placed beside the awful cross
Which once for thee I bore?

“Lo, I am with thee !” When the bed
Of languishing is thine,
Thou shalt repose thine aching head
Upon My love divine.

“Lo, I am with thee !” When the knell
Of closing hours shall ring,
Mine arm the fatal foe shall quell,
And crush his vanquished sting.

“Lo, I am with thee !” Still the same
Through endless years above,
'Mid brighter worlds I shall proclaim
My changeless, deathless love !

REV. J. R. MACDUFF, D.D.



My right hand hath thine immortality
In an eternal grasping.

MRS. E. B. BROWNING.



PEACE, BE STILL.

How delightful to think that, amid all the troubles without, and all the tumults of the heart within, a Saviour's ear is ever opened—the gates to a throne of grace are never shut. Yes, though we may be conscious that much of our doubt, and darkness, and despondency can be traced to nothing but our own faithlessness ; though we may be conscious that we have ourselves roused the storm that ever and anon may be desolating our hearts ; there is yet room for calling upon Him who can say to the storms within, as to the storms without, Peace, be still ; and no tempest-tossed spirit in its sinking moments ever applied to Him for help, and applied in vain.

Are there any thus tossed with tempest and refusing to be

comforted, whose faith is weak, whose hearts are desponding, whose love is cold, who are mourning over the departure of seasons of spiritual light and liberty and joy? Let your hour of doubt and trembling be turned into an hour of prayer. You may have changed in your love to your Redeemer, forgotten and forsaken Him, rejected His grace and distrusted His faithfulness; but He is unchanged in His love towards you. The storm may have hid His face, but He is near you. For you there is still open a throne of grace. Go with the cry, "Lord, save me, I perish!" and you will find that the hour of supplication will be turned into an hour of deliverance.

REV. J. R. MACDUFF, D.D.

GOD'S GOOD MERCY IN HIDING THE FUTURE.

How good and merciful are God's concealments! He will not disclose to us the painful future, because we could not bear it, and because He means, in all our hidden trials, with a Father's love to sustain and cheer us.

REV. DR. MORISON.

MORE THAN HUMAN SYMPATHY NEEDED.

WHAT greater minds, like Elijah's, have felt intensely, all we have felt in our own degree! Not one of us but what has felt his heart aching for want of sympathy. We have had our lonely hours, our days of disappointment, and our moments of hopelessness—times when our highest feelings have been misunderstood, and our purest met with ridicule; days when our heavy secret was lying unshared, like ice upon the heart. And then the spirit gives way; we have wished that all were over; that we could lie down tired, and rest like the children, from life; that the hour was come when we could put down the extinguisher on the lamp and feel the last grand rush of darkness on the spirit. Now the final cause of this capacity for depression, the reason for which it is granted us, is that it may make God necessary. In such moments it is felt that sympathy beyond human, is needful. Alone, the world against him, Elijah turns to God. "It is enough: now, O Lord."

REV. F. W. ROBERTSON.

EVER AND ANON OF GRIEFS SUBDUED THERE
COMES A TOKEN.

EVER and anon of griefs subdued
There comes a token like a scorpion's sting,
Scarce seen, but with fresh bitterness imbued ;
And slight withal may be the things which bring
Back on the heart the weight which it would fling
Aside for ever ; it may be a sound—
A tone of music,—summer's eve— or spring,
A flower—the wind—the ocean which shall wound,
Striking the electric chain wherewith we're darkly bound ;
And how and why we know not, nor can trace
Home to its cloud this lightning of the mind,
But feel the shock renewed, nor can efface
The blight and blackening which it leaves behind,
Which out of things familiar, undesigned,
When least we deem of such, calls up to view
The spectres whom no exorcism can bind,
The cold—the changed—perchance the dead, anew,
The mourned, the loved, the lost : too many, yet how few !

LORD BYRON.

STORE thy mind with useful facts,
Spend thy life in kindly acts,
Seek out those that are in need,
Heal the hearts that mutely bleed.

From the Guzerutte.

AFFLICTION TEACHES SYMPATHY.

AFFLICTION teaches sympathy—
Few have not some hidden trial,
And could sympathize with thine.

* * * *

Seldom can the heart be lonely,
If it seek a lonelier still,
Self-forgetting, seeking only
Emptier cups of love to fill.

FRANCES RIDLEY HAVERGAL.

REJOICE with them that do rejoice, and weep with them that weep.—Rom. xii. 15.

LET this mind be in you which was also in Christ Jesus.—Phil. ii. 5.

THE PROMPTINGS OF LOVE.

THE acceptableness with God of what is done for Him is not regulated by the magnitude of the work, but by the spirit and principle from which it springs. The widow's mite, tremblingly dropped into the treasury—the cup of cold water given to a disciple in the name of a disciple—the whispered word or the sympathetic tear of one who has neither gold nor silver to offer,—these things, small in themselves, become large and valuable when prompted by love. “If there be first a willing mind, it is accepted according to that a man hath, and not according to that he hath not.”

REV. T. BINNEY.

THE VALUE OF SYMPATHY.

How much poorer is our talk than our feeling ! most of us are but half articulate. A few words with sympathy go further than volumes uttered to a dull heart and negligent ear.

HOLME LEE.

WHAT sorrow was thou bad'st her know,
And from her own, she learned to melt at others' woe.

THOMAS GRAY.

AH! my brethren, to tell one's grief to a listening ear is to lighten it. Sympathy cannot take away, but does make more tolerable one's sufferings. To tell Jesus our grief in humble faith that in Him there is sympathy and power to lighten it, will bring, at least, the calm, quiet, and repose of resignation. “He is touched with the feeling of our infirmities.”

REV. C. J. P. EYRE, M.A.

HOW MANY SIMPLE WAYS THERE ARE TO BLESS!

THROUGH suffering and sorrow thou hast passed
To show us what a woman true may be :
They have not taken sympathy from thee,
Nor made thee any other than thou wast,
Save as some tree, which, in a sudden blast,
Sheddeth those blossoms that are weakly grown,
Upon the air, but keepeth every one
Whose strength gives warrant of good fruit at last ;
So thou hast shed some blooms of gaiety,
But never one of steadfast cheerfulness ;
Nor hath thy knowledge of adversity
Robbed thee of any faith in happiness,
But rather cleared thine inner eyes to see
How many simple ways there are to bless.

J. R. LOWELL.

NOT ONE TEAR SHALL BE SHED BY YOU THAT
DOES NOT HANG HEAVIER AT GOD'S HEART
THAN ANY WORLD UPON HIS HAND.

DIVINE pity is exercised in view of our sufferings, both of body and of mind. We sometimes fear to bring our troubles to God, because they must seem so small to Him who sitteth on the circle of the earth. But if they are large enough to vex and endanger our welfare, they are large enough to touch His heart of love. For love does not measure by a merchant's scales, nor with a surveyor's chain. It hath a delicacy which is unknown in any handling of material substances. It sometimes seems as if God cared for nothing. The wicked are at ease. The good are vexed incessantly. The world is full of misrule and confusion. The darling of the flock is always made the sacrifice. Some child in the very midst of its glee becomes suddenly silent,—as a music-box, its spring giving way, stops in the midst of its strain, and never plays out the melody. The mother staggers and wanders blindly, as though day and night were mingled

into one, and struck through with preternatural influence of woe. But think not that God's silence is coldness or indifference ! When Christ stood by the dead, the silence of tears interpreted His sympathy more wonderfully than even that voice which afterwards called back the footsteps of the brother from the grave, and planted them in life again. When birds are on the nest, preparing to bring forth life, they never sing. God's stillness is full of brooding. Not one tear shall be shed by you that does not hang heavier at His heart, than any world upon His hand !

REV. H. W. BEECHER.



GOD'S OMNISCIENT LOVE.

HE works every moment in every part of this vast whole ; moves every atom, expands every leaf, finishes every blade of grass, erects every tree, conducts every particle of vapour, every drop of rain, and every flake of snow, guides every ray of light, breathes in every wind, thunders in every storm, wings the lightning, pours the streams and rivers, empties the volcanoe, heaves the ocean, and shakes the globe. In the universe of minds, He formed, He preserves, He animates, and He directs all the mysterious and wonderful powers of knowledge, virtue, and moral action, which fill up the infinite extent of His immense and eternal empire. In His contrivance of these things, their attributes and their operations, is seen a stupendous display of His immeasurable knowledge and wisdom. In them the endlessly diversified character of uncreated wisdom, beauty, and greatness has begun to be manifested, and will continue to be manifested with increasing splendour for ever.

DR. DWIGHT.



SING, O heavens ; and be joyful, O earth ; and break forth into singing, O mountains : for the Lord hath comforted His people, and will have mercy upon His afflicted. But Zion said, The Lord hath forsaken me, and my Lord hath forgotten me. Can a woman forget her sucking child, that she should not have com-

passion on the son of her womb? Yea, they may forget, yet will I not forget thee. Behold, I have graven thee upon the palms of my hands.—Isa. xlix. 13—16.

O thou afflicted, tossed with tempest, and not comforted. The mountains shall depart, and the hills be removed; but my kindness shall not depart from thee, neither shall the covenant of my peace be removed, saith the Lord that hath mercy on thee.—Isa. liv. 10, 11.

I will never leave thee, nor forsake thee.—Heb. xiii. 5.

In all their affliction He was afflicted, and the angel of His presence saved them: in His love and in His pity He redeemed them; and He bare them, and carried them all the days of old.—Isa. lxiii. 9.



GOD REMAINEST STILL THE SAME.

NOT Thou from us, O Lord, but we
Withdraw ourselves from Thee.

When we are dark and dead,
And Thou art covered with a cloud,
Hanging before Thee like a shroud,
So that our prayer can find no way,
O teach us that we do not say,
“Where is Thy brightness fled?”

But that we search and try,
What in ourselves has wrought this blame,
For Thou remainest still the same;
But earth's own vapours earth may fill
With darkness and thick clouds, while still
The sun is in the sky.

ARCHBISHOP TRENCH.



Now men see not the bright light which is in the clouds;
but the wind passeth, and cleanseth them.—Job xxxvii. 21.

STRENGTH ALWAYS GIVEN.

THERE is the remarkable fact in the experience of God's children, that what they expect as being a trouble which they can never bear, when the time actually comes for bearing it, they find they are able to do so, because of the grace and strength ministered to them by the Lord Jesus. Though in looking forward to an undefined trial we may hesitate whether we shall be ready for it, yet when the moment comes, He will enable us to say, "I am ready to go wherever the Lord points, and to endure whatever He pleases, for the name of the Lord Jesus.

REV. WM. CADMAN, M.A.



"IT IS I; BE NOT AFRAID."

"BE of good cheer : it is I ; be not afraid." The ground of consolation is in the middle clause. That fear-dispelling, comfort-giving "It is I" must have fallen on their ears like a strain of celestial music. "It is I." I, your Lord and Master. I who have oft-times before spoken peace in your hours of trouble. I who have bidden the weary and heavy-laden come to have rest. I whose word has given light to the blind, and health to the diseased, and comfort to the mourner, and life to the dead. I who but a few brief hours ago had compassion on the multitudes, "because they were as sheep not having a shepherd." Think you I will not much rather have compassion on you, My own sheep, who "follow Me and know My voice"? "Be of good cheer : it is I ;" fear not. And who has not felt in the storm-night of the soul the soothing power of that voice, and that presence, and that word ? "It is I." Jesus liveth. Oh ! it is the felt presence, and power, and love of a Saviour God, which is the secret of the Christian's strength ; not Jesus, a distant abstraction—Jesus, some mythical being of superhuman might, soaring far beyond human conception and human sympathy ; but Jesus, the personal Saviour, the living One, the acting One, the controlling One (ay, and to as many as He loves), the rebuking One and the Chastening One ! The hand of Jesus, and the will of Jesus, and the love of Jesus, is to him seen in everything. "It is I," is to him pencilled on every

flower, murmured in every breeze, waving on every forest branch. It is the superscription in every event in providence. It gleams in gilded letters in prosperity. It stands brightly out in the dark and cloudy day. It is written on every sick pillow, on every death chamber, on every vacant chair and vacant heart, circling in undying echoes wherever there is a soul to comfort or a tear to dry.

REV. J. R. MACDUFF, D.D.

LOVING MEMORIES.

It is an exquisite and beautiful thing in our nature, that when the heart is touched and softened by some tranquil happiness or affectionate feeling, the memory of the dead comes over it most powerfully and irresistibly. It would almost seem as though our better thoughts and sympathies were charms, in virtue of which the soul is enabled to hold some vague and mysterious intercourse with the spirits of those whom we dearly loved in life.

Alas! how often and how long may those patient angels hover above us, watching for the spell which is so seldom uttered, and so soon forgotten!

CHARLES DICKENS.

THOU, SAVIOUR, MARK'ST THE TEARS I SHED.

WHEN mourning o'er some stone I bend,
Which covers all that was a friend,
And from his hand, his voice, his smile,
Divides me for a little while ;
Thou, Saviour, mark'st the tears I shed,
For thou didst weep o'er Lazarus dead.
And oh! when I have safely passed
Through every conflict but the last;
Still, still unchanging, watch beside
My dying bed—for Thou hast died ;
Then point to realms of cloudless day,
And wipe the latest tears away.

ROBERT GRANT.

SORROW REVEALS HEAVEN TO US.

THE soul that hath not sorrowed
 Knows neither its own weakness nor its strength.
 Sorrow reveals heaven to us ; for our souls
 Hang in the infinite-like sun-dyed globes
 On which the time-rays of the present play :
 But ever and anon a shadow comes
 Over and on them, cast forth from their thrones
 In the great World-to-come, when a bright seraph
 Glides like a glow behind them.

J. STANYAN BIGG.

REJOICE IN TRIBULATION:

WHILST they are to beware of despising God's chastening, it is equally incumbent upon them to guard against falling into the other extreme of "fainting when they are rebuked of Him." How severe or long continued soever their trials may be, they must patiently bear them. They must drink the bitter cup they would wish to avoid, without repining or murmuring against Him who administers it ; and they must cheerfully acquiesce in whatever He is pleased to appoint. Nay, they are required even to "rejoice in tribulation: knowing that tribulation worketh patience; and patience, experience; and experience, hope;" saying with St. Paul, "Most gladly therefore will I rather glory in my infirmities, that the power of Christ may rest on me." Therefore I take pleasure in infirmities, in reproaches, in necessities, in persecutions, in distresses for Christ's sake: for when I am weak, then am I strong." Then is the calm tranquillity of soul and cheerful acquiescence in the divine dispensations to which we are here called. Surely it well becomes us earnestly and diligently to seek this heavenly temper. It will prove the surest antidote to all the multifarious ills of human life. When all other sources of relief are dried up, it will be found a never-failing fountain of consolation to the weary and fainting spirit, even in the lowest depths of sorrow. Happy is he who is thus enabled to calm the perturbation of his feelings in times of deep and various afflictions, and whose mind is "stayed on God, because he trusteth in Him."

REV. PETER GRANT.

THE LORD IS THE LIFE OF ALL THAT LIVES.

THE Lord of all, Himself through all diffused,
Sustains and is the life of all that lives.
Nature is but a name for an effect
Whose cause is God. He feeds the secret fire
By which the mighty process is maintained,
Who sleeps not—is not weary; in whose sight
Slow circling ages are as transient days;
Whose work is without labour; whose designs
No flaw deforms, no difficulty thwarts,
And whose beneficence no change exhausts.

COWPER.

LEAN UPON CHRIST.

IN Christ we see the perfections of Deity, so that there is the greatest encouragement to lean upon Him. In Him we see all the sympathy and tenderness of humanity, and therefore we may be encouraged to come to Him as a brother. In Him we see all the security of the everlasting covenant, for it is secured in Him and made with Him. In Him we see the daily Governor of all things—the Giver of all good things, and not only so, but One who is causing “all things to work together for good to them that love Him.” Now this is a lesson, dear brethren, that we should endeavour to have woven into our hearts. Are we lovers of the Son of God? Then how quietly and calmly we may sit down under the dispensations of God! You may be assured that all things are working together for good to you. You must remember, my dear brethren, the whole combination of things. Some things may, perhaps, be productive of sorrow to you, while others may be productive of gladness. It is not the sorrow that is all evil, nor is it the joy that is all good, but it is through the way in which these things are mingled that they so work together for your good. What patience this ought to teach us, then, when under a dispensation which is dark and cloudy! and what caution this should fill our souls with when we are in the sunshine, so to speak, of God’s love! It is then that we should walk watchfully and prayerfully; it is then that

we should remember that although our mountain may seem to stand strong now, yet if God hides His face we shall be troubled. There is no security, *my* dear brethren, but standing really and truly upon the rock Christ Jesus, and resting wholly upon Him. The believer may say, "For Thou hast been a shelter to me, and a strong tower from the enemy." You see the experience of the past may confirm our hope for the future, for He is "the same yesterday, to-day, and for ever," and "They that know Thy name will put their trust in Thee."

REV. JOHN WILLIAM REEVE, M.A.



GOD OUR HELPER AND SUPPORT IN TIME OF NEED.

WHEN we pray, "Help us, O Lord our God," for we "rest on Thee;" we do not say, "take away all care from us, take away all effort and duty from us: but give us succour and assistance; perfect Thy strength in our weakness; lay Thine own almighty shoulder beneath the burden that would crush us to the dust; put strength in us, and make us more than conquerors through Him that hath loved us." It is the very spirit of prayer not to ask for a sign or miracle on our behalf, but to look to God in the use of practical means, to make us omnipotent in Thy strength. "Help us, O Lord our God." Ask this day by day, ask it in everything; ask it above all in the hour of need. If you held your child by the hand and were leading it, and told that child it was continually to appeal to you when alarmed, would it not be sweet music to your ear to hear the child's trembling voice again and again saying, "Help me, father"? And when the child struck its foot against a stone, or saw a deep pit behind it, or when it beheld in the distance, phantoms which its fears had conjured up, then with fresh importunities would the child say, "Help me, father." And so you need the hand of God to guide you every hour and in everything. You cannot resist the smallest temptation, you cannot wrestle with your spiritual foe, unless you be "strong in the Lord, and in the power of His might." Much less can you bear up against the storm, when thunder rends the heavens, unless the

language of your heart be, in all earnestness and in all importunity, "Help us, O Lord our God, for we rest on Thee." He that rests on Him, rests on One who is the same yesterday, and to-day, and for ever; "in whom is no variableness, neither shadow of turning."

REV. HUGH STOWELL, M.A.

REST IN GOD.

NOR can the vain toil cease
Till in the shadowy maze we meet
One who can guide our aching wayward feet
To find Himself our way, our life, our peace.
In Him the long unrest is soothed and stilled;
Our hearts are filled.

O rest, so true, so sweet !
(Would it were shared by all the weary world !).
'Neath shadowing banner of His love unfurled,
We bend to kiss the Master's pierced feet ;
Then lean our love upon His loving breast,
And know God's rest.

FRANCES RIDLEY HAVERGAL.

I HEARD the voice of Jesus say,
Come unto Me, and rest ;
Lay down, thou weary one, lay down
Thy head upon My breast.
I came to Jesus as I was,
Weary and worn and sad ;
I found in Him a resting-place,
And He has made me glad.

REV. HORATIUS BONAR.

BENEVOLENT INTENSITY OF GOD'S REGARD TOWARDS HIS CHILDREN.

GOD's providential regard towards His children is characterized by its *benevolent intensity*. I can think of no phrase

better fitted to express all than those words,—“He careth for you.” Of course, kindness is the radical idea underlying the term ; but it is not *mere kindness* ; it is not a sentiment solely ; it is rather zealous, devoted, soul-absorbing, laborious kindness : and that is just what God’s care for His children is. It is a strong and influential, as well as a benevolent principle. It is a *yearning* concern for our well-being, always, if I may say it reverently, putting Him upon some plan and endeavour to do us good. God is never indifferent about anything that relates to us ; His interest in us never flags and grows cold. We *think* it does—we imagine, foolishly and wickedly, that there are times when He almost ceases to care about us, or when he cares for us with diminished warmth and tenderness. We picture Him to ourselves as taken up with other and weightier affairs than ours, and as forgetful of us amid the vast concerns of His illimitable empire. We are perhaps on a sick bed, or battling with some great trial, and we *seem* to be left alone. We are faint and weary, and we do not *feel* His hand sustaining us ; and moodily we begin to question whether he is near at all, or helps us in any way. But, my friends, all this is failure in us, not in our God. We are wronging Him by attributing to Him our weakness and limitation. He is not denying Himself ; He cannot do so. He is “the same yesterday, to-day, and for ever.” His loving care is subject to no ebbs and flows ; it is one and immutable, like Himself. However our feelings may vary towards Him—and, alas ! we are fickle and changeful as the wind—His feeling does not alter with respect to us, and that feeling is one of intensest interest in us, a feeling with which there is nothing that we can compare it, except it be a mother’s watchful solicitude for her child, though even that comparison fails, for God says, “Can a woman forget her sucking child, that she should not have compassion upon the son of her womb ? Yea, they may forget, yet will I not forget thee. Behold, I have graven thee upon the palms of My hands ; thy walls are continually before me.” How inexpressibly deep and tender, then, must be the feeling which prompts the ceaseless care of God over His people !

LINKED WITH GOD.

HAVE you ever thought, my dear friends, that no event in your life can possibly be trifling—that your whole life is made up of a series of events, all working together for one end and that if in the chain of your life there be wanting one link of the principle of love to God, the whole chain is destroyed? Thus, then, every circumstance of your life is important, every circumstance is working for your own happiness and your own glory, if you do not mar it. And, remember, it depends upon the spirit in which you live, upon the spirit which you carry with you in your daily life, whether all things are or are not working together for your good. Remember, too, that they all work *together*—that there is no one event in your life to be considered apart and by itself from other events. There is a temptation to men under the pressure of sorrow or trial to look only at the immediate present, and to be distressed because they cannot see how this particular event, at this moment, is able to work for their good. But you are to remember this, that *all* things work—that all things work *together*,—that your whole life is made up of these events; and that as progress in most of God's works is made up of many circumstances, so it is not by taking one event of your life and examining it in its immediate consequences that you are to draw the conclusion, "This is good," or, "That is evil;" but you are to remember that your life is made up of different events, which are really united and working together. Therefore we learn the lesson of patient waiting for God, of quiet assurance and settled faith, that if God has given us the infinite blessing and grace of love to Him, that blessing and grace which unite to give us all other blessings and graces—nay, that includes all other blessings, and that sums up all other graces,—all things must most assuredly, so surely as God is greater than the evil one, so surely as He must at last prevail over evil,—all things *must* work together for our good if we "love God."

REV. W. C. MAGEE, B.D.



THE MARVELLOUS LOVE OF CHRIST.

IN any trial or difficulty, deliverance and support are not found in casting away our doubts, but in the Lord coming to us with a revelation of His own personal presence, which drives all doubt away. It is the sunbeam coming in at the window where the shutter had been but just taken down, and in the might of its own glory illuminating what was dark before. And so, beloved brethren, you and I look for it to be with us. I doubt not that many of you have known this blessed truth, those that have worshipped Him in the uttermost casting down of their souls ; in some great trouble from without, which seemed so to cover their spirit with darkness, that they could hardly rise up towards Him, and those who have come in some downcasting of the soul because temptation has mastered them, and they are ashamed to look up to the Lord whom they have offended ; those who come with doubts like moats in the sunbeam floating through their hearts and almost seeming for the time to destroy their apprehension of religious truth,—they, as they have knelt before Him, have heard from His mouth the consolatory words “Peace be unto you.” And then that dealing inwardly with their souls, which marks His power of reading them ; the revelation to the soul’s eye of His form of majesty, of His look of love, of His enduring faithfulness, of His gentleness to those who are in distress, trouble, or bereavement,—these things have been brought home to some of you, so that your heart has wondered at the marvellous love of Him who has died to save you, and to pour the brightness of His reconciled countenance in its light of love into the very recesses of your disconsolate and darkened spirit.

RIGHT REV. LORD BISHOP OF WINCHESTER
(DR. SAMUEL WILBERFORCE).



WORDS OF PROMISE.

AND all these lines are underscored, and here
And there a tear hath been and left its stain,—
The only record, haply, of a tear
Long wiped from eyes no more to weep again.

And, as I gaze, a solemn joy comes o'er me :
By these deep footprints I can surely guess
Some pilgrim, by the road that lies before me,
Hath crossed, long time ago, the wilderness.

With feet oft bruised among its sharp flints, duly
He turned aside to gather simples here,
And lay up cordials for his faintness : truly,
Now will I track his steps, and be of cheer.

And, wearied, by this wayside fountain's brink
He sat to rest : and, as it then befell,
The stone was rolled away ; he stooped to drink
The waters springing up from life's clear well.

And oft, upon his journey faring sadly,
He communed with this Teacher from on high ;
And, meeting words of promise, meekly, gladly,
Went on his way rejoicing. So will I.

DORA GREENWELL.



GOD'S WORD A LIGHT TO OUR PATH.

GOD will be found of each one of us in the path of life that He marks out for us. He gives us—it is most true, and blessed be His name for it,—He gives us days when we can assemble together to hear of these things ; but He does not give us the invitation to come and draw near and live on these days only. He gives us times of sorrow, times of solemn thought, times of bereavement ; and I believe that when we get to the other side of the water and look back upon the map of our present course, we shall see that these were our green places, and these were our still waters of comfort, and these were our recallings to Him. . . . God must be the centre of your spirits if they are to live ; just as much as the sun must be the centre of this system if it is to go on in harmony, so God must be the centre round whom your spirits are to revolve in the ordinary orbit of life. You must look at His will—that will must be a guide to you.

You must look at His word—that word must be a lamp to your feet and a light to your paths.

DEAN ALFORD.



GOD'S INEXHAUSTIBLE COMPASSION FOR MAN.

WHILE the divine character drawn in the Bible hath great depth of shadow in justice, all its salient points stand forth in the high lights of love and mercy. God is full of near, real, overflowing, and inexhaustible compassion for man. God's pity abides even as He abides, and partakes of the divine grandeur and omnipotence. There is a whole eternity in it for substance and duration. His pity is infinite, moving with equal step to all the other attributes of God, and holding its course and path as far forth as omniscience doth ; it paces with omnipresence along the circuits of infinity. "For as heaven is high above the earth, so great is His mercy toward them that fear Him ; as far as the east is from the west, so far hath He removed our transgressions from us." "Like as a father pitieth his children, so doth the Lord pity us ; for He knoweth our frame." God's pitiful mercy is not as some sweet cordial, poured in dainty drops from a golden phial. It is not like the musical water-drops of some slender rill, murmuring down the dark sides of Mount Sinai. It is wide as the whole cope of heaven. It is abundant as all the air. If one had art to gather up all the golden sunlight that to-day falls wide over all this continent—falling through every silent hour ; and all that is dispersed over the whole ocean, flashing from every wave ; and all that is poured refulgent over the northern wastes of ice, and along the whole continent of Europe, and the vast outlying Asia, and torrid Africa ; if one could in anywise gather up this immense and incalculable outflow and treasure of sunlight that falls down through the bright hours, and runs in liquid ether about the mountains, and fills all the plains, and sends innumerable rays through every secret place, pouring over and filling every flower, shining down the sides of every blade of grass, resting in glorious humility upon the humblest things—on stick and stone and pebble ; on the spider's web, the sparrow's nest, the threshold of the young fox's hole ; that

rests on the prisoner's window, that strikes radiant beams through the slave's tear, that puts gold upon the widow's weeds, that plates and roofs the city with burnished gold, and goes on in its wild abundance up and down the earth, shining everywhere and always, since the day of primal creation, without faltering, without stint, without waste or diminution ; as full, as fresh, as overflowing to-day as if it were the very first day of its outplay—if one might gather up this boundless, endless, infinite treasure, to measure it, then might he tell the height and depth and unending glory of the pity of God. The light, and the sun its source, are God's own figures of the immensity and copiousness of His mercy and compassion.

REV. H. W. BEECHER.

IF thou hadst gazed upon the face of God
This morning for a moment, thou hadst known
That only pity fitly can chastise.

MRS. E. B. BROWNING.

COUNSEL MITIGATES THE GREATEST SMART.

LET me entreat
You to unfold the anguish of your heart ;
Mishaps are mastered by advice discreet,
And counsel mitigates the greatest smart.

SPENSER.

TO MINISTER COMFORT TO A WEARY SOUL.

CERTAIN it is, that as nothing can better do it, so there is nothing greater for which God made our tongues, next to reciting His praises, than to minister comfort to a weary soul. And what greater pleasure can we have than that we should bring joy to our brother, who, with his dreary eyes, looks to heaven and round about, and cannot find so much rest as to lay his eyelids close together ; than that thy tongue should be tuned with heavenly accents, and make the weary soul to listen for

light and ease; and when he perceives that there is such a thing in the world and in the order of things as comfort and joy, to begin to break out from the prison of his sorrows at the door of sighs and tears, and by little and little melt into showers and refreshment? This is glory to thy voice, and employment fit for the brightest angel. But so have I seen the sun kiss the frozen earth, which was bound up with the images of death, and the colder breath of the north; and then the waters break from their enclosures, and melt with joy, and run in useful channels; and the flies do rise again from their little graves in walls, and dance awhile in the air, to tell that there is joy within, and that the great mother of creatures will open the stock of her new refreshment, become useful to mankind, and sing praises to her redeemer; so is the heart of a sorrowful man under the discourses of a wise comforter: he breaks from the despairs of the grave, and the fetters and chains of sorrow; he blesses God and he blesses thee, and he feels his life returning; for to be miserable is death, but nothing is life but to be comforted; and God is pleased with no music from below so much as in the thanksgiving songs of relieved widows, of supported orphans, of rejoicing and comforted and thankful persons.

JEREMY TAYLOR.



THE capacity of sorrow belongs to our grandeur, and the loftiest of our race are those who have had the profoundest sympathies, because they have had the profoundest sorrows.

HENRY GILES.



MAY He who taught the morning stars to sing,
 Aye keep my chalice cool, and pure, and sweet,
 And grant me so with loving hand to bring
 Refreshment to His weary ones,—to meet
 Their thirst with water from God's music-spring;
 And, bearing thus, to pour it at His feet.

FRANCES RIDLEY HAVERGAL.

AFFLICTION THE INTERPRETER.

WHAT an interpreter of Scripture is affliction ! How many stars in its heaven shine out brightly in the night of sorrow and pain which were unperceived or overlooked in the garish day of prosperity ! What an enlarger of Scripture is any other minor event which stirs the depths of our hearts, which touches us near to the core and centre of our lives. Trouble of spirit, condemnation of conscience, sudden danger, strong temptation ; when any of these overtake us, what veils do they take away, that we may see what hitherto we saw not ? What new domains of God's word do they bring within our spiritual ken ! How do promises, which once fell flat upon our ears, become precious now, psalms become our own, which before were aloof from us ! How do we see things now with the eye which before we only knew by the hearing of the ear, which before men had told us, but now we ourselves have found, so that on these accounts also the Scripture is fitted to be our companion, and to do us good all the years of our life.

ARCHBISHOP TRENCH.



COMFORT FROM GOD.

CEASE we to dream. Our thoughts are yet more dim
Than children's are, who put their trust in Him.
All that our wisdom knows, or ever can,
Is this, that God hath pity upon man ;
And where His Spirit shines in Holy Writ,
The great word Comforter comes after it.

HON. MRS. NORTON.



OUR woes are like the moon reversed, the broad
bright disc
Turned heavenwards—the dark side towards us ;
Till God in His great mercy moves them round,
And rolls them with a wise and gentle hand,
Into the dim horizon of the past,
To bless us with their smile of tear-like lustre.

J. STANYAN BIGG.

RELIGIOUS BALM.

NATURE hath assigned
Two sovereign remedies for human grief ;
Religion, sweetest, firmest, first, and best,
Strength to the weak, and to the wounded balm ;
And strenuous action next.

SOUTHEY.

THE Gospel's glorious hope,
Its rules of purity, its eye of prayer,
Its feet of firmness on temptation's steep,
Its bark that fails not 'mid the storm of death.

MRS. SIGOURNEY.

SOFT hands stealing into ours in the dark, and holding us fast
without a spoken word.

ELIZABETH S. PHELPS.

I WOULD EMBRACE THY CARE.

CHILD of My love, "lean hard,"
And let Me feel the pressure of thy care,
I know thy burden, child : I shaped it,
Poised it in My own hand, made no proportion
In its weight to thine unaided strength ;
For even as I laid it on, I said,
I shall be near ; and while she leans on Me
This burden shall be Mine, not hers :
So shall I keep My child within the circling arms
Of " Mine own love." Here lay it down, nor fear
To impose it on a shoulder which upholds
The government of worlds, yet closer come ;
Thou art not near enough, I would embrace thy care,
So I might feel My child reposing on my breast.
Thou lovest me, I know it—doubt not, then ;
But loving Me—lean hard !

REV. W. TYLER.

CHRIST, THE COMFORTER.

PEACE! peace! One draweth near Thy door
 Whose footsteps leave no print across the snow;
 Thy sun has risen with comfort in his face;
 The smile of heaven, to warm thy frozen heart
 And bless with saintly hand.

* * * * *

I died for thee; for thee I am alive,
 And my humanity doth mourn for thee,
 For thou art mine; and all thy little ones,
 They too are mine—are mine.

. . . and thou shalt warm
 Thy trembling life beneath the smile of God.

JEAN INGELow.



“ON Him whose face was sorrow’s morning-star.”

ROBERT BUCHANAN.



THE Lord’s portion is his people! He found him in a desert land, and in the waste howling wilderness; he led him about, he instructed him, he kept him as the apple of his eye. As an eagle stirreth up her nest, fluttereth over her young, spreadeth abroad her wings, taketh them, beareth them on her wings: So the Lord alone did lead him.—Deut. xxxii. 9—12.

THE Lord, He it is that doth go before thee; He will be with thee, He will not fail thee, neither forsake thee: fear not, neither be dismayed.—Deut. xxxi. 8.

JESUS said, weep not; she is not dead, but sleepeth.—Luke viii. 52.

CASTING all your care upon Him, for He careth for you.—
 I Peter v. 7.

CONSOLATION.

EVERY ONE HAS HIS SORROW ACCORDING TO HIS MEASURE.

IT is of the Lord's mercies that we are not consumed, for whatever of those evils happens not, it is through the protecting hand of the Most High, which compasses us about with so much might, that Satan and all evils are compelled to stand and rage that they have no power over us. Hence we see how sweetly the Lord ought to be loved under the daily evils that come upon us ; because, under any one evil, our most loving Father calls upon us to consider how many evils surround us, and would fall upon us, were it not for His protecting hand ; as if He said unto us, "Satan and a whole chaos of evils are ready to rush upon thee, that they may grind thee to powder ; but I have set the bounds of the sea, and have said unto it, "Hitherto shalt thou come, but no further : and here shall thy proud waves be stayed." Every one has his sorrow according to his measure, and that not beyond his powers to bear ; as in Ps. lxxx., "Thou feedest them with the bread of tears, and givest them tears to drink in measure." The same also does St. Paul say (1 Cor. x.), "But God is faithful, who will not suffer you to be tempted above that ye are able, but will with the temptation also make a way to escape, that ye may be able to bear it." And where the evil is the greater, there is a greater provision also of the divine assistance.

MARTIN LUTHER.

RELIGION AN UNDECAYING SOURCE OF
CONSOLATION.

RELIGION, whether natural or revealed, has always the same beneficial influence on the mind. In youth, in health, and prosperity, it awakens feelings of gratitude and sublime love, and purifies at the same time that which it exalts ; but it is in misfortune, in sickness, in age, that its effects are most truly and beneficially felt ; when submission in faith and humble trust in the divine will, from duties become pleasures, undecaying sources of consolation ; then it creates powers which were believed to be extinct, and gives a freshness to the mind which was supposed to have passed away for ever, but which is now renovated as an immortal hope. Its influence outlives all earthly enjoyments, and becomes stronger as the organs decay and the frame dissolves ; it appears as that evening star of light in the horizon of life which we are sure is to become, in another season, a morning star, and it throws its radiance through the gloom and shadow of death.

SIR HUMPHRY DAVY.



Ask the Christian, when most afflicted and cast down, whether his religion has left him wretched and comfortless ; and what it is his answer ? He will tell you that he would not exchange his most sorrowful hour for your happiest day ; that he has habitually, within his afflicted soul, consolations which are more than earthly, that he has sometimes a joy which is indeed divine ; a joy rational and sober, and yet so elevated and sweet that it brings into his heart a foretaste of heaven. . . . It is an everlasting joy, imperishable as his soul. The same song which he is singing now, his enraptured lips will soon pour forth in the courts of Zion before his God ; and it shall be sweet as the song of angels, and lasting as eternity.

C. BRADLEY.

THE CHRISTIAN STANDS NIGH TO GOD.

THOSE trees flourish most, and bear sweetest fruits, which stand most in the sun. The praying Christian stands nigh to God, and hath God nigh to him in all that he calls upon Him for, in every trial through which he is called to pass ; and therefore you may expect his fruits to be sweet and ripe.

WILLIAM GURNALL.



RELIGION WILL BRIGHTEN THE MOST GLOOMY SCENE.

OH the wonders it will accomplish ! It wipes guilt from the conscience, rolls the world out of the heart, and darkness from the mind. It will brighten the most gloomy scene, smooth the most rugged path, and cheer the most despairing mind. It will put honey into the bitterest cup, and health into the most diseased soul. It will give hope to the heart, health to the face, oil to the head, light to the eye, strength to the hand, and swiftness to the foot. It will make life pleasant, labour sweet, and death triumphant. It gives faith to the fearful, courage to the timid, and strength to the weak. It robs the grave of its terrors, and death of its sting. It subdues sin, severs from self, makes faith strong, love active, hope lively, and zeal invincible. It gives sonship for slavery, robes for rags, makes the cross light and reproach pleasant ; it will transform a dungeon into a palace, and make the fires of martyrdom as refreshing as the cool breeze of summer. It snaps legal bonds, loosens the soul, clarifies the mind, purifies the affections, and often lifts the saint to the very gates of heaven. . . . No man can deserve it ; money cannot buy it, or good deeds procure it ; grace reigns here !

REV. — BALFERN.



TROUBLE and perplexity drive me to prayer, and prayer drives away perplexity and trouble.

MELANCTHON.

PRAYER.

MORE things are wrought by prayer
Than this world dreams of.

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For so the whole round world is every way
Bound by gold chains about the feet of God.

TENNYSON.



CONSIDER what a heavenly wonder must be the Book of Prayer that lies before God ! For groans are interpreted there. Mute joys gain tongue before God. Unutterable desires that go silently up from the heart burst forth into divine pleadings, when, touched by the Spirit, their imprisoned nature comes forth. Could thoughts or aspirations be made visible, could they assume a form that befitted their nature, what an endless procession would be seen going towards the throne of God day and night ! Consider the wrestlings of all the wretched, the cry of orphans, the ceaseless pleadings of the bereaved, and of those fearing bereavement ; the prayer of trust betrayed, of hope darkened, of home deserted, of joy quenched ; the prayers of faithful men from dungeons and prison-houses ; the prayers of slaves, who found man, law, and the church twined around and set against them, and had no way left to look, but upward toward God ! Beds of long-lingering sickness have learned such thoughts of resignation, and such patient trust and joy, that the heavenly book is bright with the footprints of their prayers. The very silence of sickness is often more full of richer thoughts than all the books of earth have ever been. " And when He had taken the book, the four living creatures and four and twenty elders fell down before the Lamb, having every one of them harps, and golden vials full of odours, which *are the prayers of saints.*" How grand is the thought, that all over the earth, God's angels have caught the heart's breath, its prayers and love, and that in heaven they are before God like precious odours poured from golden vases by saintly hands ! The influences which are at work upon the soul in such a covert as the closet, are not like the coarse stimulants of earthly thought. It is no fierce rivalry, no conflict

for victory, no hope of praise or hunger of fame, that throws a lurid light upon the mind. The soul rises to its highest nature, and meets the influence that rests upon it from above. What is the depth of calmness, what is the vision of faith, what is the rapture, the ecstasy of love, the closet knows more grandly than any other place of human experience.

REV. H. W. BEECHER.

THOU art true, Incarnate Lord !
 Who didst vouchsafe for man to die ;
 Thy smile is sure, Thy plighted word
 No change can falsify.
 I bent before Thy gracious throne,
 And asked for peace with suppliant knee ;
 And peace was given,—nor peace alone,
 But faith sublimed to ecstasy !

WORDSWORTH.

UNTO you that fear My name shall the Sun of Righteousness arise with healing in His wings.—Mal. iv. 2.

OUR SAVIOUR'S FRIENDSHIP.

THIS must be the great characteristic of a heart given to God's service, that it realizes the presence and is filled with the love of the Lord Jesus Christ his Friend—a Friend who will not leave us when earthly friends fail, but will be with us on our death-bed, and welcome us to the world beyond the grave. Whether we live long or die early, if we keep near to Him, we shall be safe with Him in the trials of life, and in the great trial of the end of life.

Truly, when we look upon the dangers that do beset all of us in our daily life, we dare not think that we can stand, if it were not for such promises as God has given us. How cheering, in the midst of temptation, trial, and weakness, to hear Christ say to us, "Fear not ; for from the first day that thou didst set thy heart to understand, and to chasten thyself before thy God, thy words were heard." Also the other,—“ He who hath

begun a good work in you will perform it until the day of Jesus Christ." Let us take it up. God will keep us safe ; He will give us all that is for our soul's good if we are resolved to be on His side.

HIS GRACE THE ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY
(DR. ARCHIBALD C. TAIT).

DO ALL THINGS TO JESUS.

WHEN thou hast learnt to do all things to Jesus, it will shed pleasure over all dull things, softness over all hard things, peace over all trial, and woe, and suspense ; it will make contradiction sweet to bear it meekly with Jesus ; poverty honourable to be poor with Jesus ; it will but gladden toil to labour for Jesus ; and sweet will be repose which rests safe on the breast of Jesus ; then will life be glad, when thou livest to Jesus ; and sweet death to die in Jesus ; with Him, and to Him, and in Him, to live for evermore.

DR. PUSEY.

COMFORT STREAMS FROM GOD.

HAPPINESS and comfort stream immediately from God Himself, as light issues from the sun, and sometimes looks and darts itself into the meanest corners, while it forbears to visit the largest and the noblest rooms. Every man is happy or miserable as the temper of his mind places him either directly under, or beside the influences of the Divine nature, which enlighten and enliven the well-disposed mind with secret, ineffable joys.

DR. SOUTH.

REST is [a restorative for] labour, and medicines for health.

ROGER ASCHAM.

DISCIPLINE IS FOR THY GOOD.

Is the pious man in need ? He hath then an invisible refuge to fly to, an invisible store to furnish him ; he hath somewhat

beyond all present things to hope in, to comfort himself with. Is the good man in affliction?—He knoweth that it cometh not on him without God's wise appointment, nor without good intention toward him, for probation, exercise and improvement of his virtues, or for wholesome correction of his bad dispositions; that it is only physic and discipline to him, which shall have a comfortable issue, and that it shall last no longer than it is expedient for him that it should.

ISAAC BARROW.

TO THY REDEEMER TAKE EACH CARE.

HAST thou within a care so deep,
It chases from thine eyelids sleep?
To thy Redeemer take that care,
And change anxiety to prayer.

Hast thou a hope with which thy heart
Would feel it almost death to part?
Entreat thy God that hope to crown,
Or give thee strength to lay it down.

Hast thou a friend whose image dear
May prove an idol worshipped here?
Implore the Lord that nought may be
A shadow between heaven and thee.

Whate'er the care which breaks thy rest,
Whate'er the wish that swells thy breast,
Spread before God that wish, that care
And change anxiety to prayer.

From Hymns selected by Rev. J. C. Ryle.

CHRIST ALL IN ALL.

IT ought to be a great encouragement to us to throw ourselves upon the tender mercies of God, as our gracious Father and Preserver, to remember that He has delegated the administration of the kingdom of this world to His Son Jesus Christ, our glorified Saviour, a righteous and a merciful King. "All power is

given unto Him in heaven and on earth." It adds strength and clearness to our convictions of God's providential government, to know that it is carried on by our great Mediator and Intercessor, by whom and for whom all things were created; who from the throne of His glory beholds and cares for the meanest as well as the mightiest of his subjects, and is the merciful Receiver of all true penitent sinners in their every hour of need and sorrow.

RIGHT REV. LORD BISHOP OF LONDON
(DR. C. J. BLOMFIELD).

CHRIST OUR COMFORTER.

CHRIST has not taken the sins alone, but the sorrows also of mankind upon Himself, for those who place their hope and put their trust in Him. He not only says, "Thy sins are forgiven thee," but adds this comfort in affliction,—“Come unto Me, all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest.”

THOMAS A KEMPIS.

THE LOVE OF GOD.

THERE is nothing small or mean to the Deity's eye. All His children are the objects of His care, all are alike proofs of His wisdom, all alike objects of His favour.

WILLIAM PALEY, D.D.

LOVE FOLLOWS EVERY TEAR.

IN the truly Christian soul, though “weeping endure for a night, joy cometh in the morning.” A sweet smile of hope and love follows every tear, and tribulation itself is turned into the chief of blessings.

JULIUS CHARLES HARE.

HONOUR GOD IN ALL THOU HAST TO BEAR.

THE devil is alwaies ready for to set forth his plough, to devyse as many wayes as he can to deface and obscure God's

glory. I wold al men wold loke to their duty as God hath called them, and honour God in al that God Hymself hath apoynted them to beare.

BISHOP LATIMER.



GOD'S DAILY CARE OF US.

“BE not thoughtful, theerfoor, for to-morrow. Everi dai hath inough adoo with her own troble. And if God doth clooth the gras of the ground, that this dai is, and to-morrow is cast into the furneis, how much moor, ye smal-faithed men, will He cloth and take care of you !”—Matt. vi. 30, 34.

TRANSLATION BY SIR JOHN CHEKE.



EACH FOUNT OF MARAH HATH A LEAF.

THUS ever on the steps of grief
Are sown the precious seeds of joy ;
Each fount of Marah hath a leaf,
Whose healing balm we may employ.

Then, 'mid life's fitful fleeting day,
Look up—the sky is bright above !
Kind voices cheer thee on thy way !
Faint spirit ! trust the God of love !

ABBY D. WOODBRIDGE.



THOU ART NEAR.

O LORD Divine ! that stooped to share
Our sharpest pang, our bitterest tear ;
On Thee we cast each earth-born care,
We smile at pain while Thou art near.

Though long the weary way we tread,
And sorrow crown each lingering year ;
No path we shun, no darkness dread,
Our hearts still whispering, Thou art near !

When drooping pleasure turns to grief,
And trembling faith is changed to fear,
The murmuring wind, the quivering leaf,
Shall softly tell us, Thou art near !

HOLMES.

BLESSED ARE THEY THAT MOURN, FOR THEY
SHALL BE COMFORTED.

IF one would know the blessedness of mourning for the sake of being comforted, one must think what God's comfort means. Ah ! how different a thing that is, to what ours often is ! God's comfort is no mere soothing, no temporary opiate to lull our griefs to sleep, only to break forth anew until time shall heal them. God's comfort means, what the word itself holds indeed—strengthening. Not always the removal of the pain, but the nerving us to bear it. Not something in place of that whose loss we mourn, but acquiescence in the loss, and a blessed faith about it. Not the taking from our shoulders the cross that galls them, but the making us love it, and glory in it, so that we heed not the galling. Not lifting us over the difficult and stony and precipitous places, but nerving us to walk them with unflinching foot and brave heart. And if we be not natively strong enough to walk this path alone and unaided (and who will make that vain boast ?), surely it is a blessed thing sometimes to have to cry out for God's comforting help, that we may learn how blessed it is to mourn.

REV. GEORGE W. CONDER.

DISCIPLINE A BLESSING.

IF we grow fond of our gifts, fancy that they belong to us, and are perpetually to remain with us ; if we lean upon them, and expect to be considered for them, we shall sink into all the bitterness of grief as soon as all these false and transitory benefits pass away, as soon as our vain and childish minds, unfraught with solid pleasures, become destitute even of those which are imaginary. But if we do not suffer ourselves to be transported with prosperity, neither shall we be reduced by adversity. Our souls will be proof against the dangers of both these states; and having

explored our strength, we shall be sure of it, for in the midst of felicity we shall have tried how we can bear misfortune.

LORD BOLINGBROKE.



GOD'S IDEA OF YOUR LIFE IS THAT IT SHOULD
BE A LIFE OF PLEASANTNESS, BEAUTY,
AND JOY.

REALIZE this great truth—that God's idea of your life is that it should be a life of pleasantness, beauty, and joy—that you are not called upon to go through the world with broken hearts and streaming eyes, lacerating the flesh, pining and fasting, shutting yourselves up in solitude in monasteries or in convents, groaning in spirit, seeing nothing to laugh at and nothing to elate. It is His idea that while there is that in you which is solid and holy, there should also be that which is beautiful and graceful, and that you should feel this life to be a blessed and joyous thing, a perpetual solace and song. And though you will of necessity have your afflictions and trials, and a variety of things to bring a cloud over the mind, yet, if the heart be in good health and the soul in a right condition, you can bear up against them, ay, and improve them, and cause them to issue in blessings, so long as “the iron” has not “entered the soul,” and the soul itself is not wounded by sin. Now do think of this; believe that God means your life to be a joyous and blessed thing, and that religion has come down from the throne of God to take you by the hand, even as a little child, and to lead you into the paths of pleasantness and peace; that you should be always thus near to God; and instead of laying it down as a law that you must of necessity, till you are twenty or five-and-twenty, serve the flesh, and then be converted from the world to God, believe God's idea to be that He should take you by the hand, and that you should love to walk with Him from the first, and should take care that the devil never converts you from Him. Open your hearts to these cheerful and happy views of your heavenly and loving Father. Nothing will promote goodness, nothing will give elasticity to the religious feelings, so much as a consciousness that God in heaven is delighted with your success, and wishes that

you may come and find happiness in His bosom and in His friendship. Ay, believe it and depend upon it that far more than half—nine-tenths of the terrible evils and the bitternesses that are distilling their poison upon the hearts and homes of men would be done away with. And I beg of you to remember that the sooner you begin to find out the invariable connection between causes and results, and advance in harmony with the inherent principles of your own nature, and with God's gracious dispensation in the gospel, the more readily may you escape the rocks and whirlpools which infest the sea of life, and glide over it in calmness and serenity.

REV. T. BINNEY.

“GOD IS LOVE.”

WE cannot always trace the way
 When Thou, our gracious Lord, dost move ;
 But we can always surely say
 That Thou art love !

When fear its gloomy cloud would fling
 O'er earth, our souls to heaven above
 As to their sanctuary spring,
 For Thou art love !

When mystery shrouds our darkened path,
 We'll check our dread, our doubts reprove ;
 In this our soul sweet comfort hath,
 That Thou art love !

Yes ! Thou art love,—a truth like this
 Can every gloomy thought remove,
 And turn all tears, all woes to bliss,—
 Our God is love !

DR. PARKER.

HOPE.

THE darkest hour is that before the dawn ; when things are at the worst they mend ; the longest road has a turning—so hope bravely speaks to all. And some there are whom no misfortunes seem able to overwhelm ; blest with a happy, hopeful tempera-

ment, they ride the waves of adverse fortune like a sea-buoy, which, though submerged one moment, is up the next, mounted on the back of the billow that broke over it. No doubt a large proportion of our hopes suffer the fate of these billows, so soon as, rolling landward, they meet the shore, and breaking are dashed into froth and foam. But thanks be to God, that never hinders us from forming new hopes as yonder sea new waves, that, rising from its bosom, succeed each other so rapidly that one is no sooner broken than another comes rolling joyously in.

REV. THOMAS GUTHRIE, D.D.



CHRIST OUR REFUGE.

OH, what should we do without this everlasting source of comfort in Christ!—this powerful refuge under all distresses. How many sore calamities do we fall into, out of which no human power or wisdom can deliver us, nor show us the way out of! And how must this perplex a man, unless there were a Being above, kind and able, to have recourse to! Hope is the food and sustenance of the mind, and men will live a great while upon it, and all the while much easier, though in misery; whereas the same afflictions would, without hope, oppress them quite, and drive them to despair and madness; and this must often be the case were not the world, and men, and their affairs all in the hands of God, and in His government, who can do everything beyond what we are able to ask or think. And who would part with such a sure foundation of trust, and hope, and confidence, that is not weary of his life? Who would let go this Rock of Ages for anything else he can lay hold on in this world? Oh, may we never be forsaken by Him! yea, rather, may we never first forsake Him! All the stability of human things is the stability of wind and water, changing their face, shifting their places every moment; God alone abideth for ever, God alone is worthy of our trust, and will never deceive it. It is He alone who can extricate us out of all our difficulties, wipe away all tears and sorrows from our hearts, deliver us from our enemies, save us by few as well as many, give us no more occasions of complaint and lamentation, and turn even this to our advantage, give us the spirit of unity and love of wisdom to direct us, and

to improve us under all the dispensations of His providence. "Is any rock like our God? Who is so great a God as our God? Be Thou exalted, Lord, in Thine own strength, so will we sing and praise Thy power."

BISHOP FLEETWOOD.

SORROW NOT.

ALTHOUGH God has not seen fit to reveal to us all the mutual relations of the future state, yet some of the words that He has inspired are radiant with glory. Does He see us prostrate beside some tomb? "Sorrow not," he says, "like those who have no hope. I will bring them back; when I return, they shall be with me. At that solemn hour you living ones shall not prevent them that are asleep. In a moment, at the voice of the archangel, your beloved ones will rise again. You will come together to meet Me. Comfort ye one another with these words; do not be comforted like those who have no hope! Have you listened attentively to these sweet and soothing words? have you gathered this promise to your hearts—fully appreciated its considerate tenderness? Oh, be sure He who Himself thus loves, will never break our hearts! Sadness! yes, that is natural; but let our sadness be fraught with confidence; Jesus will bring back our lost ones with Him. A long period of waiting would distress. The living shall not prevent them that sleep. But where? How? Be not afraid; the shout of triumph sounds from one end of heaven to the other; and we shall be all assembled—all together with Jesus. "Together!" exclaims St. Paul, "risen together—together seated in heavenly places!"

MADAME DE GASPARIN.

DAWN OUT OF DARKNESS BREAKS.

FROM the dark earth, flowers;
From the black cloud, showers;
But the zephyr turns to the wintry blast,
Stealthily stealing past.

No joy new joy awakes,
Dawn out of darkness breaks,
While in the sunset's gorgeous gathering light,
Only yields us—night !

The storms that fiercely rage
Halycon calms presage ;
But in the heart of heaven's deepest blue,
Tempests their strength renew.

Be this then thy relief,
Think—though an Alp of grief
Across thy life its forward shadow throws,—
Beyond the halo glows.

Think—how through all thy days
God in mysterious ways,
From out life's lees the wine of joy has pressed,
And trust Him for the rest.

WILLIAM SAWYER.



ALL ENDS IN QUIET REST:

No note of sorrow but shall melt
In sweetest chord unguessed ;
No labour all too pressing felt,
But ends in quiet rest.

No sigh but from the harps above
Soft echoing tones shall win ;
No heart-wound but the Lord of love
Shall pour His comfort in.

No withered hope, while loving best
Thy Father's chosen way ;
No anxious care, for He will bear
Thy burdens every day.

Thy claim to rest on Jesus' breast,
All weariness shall be,
And pain, thy portal to His heart
Of boundless sympathy.

No conflict but the King's own hand
 Shall end the glorious strife
 No death but leads thee to the land
 Of everlasting life.

FRANCES RIDLEY HAVERGAL.

GOD'S WAYS ARE ALWAYS RIGHT.

BELOVED, it is well ! God's ways are always right ;
 And perfect love is o'er them all, though far above our sight.
 Beloved, it is well ! though deep and sore the smart,
 The hand that wounds knows how to bind, and heal the broken
 heart.

Beloved, it is well ! though sorrow clouds our way,
 'Twill only make the joy more dear that ushers in the day.

Beloved, it is well ! the path that Jesus trod,
 Though rough and strait, and dark it be, leads home to heaven
 and God.

From Hymns selected by Rev. J. C. Ryle.

THE SABBATH OF ETERNITY.

A FEW more rolling suns—a few more swings of Time's pendulum, and the world's curfew-bell will toll, announcing the Sabbath of eternity has come and that thy sorrows are at an end.

REV. JOHN CUMMING, D.D.

“OH that I had wings like a dove ! for then would I fly away, and be at rest.”—Psa. lv. 6.

“THERE remaineth a rest to the people of God ; let us labour therefore to enter into that rest.”—Heb. iv. 9, 11.

THE PROSPECT OF HEAVEN AN ANTIDOTE TO FEAR.

IT is appointed unto men once to die ; and doubtless this is our destiny. It is not likely that we shall be translated as were

Enoch and Elijah. We do not expect the coming of Christ before the sand of our glass has run out, and we know of no existing circumstances, or probable event, by which we may gain exemption from death. Seeing, then, that death is our destiny, it behoves us carefully and steadily to look at it as something before us. The places which know us now will cease to know us. From our homes, from the scenes of our occasional resort, from the place of public worship, we shall one day go out never to return. The best antidote to the fear and pang of dying is the sight of heaven opened, and the assurance that when we leave this world we shall go in through the pearly gates into the celestial city.

REV. SAMUEL MARTIN.



FROM GOD IS ALL THAT SOOTHES THE LIFE OF MAN.

THOU art the source and centre of all minds,
 Their only point of rest, eternal Word !
 From Thee is all that soothes the life of man,
 His high endeavour and his glad success,
 His strength to suffer and his will to serve.
 But oh ! Thou bounteous Giver of all good,
 Thou art of all Thy gifts Thyself the crown !
 Give what Thou canst, without Thee we are poor ;
 And with Thee rich, take what Thou wilt away.

COWPER.



WE SEE IN ALL THE FINGER OF GOD.

BUT while the Lord giveth He also taketh away. Herein is another aspect of the divine government. Our heaviest losses and our most bitter bereavements are not the results of accident. It is not alone to the insidious disease we are to trace the hand of death which tore from the child the parent, or from the parent the child ; nor are we to ascribe alone the blighted hope, the broken heart, and the deep mourning which comes to us so often—we are not to ascribe these things to outward causes or to mere

secondary laws ; but we are to see in each and all “ the finger of God.” Whatever the means or the agency employed, intelligent design may be discovered in every particular.

REV. W. D. HORWOOD.



GOD ORDERS ALL THINGS.

How magnificent is this idea of God’s government !—that He inspects the whole and every part of His universe every moment, and orders it according to the counsels of His infinite goodness and wisdom by His omnipotent will ; whose thought is power ; and His acts ten thousand times quicker than the light, unconfused in a multiplicity exceeding number, and unwearied through eternity !

DR. OGDEN.



HOW TO BEAR THY CROSS.

How shalt thou bear the cross that now
So dread a weight appears ?
Keep quietly to God, and think
Upon the eternal years.

Austerity is little help,
Although it somewhat cheers ;
Thine oil of gladness is the thought
Of the eternal years.

Set hours and written rules are good,
Long prayers can lay our fears ;
But it is better calm for thee
To count the eternal years.

Oh ! many things are good for souls,
In proper times and spheres ;
Thy present good is in thy thought
Of the eternal years.

Thy self-upbraiding is a snare,
 Though meekness it appears ;
 More humbling is it far for thee
 To face the eternal years.

Brave quiet is the thing for thee,
 Chiding thy scrupulous fears ;
 Learn to be real from the thought
 Of the eternal years.

Bear gently, suffer like a child,
 Nor be ashamed of tears ;
 Kiss the sweet cross, and in thy heart
 Sing of th' eternal years.

Thy cross is quite enough for thee,
 Though little it appears ;
 For there is hid in it the weight
 Of the eternal years.

Death will have rainbows round it, seen
 Through calm contrition's tears,
 If tranquil Hope but trims her lamp
 At the eternal years.

REV. F. W. FABER.



EVERY SECRET PRAYER CAN BE HEARD IN HEAVEN.

THERE is something in the thought of being surrounded, even upon earth, by the Majesty on high, that gives a peculiar elevation and serenity of soul.

To be assured in the loneliest hour of unknown or neglected sorrow that every sigh ascends to the Eternal Throne, and every secret prayer can be heard in heaven—to feel that, in every act of conscious rectitude, the heart can appeal, amidst all the contradiction of sinners, to One who seeth not as man seeth—produces a peace which the world can never give. Feeling itself, like Enoch, walking with God, the heart perceives a spirituality and purity in every joy, a mercy and a balm in every sorrow, and exalted above the intrusions of an intermeddling world, has its “conversation in heaven.”

REV. — MATHEW.

THE VOICE OF MERCY.

THE stormy winds raved loud, and vexed
 The chafing waters' troubled breast—
 When lo ! a voice of mercy spake,
 And soothed the ruffled waves to rest.
 Saviour, when thy poor wayward child
 Droops faithlessly, 'midst doubt or ill,
 Thy voice shall calm the inward strife,
 And bid her aching heart be still.

LADY FLORA HASTINGS.



PASS ALONG THE NARROW PATH OF GOD.

RAISE that face of sorrow from the sod ;
 Casting off thy sins and thy disgraces,
 Issuing from utter tribulations,
 Struggling from the serpent's fierce embraces,
 Pass along the narrow path of God.

ROBERT BUCHANAN.



I WAIT THE LIGHT ABOVE.

MY God, the covenant of Thy love abides for ever sure ;
 And in its matchless grace I feel my happiness secure.
 Since Thou, the everlasting God, my Father art become,
 Jesus my Guardian and my Friend, and heaven my final home,
 I welcome all thy sovereign will, for all that will is love ;
 And when I know not what Thou dost, I wait the light above.
 Thy covenant, in the darkest gloom, shall heavenly rays
 impart,
 Which, when mine eyelids close in death, shall warm my chilling
 heart.

DR. DODDRIDGE.

THE BODY SHALL SHARE IN THE FULNESS OF SALVATION.

EVEN the body shall share in the fulness of salvation. It seems as if this could not be. But it dies that it may be quickened anew into immortality; and the process of dissolution through which it passes is but a preparation for glory. True, the brain becomes inactive, the limbs fail from their accustomed activity, the eyes are closed and dark, the heart ceases to beat, and the flesh decayeth and drieth up in dust, and all appearances are against the revival and reconstruction of the dead and disorganized frame. But appearances do not daunt us in the presence of almighty power and divine promises. We ask with the patriarch, "*If a man die, shall he live again?*" And the patriarch himself will give the answer, "I know that my Redeemer liveth, and that He shall stand at the latter day upon the earth. And though after my skin worms destroy this body, yet in my flesh shall I see God, whom I shall see for myself, and mine eyes shall behold, and not another, though my veins be consumed within me." We receive the answer of the prophet, "Thy dead men shall live; together with my dead body shall they arise. Awake and sing, ye that dwell in dust; for thy dew is as the dew of herbs, and the earth shall cast out the dead." We receive the answer of the apostle, "He shall change our vile body, that it may be fashioned like unto His glorious body, according to the working whereby He is able to subdue all things unto Himself." Here is the climax; higher than this, aspiration cannot soar, and thought cannot climb—"like unto His glorious body." What its fashion and image shall be, we know not. None of living men have beheld the model to which it is to be made like; we can in this, as in many other things but dimly revealed, only speak in general terms, and say of the resurrection body that it shall be holy and perfect, vigorous and spiritual—nobler than the body of the first man, since it shall be raised immortal and incorruptible—like unto the "glorious body" of the second man, the Lord in heaven. And when it shall be transformed into such perfection that it shall be a fit organ for the glorified spirit, and they shall be united together once more in the resurrection at the last day, grace will have crowned its work, and the salvation will be complete.

REV. THOMAS HILL.

THERE IS NO DEATH!

THERE is no death ! The stars go down
To rise upon some fairer shore ;
And bright in heaven's jewelled crown
They shine for evermore.

There is no death ! The dust we tread
Shall change beneath the summer shower
To golden grain of mellow fruit,
Or rainbow-tinted flower.

The granite rocks disorganize
To feed the hungry moss they bear ;
The forest leaves drink daily life
From out the viewless air.

There is no death ! The leaves may fall,
The flowers may fade and pass away :
They only wait through wintry hours
The coming of the May.

There is no death ! An angel form
Walks o'er the earth with silent tread ;
He bears our best loved things away,
And then we call them "dead."

He leaves our hearts all desolate,
He plucks our fairest, sweetest flowers ;
Transplanted into bliss, they now
Adorn immortal bowers.

The bird-like voice, whose joyous tones
Made glad those scenes of joy and strife,
Sings now an everlasting song
Amid the tree of life.

And where he sees a smile too bright,
Or heart too pure for taint and vice,
He bears it to that world of light,
To dwell in paradise.

Born unto that undying life,
 They leave us but to come again ;
 With joy we welcome them—the same,
 Except in sin and pain.

And ever near us, though unseen,
 The dear immortal spirits tread ;
 For all the boundless universe
 Is life—there are no dead.

LORD LYTTON.



BECAUSE he hath set his love upon Me, therefore will I deliver him ; I will set him on high, because he hath known My name ; he shall call upon Me, and I will answer him : I will be with him in trouble ; I will deliver him and honour him : with long life will I satisfy him, and show him My salvation.—PSA. xci. 14—16.



GOD'S CHOSEN CANNOT DIE.

It is not death to die ;
 To leave this weary road,
 And 'midst the brotherhood on high
 To be at home with God.

It is not death to close
 The eye long dimmed by tears,
 And wake in glorious repose
 To spend eternal years.

It is not death to bear
 The wrench that sets us free
 From dungeon chain, to breathe the air
 Of boundless liberty.

It is not death to fling
 Aside this sinful dust,
 And rise on strong exulting wing
 To live among the just.

Jesus, Thou Prince of life,
Thy chosen cannot die ;
Like Thee, they conquer in the strife
To reign with Thee on high.

DR. MALAN, translated by G. W. BETHUNE.



NOT LOST, BUT GONE BEFORE.

How mournful seems, in broken dreams,
The memory of the day
When icy death hath sealed the breath
Of some dear form of clay !

When pale, unmoved, the face we loved,
The face we thought so fair,
And the hand lies cold, whose fervent hold
Once charmed away despair.

Oh ! what could heal the grief we feel
For hopes that come no more,
Had we ne'er heard the soothing words,
"Not lost, but gone before?"

Oh ! sadly, yet with vain regret
The widowed heart must yearn ;
And mothers weep their babes asleep
In the sunlight's vain return.

The brother's heart shall rue to part
From the one through childhood known ;
And the orphan's tears lament for years
A friend and father gone.

For death and life, with ceaseless strife,
Beat wild on this world's shore,
And all our calm is in that balm,—
"Not lost, but gone before."

O world wherein nor death nor sin
Nor weary warfare dwells,
Their blessed home we parted from
With sobs and sad farewells.

Where eyes awake for whose dear sake
 Our own with tears grow dim,
 And faint accords of dying words
 Are changed for heaven's sweet hymn.

Oh ! there at last, life's trials past,
 We'll meet our loved once more,
 Whose feet have trod the path to God—
 "Not lost, but gone before."

HON. MRS. NORTON.



"PEACE, BE STILL!"

I TURNED aside
 With aching head, and heart most sorely bowed ?
 Around me cares and griefs in crushing crowd,
 While inly rose the sense, in swelling tide,
 Of weakness, insufficiency, and sin,
 And fear and gloom and doubt in mighty flood rolled in !

That rushing flood I had no strength to meet,
 Nor power to flee : my present, future, past,
 Myself, my sorrow, and my sin I cast,
 In utter helplessness, at Jesu's feet :
 Then bent me to the storm, if such His will.
 He saw the winds and waves, and whispered, "Peace, be
 still !"

And there was calm ! O Saviour, I have proved
 That Thou to help and save art *really* near.
 How else this quiet rest from grief, and fear,
 And all distress ? The cross is not removed ;
 I must go forth to bear it as before,
 But, leaning on Thine arm, I dread its weight no more.

FRANCES RIDLEY HAVERGAL.

MAY SOME COMFORT REACH THY SOUL.

So may some comfort reach thy soul wayfaring,
 While the days run, and the swift glories shine,
 And something God-like shall that soul grow, sharing
 The attitude divine.

Silent, supreme, sad, wondering, quiescent,
 Seeking to fathom with the spirit-sight
 The problem of the Shadow of the Present,
 Born of eternal Light.

ROBERT BUCHANAN.



GOD O'ER ALL FOR EVER REIGNS!

God liveth ever !

Wherefore, soul, despair thou never !
 He who can earth and heaven control,
 Who spreads the clouds o'er sea and land,
 Whose presence fills the mighty whole,
 In each true heart is close at hand.
 Love Him, He will surely send
 Help and joy that never end.
 Soul, remember in thy pains,
 God o'er all for ever reigns !

God liveth ever !

Wherefore, soul, despair thou never !
 Scarce canst thou bear thy cross ? Then fly
 To Him where rest is only sweet.
 Thy God is great, His mercy nigh,
 His strength upholds the tottering feet.
 Trust Him, for His grace is sure,
 Ever doth His truth endure.
 Soul, forget not in thy pains,
 God o'er all for ever reigns !

God liveth ever !
 Wherefore, soul, despair thou never !
 What though thou tread with bleeding feet
 A thorny path of grief and gloom ?
 Thy God will choose the way most meet
 To lead thee heavenward, lead thee home.
 For this life's long night of sadness,
 He will give thee peace and gladness !
 Soul, forget not in thy pains,
 God o'er all for ever reigns !

ZEHN.

THE TRUEST WISDOM.

THE world's a room of sickness, where each heart
 Knows its own anguish and unrest ;
 The truest wisdom there, and noblest art,
 Is this who skills of comfort best ;
 Whom by the softest step and gentlest tone
 Enfeebled spirits own,
 And love to raise the languid eye
 When, like an angel's wing, they feel him fleeting by.

REV. JOHN KEBLE.

USE THE BITTER AND THE SWEET.

IF, within thy narrow border,
 Many bitter herbs are set,
 Duly trained and kept in order,
 They may recompense thee yet :
 Use the bitter and the sweet,
 As thy med'cine and thy meat.
 They who in appointed duty
 Live most secretly with God
 Shall come forth in fullest beauty,
 Blossoming like Aaron's rod.
 Plants can flourish in the dark
 If within the golden ark.

LADY TEIGNMOUTH.

WHY THUS COMPLAIN ?

O TROUBLED soul, why thus complain ?
 Why thus great Providence arraign ?
 Poor feeble heart ! thy troubles still,
 And hide thyself in God's great will !

'Tis true, He now thy strength doth try,
 Like birds, that teach their young to fly ;
 But when thou sinkest He will bring
 Beneath thy fall His own great wing.

THOS. C. UPHAM.



"WHEN thou hast thanked thy God for every blessing sent,
 What time will then remain for murmurs or lament ?"

ARCHBISHOP TRENCH.



ALL ARE NOT TAKEN.

ALL are not taken ; there are left behind
 Living beloveds, tender looks to bring
 And make the daylight still a happy thing,
 And tender voices to make soft the wind :
 But if it were not so—if I could find
 No love in all the world for comforting,
 Nor any path but hollowly did ring
 Where "dust to dust" the love from life disjoined,
 And if, before those sepulchres unmoving
 I stood alone (as some forsaken lamb
 Goes bleating up the moors in weary dearth)
 Crying, "Where are ye, O my loved and loving ?"
 I know a voice would sound, Daughter, "*I am.*
 Can I suffice for *heaven* and not for earth ?"

MRS. E. B. BROWNING.

CHRIST'S OWN BEQUEST.

PEACE, peace !

Wrought by the Spirit of might.
In thy deepest sorrow and sorest strife,
In the changes and chances of mortal life,
It is thine, beloved ! Christ's own bequest,
Which vainly the tempter shall strive to wrest ;
It is now thy right.

Peace, peace !

Look for its bright increase ;
Deepening, widening, year by year,
Like a sunlit river, strong, calm, and clear ;
Lean on His love through this earthly vale,
For His word and His work shall never fail,
And "He is our peace."

FRANCES RIDLEY HAVERGAL.



NOT all the props you can employ can raise up the battered
downtrodden flower so well as the genial sunshine. So this
drooping flower turns his leaves to the great Sun of righteous-
ness.

REV. J. R. MACDUFF, D.D.



STAND FAST IN SUFFERING.

DESPAIR not in the vale of woe,
Where many joys from suffering flow.
Oft breathes simoom, and close behind
A breath of God doth softly blow.
Clouds threaten—but a ray of light,
And not of lightning, falls below.
How many winters o'er thy head
Have past ! yet bald it does not show.
Thy branches are not bare, and yet
What storms have shook them to and fro !

To thee has time brought many joys,
 If many it has bid to go ;
 And seasoned has with bitterness
 Thy cup, that flat it should not grow.
 Trust in that veiled hand, which leads
 None by the path that he would go ;
 And always be for change prepared,
 For the world's law is ebb and flow.
 Stand fast in suffering, until He
 Who called it shall dismiss also ;
 And from that Lord all good expect,
 Who many mercies strews below ;
 Who in life's narrow gardenstrip
 Has bid delights unnumbered blow.

ARCHBISHOP TRENCH.



THE bad grows better when we well sustain.

DRYDEN.



O HOLY HOPE !

THEY are all gone into the world of light,
 And I alone sit lingering here ;
 Their very memory is fair and bright,
 And my sad thoughts doth clear.
 It glows and glitters in my cloudy breast
 Like stars upon some gloomy grove,
 Or those faint beams in which this hill is drest
 After the sun's remove.
 I see them walking in an air of glory,
 Whose life doth trample on my days—
 My days, which are at best but dull and hoary,
 Mere glimmering and decays.
 O holy hope ! and high humility—
 High as the heavens above !
 These are your walks, and you have showed them me
 To kindle my cold love.

If a star were confined into a tomb,
 Her captive flames must needs burn there ;
 But when the hand that locked her up gives room,
 She'll shine through all the sphere.

O Father of eternal life, and all
 Created glories under Thee !
 Resume Thy spirit from this world of thrall
 Into true liberty.

Either disperse these mists, which blot and fill
 My perspective still as they pass ;
 Or else remove me hence unto that hill
 Where I shall need no glass.

REV. HENRY VAUGHAN.



SEEK IMMORTALITY.

KNOWING as you do that you have "here no continuing city," will ye not at once engage yourselves in "seeking one to come"? Will ye be content to abide, unthinking and unprepared, in the frail tabernacle which in an instant may dissolve, and neglect to secure, while the opportunity is all your own, "a building of God, a house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens?" Will ye, whose days are but as a span long, and whose life itself is but "a vapour that appeareth for a little time and then vanisheth away,"—will ye not be made partakers and inheritors of a kingdom that cannot be moved? Earth! wilt thou return to earth? or shall the unfettered spirit, when released by death ascend to Him who gave it? Thing of dust, and yet instinct with noble faculties and expansive capacities and aspiring hopes and affections, which not only run parallel with life, but are capable of surviving death! wilt thou lie down in the dark grave without a ray of hope in that dreary resting-place, or wilt thou pass from this world, bequeathing to those who shall survive the invaluable legacy of thy expiring testimony, "I know that my Redeemer liveth, and that He shall stand at the latter day upon the earth; and though after my skin worms destroy this body, yet in my flesh shall I see God"? Immortal child of clay! wilt thou cleave to the sordid clod, or claim sublimest immortality? Thou whom God calls, wilt thou not hearken? Thou whom

Christ invites, wilt thou not approach? Thou in whom, though a compound of frail flesh, the Holy Spirit deigns to strive, wilt thou not fear to exhaust the longsuffering and loving kindness of Him who said, "My spirit shall not always strive with men"? If, indeed, any had a "continuing city" of their own—a refuge which no adverse power could penetrate—a lurking-place which even the eye of God could not explore, so remote that His presence could not reach it, so inaccessible that His Spirit could not enter and pervade it—we might leave such unadmonished and unimplored.

CANON DALE.



NOTHING CAN SEPARATE ME FROM THE LOVE OF GOD.

DOUBT is weakness and not strength, discouragement and not stimulus. It is when I know that God is on my side that I do not fear what man can do unto me. It is when I know in whom I have believed that I am ready to lay down my life for His sake. All the strength of my obedience and fidelity and self-sacrifice is strength which comes of the joy of the Lord—the joy of knowing that God loves me though I rebel—the joy of knowing that He will carry on the good work in me that He has begun—the joy of knowing that nothing can separate me from the love of God. This is a joy that nerves the arm with strength in the day of battle, that fills the soul with patience in the time of sickness, and that gives its gleam of triumph to the dying eye.

REV. HENRY ALLON.



DIVINE GRACE.

OH the blessed hope and joyful expectation that attends a spiritual mind, especially when it is enlivened and assisted by the powerful influence of divine grace! For without that even good men may be liable to some dejections and fears as to another world, from the vastness of the change, the sense of their failings, the weakness of their minds, and mistrust of their own fitness for heaven; but so great is the goodness and mercy of God towards them that sincerely love and fear Him, that He always makes

their passage safe, though it be not so triumphant. And although the valley of the shadow of death may seem gloomy and uncomfortable at a distance, yet when God is pleased to conduct His servants through it, He makes it a happy passage into a state of glorious immortality and everlasting life and peace.

BISHOP STILLINGFLEET.

THE EYE OF FAITH.

THE humble Christian, on his dying bed, sensible of a thousand failings and imperfections, still looks with the eye of faith on his Redeemer ; and his soul, like the flight of an eagle towards the heavens, soars to the region of everlasting happiness.

EDWARD JESSE.

GOOD SHALL FALL AT LAST TO ALL.

OH! yet we trust that, somehow, good
 Will be the final goal of all,
 To pangs of nature, sins of will,
 Defects of doubt, and taints of blood ;
 That nothing walks with aimless feet ;
 That not one life shall be destroyed,
 Or cast as rubbish to the void.
 When God hath made the pile complete.
 That not a worm is cloven in vain ;
 That not a moth with vain desire
 Is shrivelled in a fruitless fire,
 Or but subserves another's gain.
 Behold ! we know not anything ;
 I can but trust that good shall fall,
 At last, far off, at last, to all,
 And every winter change to spring.
 So runs my dream—but what am I ?
 An infant crying in the night ;
 An infant crying for the light,
 And with no language but a cry.

TENNYSON.

THE EYE OF FAITH THAT SEES THE PROMISED DAY.

OH, my friend,
 That thy faith were as mine !—that thou couldst see
 Death still producing life, and evil still
 Working its own destruction ; couldst behold
 The strifes and troubles of this troubled world
 With the strong eye that sees the promised day
 Dawn through this night of tempest ! All things then
 Would minister to joy ; then should thine heart
 Be healed and harmonized, and thou wouldst feel
 God always, everywhere, and all in all.

SOUTHEY.



NO MORE TEARS.

FAITH draws the distant vision nigh,
 Where basks her child in thornless bowers ;
 While cherub hands suppress each sigh,
 And wreath her heart with fadeless flowers.

In that bright world no *tears* are seen,
 For God hath wiped all *tears* away ;
 Earth's last deep groan of anguish keen
 Ne'er mingles with Redemption's lay.

Washed in the Saviour's cleansing blood,
 The white-robed saints in glory stand,
 Hailing Earth's lingerers o'er the flood
 To the full bliss of Canaan's land.

Oh, blest reunion ! No more *tears*
 Shall dim the sun-blaze of the soul,
 But smiles shall be the chroniclers
 Of joys that own not death's control.

REV. W. J. BROCK.

WAIT ON GOD, AND HE SHALL SHINE UPON THEE.

GOD never shows so much of Himself as in suffering, and parting with anything for Him and denying ourselves of that which we think stands not with His will. God is no barren wilderness. One sweet beam of His countenance will requite all this. Wait then still upon God, and He shall shine upon thee.

RICHARD SIBBES, D.D.

THY HIGHER BEING LINKED WITH HERS AT LAST.

To "rise, and live again :"
Brighter the rising than the sunset glow,
Freer the gaze that mounts new spheres to know—
Oh ! then, "to die is gain."

The mantling blush of even
Sheds o'er the distant world a thousand dyes,
The spreading cloudland bathed in glory lies
O'er earth the smile of heaven ;

But, when the sweet Day breaks
No sadness enters, whispering "farewell"—
No echo of the mournful tolling bell
The secret sigh awakes :

Both transient, both of earth ;
And yet we catch a differing strain beneath :
The one, despite its glories, speaks of death,
The other of new birth.

And thus I hail the morn ;
And in each radiant beam of opening day
I see the God-smile which illumed her way
When freed and upward borne :

And hush each throb of pain,
Wakened by thoughts of what was once so bright—
The beautiful, now hidden from our sight—
'Twill "rise and live again."

Oh! then, my soul, hope on ;
 Stretch forth thy wing, renewed and purified,
 That when, across the waters that divide,
 It gladsome nears the sun,
 Freed from each transient stain,
 All earthly conflict closed, all sorrows past,
 Thy higher being, linked with hers at last,
 May "rise and live again."

THE AUTHOR OF "VASCO."

HOPE ON, HOPE EVER.

HOPE on, hope ever ; though to-day be dark,
 The sweet sunburst may smile on thee to-morrow :
 Though thou art lonely, there's an eye will mark
 Thy loneliness, and guerdon all thy sorrow !
 Though thou must toil 'mong cold and sordid men,
 With none to echo back thy thought, or love thee,
 Cheer up, poor heart ! thou dost not beat in vain,
 For God is over all, and heaven above thee ;
 Hope on, hope ever.

The iron may enter in and pierce thy soul,
 But cannot kill the love within thee burning ;
 The tears of misery, thy bitter dole,
 Can never quench thy true heart's seraph yearning
 For better things ; nor crush thy ardour's trust
 That error from the mind shall be uprooted,
 That truths shall dawn as flowers spring from the dust,
 And love be cherished where hate was embruted ;
 Hope on, hope ever.

I know 'tis hard to bear the sneer and taunt,
 With the heart's honest pride at midnight wrestle ;
 To feel the killing cankerworm of want,
 While rich rogues in their stolen luxury nestle ;
 For I have felt it. Yet from earth's cold real
 My soul looks out on coming things, and cheerful
 The warm sunrise floods all the land ideal,
 And still it whispers to the worn and tearful,
 Hope on, hope ever.

Hope on, hope ever ; after darkest night
Comes, full of loving life, the laughing morn—
Hope on, hope ever ; spring-tide, flushed with light,
Aye crowns old winter with her rich adorning.

GERALD MASSEY.



BE NOT CAST DOWN.

WHERE are the swallows fled ?

Frozen and dead,
Perchance upon some bleak and stormy shore.
O doubting heart !
Far over purple seas,
They wait in sunny ease
The balmy southern breeze,
To bring them to their northern home once more.

Why must the flowers die ?

Prison'd they lie
In the cold tomb, heedless of tears or rain.
O doubting heart !
They only sleep below
The soft white ermine snow
While winter winds shall blow,
To breathe and smile upon you soon again.

The sun has hid its rays

These many days ;
Will dreary hours never leave the earth ?

O doubting heart !
The stormy clouds on high
Veil the same sunny sky
That soon—for spring is nigh—
Shall wake the summer into golden mirth.

Fair hope is dead, and light

Is quenched in night ;
What sound can break the silence of despair,
O doubting heart ?

The sky is overcast,
 Yet stars shall rise at last,
 Brighter for darkness past,
 And angels' silver voices stir the air.

ADELAIDE A. PROCTER.

HAVE FAITH.

IT is a broad river that faith will not look over ; it is a mighty and a broad sea that they of a lively hope cannot behold the farthest bank and other shore of. Look over the water ; your anchor is fixed within the veil ; the one end of the cable is about the person of Christ, and the other is entered within the veil, whither the forerunner is entered for you.

SAMUEL RUTHERFORD.

IN time of danger, sickness, or temptation, faith flutters not, nor struggles hard to help itself, but "stands still and sees the salvation of God." The eye is singly fixed on Jesus ; the heart is calmly waiting for Him, and Jesus brings relief. Faith calls, and Jesus answers, "Here I am to save thee."

BISHOP BERRIDGE.

REALMS OF GLORY LIE BEFORE THEE.

LEAVE behind thy faithless sorrow
 And thine every anxious care ;
 He who only knows the morrow
 Can for thee its burden bear.
 Leave behind the doubting spirit,
 And thy crushing load of sin ;
 By thy mighty Saviour's merit
 Life eternal thou shalt win.
 Leave the darkness gathering o'er thee,
 Leave the shadow-land behind ;
 Realms of glory lie before thee ;
 Enter in and welcome find.

FRANCES RIDLEY HAVERGAL.

LEARN TO TRUST THE SAVIOUR.

YOUR heavenly Father will never suffer you to be tempted above that ye are able ; but with the temptation or trial He will make a way to escape. With the thorn He will give the grace. There are many things you cannot make out now ; they will all be cleared up hereafter. Meanwhile learn to trust the Saviour where you cannot trace Him, and do not be weary at the length of the trials, the weight of the affliction, the lacerating of the thorn. *All* will finally be for your glory. God's time is not your time ; and how know you but that your patience may be working experience, and experience, hope, and finally, hope being exchanged for sight, you will find that all things have worked together for good. You will learn that God stayeth His rough wind in the day of His east wind ; that He will temper the wind to the shorn lamb ;—that His grace is sufficient for thee, His strength shall be made perfect in your weakness.

REV. J. MORTLOCK BROWN, B.A.



TIME LULLS TO SAD REPOSE.

O TIME ! who know'st a lenient hand to lay
Softest on sorrow's wound, and slowly thence,
Lulling to sad repose the weary sense,
The faint pang stealest unperceived away ;
On Thee I rest my only hope at last,
And think, when thou hast dried the bitter tear
That flows in vain o'er all my soul held dear,
I may look back on every sorrow past,
And meet life's peaceful evening with a smile ;
As some love-bird, at day's departing hour,
Sings in the sunbeam, of the transient shower
Forgetful, though its wings are wet the while :
Yet ah ! how much must that poor heart endure
Which hopes from thee, and thee alone, a cure !

WM. LISLE BOWLES.

NO CLOUD ACROSS THE SUN BUT PASSES
AT LAST.

No—I'll trust yet—
Some have gone mad for less ; but why should I ?
Who live in time and not eternity.
'Twill end, all end ; no cloud across the sun
But passes at the last, and gives us back
The face of God once more.

* * * * *

O Lord, my Lord, I thank Thee !
Loving and merciful and tender-hearted,
And e'en in fiercest wrath remembering mercy.

REV. CHARLES KINGSLEY.



O LORD, rebuke me not in Thy wrath, neither chasten me in
Thy hot displeasure. —Psa. vi. 1.

As many as I love, I rebuke and chasten.—Rev. iii. 19.

FOR Thy righteousness' sake bring my soul out of trouble.—
Psa. cxliii. 11.

HE preserveth the souls of His saints.—Psa. xcvi. 10.

I KNOW, O Lord, that Thy judgments are right, and that Thou
in faithfulness hast afflicted me.—Psa. cxix. 75.

“IN a little wrath I hid My face from thee for a moment, but
with everlasting kindness will I have mercy on thee, saith the
Lord thy Redeemer.”—Isa. liv. 8.



'Tis a mercy to have that taken from us which takes us from
God.

JOHN VENNING.



MAN may dismiss compassion from his heart,
But God will never.

COWPER.

GREAT YOUR STRENGTH IF GREAT YOUR NEED.

OFT in sorrow, oft in woe,
Onward, Christians, onward go ;
Fight the fight, maintain the strife,
Strengthened with the bread of life.

Let your drooping hearts be glad ;
March in heavenly armour clad ;
Fight, nor think the battle long,
Soon shall victory tune your song.

Let not sorrow dim your eye,
Soon shall every tear be dry ;
Let not fears your course impede,
Great your strength if great your need.

Onward then, to glory move,
More than conquerors ye shall prove ;
Though opposed by many a foe,
Christian soldiers, onward go.

KIRKE WHITE.



“WAIT PATIENTLY FOR HIM.”

GOD doth not bid thee wait
To disappoint at last ;
A golden promise, fair and great,
In precept-mould is cast.
Soon shall the morning gild
The dark horizon-rim,
Thy heart's desire shall be fulfilled,
“ *Wait* patiently for Him.”

The weary waiting times
Are but the muffled peals
Low preluding celestial chimes,
That hail his chariot wheels.
Trust Him to tune thy voice
To blend with seraphim ;
His “ *Wait* ” shall issue in “ *Rejoice !* ”
“ *Wait* *patiently* for Him.”

FRANCES RIDLEY HAVERGAL.

DIRECTED OF GOD.

KNOW well, my soul, God's hand controls
 Whate'er thou fearest ;
 Round Him, in calmest music, rolls
 Whate'er thou hearest.

What to thee is shadow to Him is day,
 And the end He knoweth ;
 And not on a blind and aimless way
 The Spirit goeth.

J. G. WHITTIER.

NOTHING can occur beyond the strength of faith to sustain, or
 transcending the resources of religion to relieve.

REV. T. BINNEY.

REST IS IN HEAVEN.

My rest is in heaven, my rest is not here,
 Then why should I murmur when trials are near ?
 Be hushed, my dark spirit ; the worst that can come
 But shortens thy journey and hastens thee home.

It is not for me to be seeking my bliss,
 And building my hopes in a region like this ;
 I look for a city that hands have not piled,
 I pant for a country by sin undefiled.

The thorn and the thistle around me may grow,
 I would not lie down upon roses below ;
 I ask not a portion, I seek not a rest,
 Till I find them for ever on Jesu's kind breast.

Afflictions may press me, they cannot destroy ;
 One glimpse of Thy love turns them all into joy ;
 And the bitterest tears, if Thou smile but on them,
 Like dew in the sunshine, grow diamond and gem.

Let doubt then and danger my progress oppose,
 They only make heaven more sweet at the close ;
 Come joy or come sorrow, whate'er may befall,
 An hour with my God will make up for them all.

A scrip on my back, and a staff in my hand,
I march on in haste through an enemy's land ;
The road may be rough, but it cannot be long,
And I'll smooth it with hope, and I'll cheer it with song.

REV. H. F. LYTE.



BELIEF IN GOD'S GRACE.

O MERCIFUL One,
When men are farthest, then Thou art most near ;
When friends pass by, my weakness shun,
Thy chariot I hear.

Thy glorious face
Is beaming towards me, and its holy light
Shines in upon my lonely dwelling-place,
And there is no more night.

On my bended knee
I recognise Thy purpose, clearly shown ;
My vision thou hast dimmed, that I may see
Thyself—Thyself alone.

I have nought to fear ;
This darkness is the shadow of Thy wing ;
Beneath it I am almost sacred ; here
Can come no evil thing.

Oh ! I seem to stand
Trembling, where foot of mortal ne'er hath been,
Wrapped in the radiance of Thy sinless land,
Which eye hath never seen.

ELIZABETH LLOYD.



THE HAVEN IS NEARING.

THE haven is nearing—star after star is quenched in more
glorious effulgence—every bound of these dark waves is bringing
thee nearer the eternal shore.

REV. J. R. MACDUFF, D.D.

THERE ARE DAYS OF SUNNY REST.

DEEM not that they are blest alone
 Whose days a peaceful tenor keep :
 The anointed Son of God makes known
 A blessing for the eyes that weep.

The light of smiles shall fill again
 The lids that overflow with tears,
 And weary hours of woe and pain
 Are promises of happier years.

Oh, there are days of sunny rest,
 For every dark and troubled night ;
 And grief may bide, an evening guest,
 But joy shall come with early light.
 And thou, who o'er thy friend's low bier
 Dost shed the bitter drops like rain,
 Hope that a brighter, happier sphere
 Will give him to thy arms again.

For God hath marked each sorrowing day,
 And numbered every secret tear ;
 And heaven's long age of bliss shall pay
 For all His children suffer here.

WM. CULLEN BRYANT.



BELIEVE me, upon the margin of celestial streams alone
 those simples grow which cure the heartache.

LONGFELLOW.



CALM ME, MY GOD.

CALM me, my God, and keep me calm,
 Soft resting on Thy breast ;
 Soothe me with holy hymn and psalm,
 And bid my spirit rest.
 Calm as the ray of sun or star
 Which storms assail in vain,
 Moving unruffled through earth's war,
 Th' eternal calm to gain.

REV. HORATIUS BONAR.

GOD'S WILL, NOT OURS.

WE should do well to bear in mind that God does not always give *the* answer we want. St. Paul would have had the thorn depart from him. This is not done, but grace is given sufficient to enable him to bear up under its laceratings. Ever bear this in mind. Wearied and tossed about, and troubled to death—praying, and seemingly getting no answer,—ever remember this: the Saviour's grace is sufficient for you; sufficient to save. it is sufficient to keep, to sustain, to comfort, to sanctify, to revive you in life, and finally to bear you up in death. Sufficient in life, it will be sufficient in death, and then sufficient in eternity.

REV. J. MORTLOCK BROWN, B.A.

GOD tempers the wind to the shorn lamb.

LAURENCE STERNE.

RELIGION.

RELIGION trains to endurance the imprisoned soul;
And teaching how with deepest gloom to cope,
Bids patience light her lamp when sets the sun of hope.

HON. MRS. NORTON.

WE SHALL BLESS GOD FOR OUR AFFLICTIONS.

I SAY to you, speaking of God's providential dealings with yourselves, that it is the privilege of faith to believe that God's way is perfect. You cannot understand the way in which God has dealt. If I take any fifty of His children, the way in which God has dealt with them from their cradles to this moment, the widely different way, the different positions in society into which He has thrown them—the different measure of this world's wealth which He has given them—the varied trials which they have been called upon to pass through,—we cannot account for them; we cannot understand why God should seem to let the sun shine so constantly upon one, and why He should so constantly cause others to walk through gloom and darkness;

why some perhaps have only had their lot of happiness and comfort interrupted occasionally, while others perhaps have scarcely known for the last twenty years an unanxious day, an unanxious night, or an unanxious hour. And how can we account for this? Faith must come in; and you must be sure of this, my dear friends—the truth on which I pray you to fasten your faith,—that from eternity God has ever had but one design in His heart with regard to His own children; that from the moment in which you were born into the world God has never swerved from that design; and that the object of every solemn dealing of God with you, the object of every tear which you have been called upon to shed, the object of every burden which you have ever been allowed to bear—the object of the withering and the blasting of every gourd under which, in this weary world, you had been for a while taking shelter, has been the object of furthering His great and unchangeable purpose; and that purpose is, in the magnificent words of St. Paul to the Romans, “that you might be conformed to the image of His Son.”

Ah, my dear friends, God has made no mistake; there is no want of wisdom, there is no want of love. What will be the rapture of God’s children when they look back and see “He led me forth by the right way”! Then, when we see all clearly, we shall all be ready to bless God—Naaman for his leprosy; Bartimæus for his blindness; Job for his afflictions; all of us for the very things which were our greatest trials here. I do verily believe, in my heart of hearts, that when we get into God’s presence, and when we are allowed to ask our heavenly Father questions, or when the light of eternity comes flooding upon the path by which we have been led to glory, the very darkest enigmas will be the themes for the loudest praises, and that the very things of all others for which we shall most adoringly bless God, and in praising Him for which we shall sweep our heavenly harp with a touch of the most loving and fervent intensity, will be those mercies which came to us in disguise, but which God knew to be necessary for us, and by means of which God prepared us and sanctified us, denying us often what we wanted, or giving an answer to our prayers in some other form than we expected, and all because He was too good to do as we do with our earthly children. For there is one difference: God loves His children too well to spoil them. He loves His children with a

love beside which the love of the fondest mother is coldness. It is eternal, unchangeable ; it is love which will never let them go ; but because it is perfect love it will be found, when we get to our heavenly home, it never spoilt one of His children. And why does He not ? The answer is, "As for God, His way is perfect."

CANON MILLER, D.D.

CHILD, there is One, the High above all height,
Who doth not scorn thee—
Ever from Him may beams of heavenly light
Comfort, but warn thee.

H. H. WELD.

Two things should comfort suffering Christians, viz., all that they suffer is not hell ; yet it is all the hell they shall suffer.

REV. JOHN MASON.

COME unto Me, all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest. Take My yoke upon you, and learn of Me ; for I am meek and lowly in heart : and ye shall find rest unto your souls. For My yoke is easy, and My burden is light.—Matt. xi. 28—30.

ON God's eternal dial
God's eternal sunbeams shine.
Believe in God.

THOMAS COOPER.

I WILL ARISE, AND GO TO MY FATHER.

THERE is a real happiness indeed, even if it be not realized at the time, which may be gathering up in clouds and tears,—for all those clouds are breaking away one after another. Those very tears shall catch the light of the love of God, and make a rainbow round the head of that man, who in the midst of all his sorrows says, I will arise and go to my Father !

REV. C. D. MARSTON, M.A.

GOD RULETH OVER ALL.

WITHOUT the permission of our heavenly Father not “even a sparrow falleth to the ground ;” we are sure, therefore, that the chain of events which draws after it the growth or dissolution of mighty empires is suspended from the right hand of His power, and that although the links thereof may seem to be shaken to and fro by the breath of man, they are fast tied together by Him “that ruleth over all.” And is there a Providence which watches over and guides the steps of individual men, and shapes their course through all the windings and unevennesses of their earthly pilgrimage, not according to their own views and aims, but with reference to their final happiness, and to the fulfilment of its own wise and gracious purposes? And is there not a Providence which observes and mingles itself in the career of nations and governments, and controls their counsels, and represses their inordinacy, and prospers their virtuous endeavours? The principles of the divine government must be invariable. It is, indeed, in the Bible that we see them most distinctly asserted, proclaimed, by the voice of prophecy, and realized in its fulfilments ; but by the aid of that light we may trace their operation, less conspicuous indeed, yet not obscurely marked, in the history of the world at large, and may connect the prosperity and decay of nations with the rules and ordinances of eternal justice. . . . Nowhere can we find any pretext for neglecting to recognise the hand of God in all His dispensations ; for whether the events which befall us are the providentially appointed consequences of our virtue or our sin, or whether they are merely the result of those general laws by which the sequence of events is governed, of this at least we are sure, that they are of God’s own appointment, and therefore they are fitting subjects of pious gratitude, or holy fear, of thanksgiving, or of deprecation.

DR. C. J. BLOMFIELD,

RIGHT REV. LORD BISHOP OF LONDON.



HOLINESS THE WAY—HEAVEN THE HOME.

THEY that believe have Christ in their hearts, heaven in their eye, and the world under their feet. God’s Spirit is their guide,

God's fear is their guard, God's people are their companions, God's promises are their cordials, holiness is their way, and heaven is their home.

REV. JOHN MASON.



OUR HOPE IS IN HEAVEN.

A SAINT, whose blessedness is in heaven, cannot be made utterly unhappy by afflictions on earth. He will serve God with as much love and as good a will when poor, despised, disconsolate, as in a flourishing condition, and with this peculiar satisfaction, that his sincerity is then most evident: for the service that is without respect to a present salary, a temporal interest, is not base and mercenary; besides, that obedience is more eminent and acceptable that is with sufferings, and the reward shall be answerable to our obedience. One draught of the river that makes glad the city of God above can sweeten all the bitterness of this world. In short, the Christian's hope is (in the Apostle's expression) "The anchor of the soul, sure and steadfast, that enters within the veil;" it is fastened in heaven, confirmed by the fidelity of God's promises, and the prevailing intercession of Christ, and secured to us in the midst of all the turbulent agitations in the wide sea below. Hope makes not only patient, but joyful in our sufferings. A Christian, encouraged by the blessed hope, comes with joy to death, as the door that opens to the kingdom of glory and eternal blessedness. What death can destroy him, whose "life is hid with Christ in God?" Deprive him of all the contents of this world, yet by communion with God heaven descends to him, or he ascends to heaven, where God is all in all. The blessed reward is not reserved wholly till hereafter. Divine joy is not deferred till our entrance into the celestial kingdom. There it is a refined joy, pure from all mixture of sorrow; it is infinitely increased; there spiritual joy meets eternal joy; but it begins here; the gracious soul has a taste and sight of it, as an earnest of the fulness of joy in heaven. Hope brings some leaves of the tree of life to refresh us with their fragrancy, but love brings of its fruits to strengthen us. As transplanted fruits, where the soil is defec-

tive and the sun less favourable, are not of that beauty and goodness as in their original country, so heavenly joys in this life are inferior in their degree to those of the blessed above, but they are very reviving. "In the multitude of my thoughts within me, Thy comforts delight my soul." "As the sufferings of Christ abound in us, so our consolation also aboundeth by Christ."

DR. W. BATES.



WHAT time I am afraid, I will trust in Thee.—Psa. lvi. 3.

O MY God, make haste for my help.—Psa. lxxi. 12.

I HAVE laid help upon One that is mighty.—Psa. lxxxix. 19.

As one whom his mother comforteth, so will I comfort you ; and ye shall be comforted.—Isa. lxvi. 13.

"BLESSED are they that mourn ; for they shall be comforted."
—Matt. v. 4.

As thy days, so shall thy strength be. There is none like unto the God of Jeshurun, who rideth upon the heaven in thy help, and in his excellency on the sky. The eternal God is thy refuge, and underneath are the everlasting arms.—Deut. xxxiii. 25—27.

RESIGNATION.



WE SEE THROUGH A GLASS DARKLY.

IN any great trial of our own lives, or in the lives of those nearest and dearest to us, in any moment of heavy disappointment, sore temptation, or bitter sorrow,—nay, may we not also add in any unlooked for happiness, in any impending change, in any new opening of life, in every crisis of public anxiety or distress, every such event that stirs our hearts, and gives a keener edge to our feelings, and makes us use words we have never used before—in every one of these circumstances, the natural, congenial, simple prayer which steadies our excitement, soothes our sorrows, solemnizes our joys, and strengthens our weakness is “Thy will be done.” *God’s will* must be best. We cannot expect to see the meaning of all His dispensations here. Now we see through a glass darkly. His way is in the sea, and His path in the great waters. We are dumb, and open not our mouths. Days, weeks, months, years, perhaps ages may be required to render intelligible and clear to us what is now dark; like the splendid genius of some great general or statesman, which the minds of those whom it controls cannot comprehend, are such awful visitations of God’s will. In a thousand ways these visitations act. They break down, they shatter, they destroy, but they also raise up; they open wide the gates that were closed before, they create endless spheres for usefulness, opportunities for good, unperceived at the time but recognised at last; and thus it is that the prayer, “Thy will be done,” extends far beyond mere submission. No doubt resignation is good, but it may be the mere content of philosophy or fatalism. Resignation implies something much higher than this. “Thy

will be done" is not a mere fate or destiny that has overtaken us ; not a mere abstract general law or fixed decree that has seized us, as if in the wheel of some hard, irresistible, lifeless machine ; it is the loving, personal, careful, deliberate will, wish, design, if I may say so, of a moral, responsible being like ourselves, having an intention and design in everything He wills ; but unlike ourselves in being able to do for us and to will for us better than we are able to will and do for ourselves, who knows our necessities before we ask, and our ignorance in asking, and who will of His own infinite wisdom grant us those things which for our own unworthiness we dare not, and for our blindness we cannot ask. It is the will of an almighty, all-wise, merciful Father, who judges us not as men judge us, hastily, or indulgently, or partially, or from prejudice, but according to the exact truth, knowing whereof we are made ; feeling for us and with us, doing all things for our good. It is the will not of an unknown, unseen, invisible deity withdrawn from all human experience, but it is the will of our loving and merciful Saviour, Christ Himself ; the will of Jesus Christ is the revelation of the will of God. What He wills for the poor, for the suffering, for the broken-hearted, God wills. When we pray that God's will may be done, this is as much as praying that Christ's will may be done ; we know we are then praying for the very wisest, noblest, and grandest blessings that we can wish and hope to receive for ourselves, or for the human race.

VERY REV. THE DEAN OF WESTMINSTER
(DR. STANLEY).



TRUE RESIGNATION.

TRUE resignation, which always brings with it the confidence that unchangeable goodness will make even the disappointment of our hopes and the contradictions of life conducive to some benefit, casts a grave but tranquil light over the prospect of even a toilsome and troubled life.

BARON HUMBOLDT.



I TRUSTED in Thee, O Lord : I said, Thou art my God ; my times are in Thy hands —Psa. xxxi. 14, 15.

MAKE GOD'S WILL THINE.

LEANING on Him, make with reverent meekness
 His own thy will ;
 And with strength from Him shall thy utter weakness
 Life's task fulfil ;
 And that cloud itself, which now before thee
 Lies dark in view,
 Shall with beams of light from the inner glory
 Be stricken through.

J. G. WHITTIER.

WHATE'ER my doom,
 It cannot be unhappy ; God hath given me
 The boon of resignation.

PROFESSOR WILSON.

STILL raise for good the supplicated voice,
 But leave to Heaven the measure and the choice.

DR. JOHNSON.

WAIT HIS WILL.

ASK not *how*, but trust Him still ;
 Ask not *when*, but wait His will ;
 Simply on His word rely,
 God SHALL all your need supply.

FRANCES RIDLEY HAVERGAL.

WE bear it calmly, though a ponderous woe,
 And still adore the hand that gives the blow.

* * * *

Heaven is not always angry when He strikes
 But most chastises those whom most He likes.

JOHN POMFRET.

I DESIRE calmly to leave all to the immediate disposal of
 Providence.

JOHN HOWARD.

O LORD, I YIELD UNTO THY WILL.

O, ALL-SEEING Light and eternal Life of all things, to whom nothing is either so great that it may resist, or so small that it is condensed, look upon my misery with Thine eye of mercy, and let Thine infinite power vouchsafe to limit out some proportion of deliverance unto me as to that shall seem most convenient. But yet, my God, if in Thy wisdom this be the aptest chastisement for my inexcusable folly ; if this low bondage be fittest for my over-high desires ; if the pride of my not-enough humble heart be thus to be broken, O Lord, I yield unto Thy will, and joyfully embrace that sorrow Thou wilt have me suffer. Only this much let me crave of Thee (let my craving, O Lord, be accepted of Thee, since even that proceeds from Thee),—let me crave, even by the noblest title which in my greatest affliction I may give myself, that I am Thy creature, and by Thy goodness (which is Thyself), that Thou wilt suffer some beam of Thy majesty so to shine into my mind that it may still depend confidently upon Thee.

SIR PHILIP SIDNEY.



WAIT AND BE STILL.

O SAVIOUR, whose mercy, severe in its kindness,
 Has chastened my wanderings and guided my way,
 Adored be the power which illumined my blindness,
 And weaned me from phantoms that smiled to betray,
 I thought that the course of the pilgrim to heaven
 Would be bright as the summer and glad as the morn ;
 Thou show'dst me the path,—it was dark and uneven,
 All rugged with rock, and all tangled with thorn.
 I dreamed of celestial rewards and renown,
 I grasped at the triumph which blesses the brave
 I asked for the palm branch, the robe and the crown,
 I asked—and Thou show'dst me a cross and a grave.
 Subdued and instructed at length to thy will,
 My hopes and my longings I fain would resign ;
 O give me the heart that can *wait* and be *still*,
 Nor know of a wish or a pleasure but Thine !

There are mansions exempted from sin and from woe,
 But they stand in a region by mortals untrod ;
 There are rivers of joy, but they roll not below ;
 There is rest, but it dwells in the presence of God.

SIR ROBERT GRANT.

ACQUIESCENCE IN GOD'S WILL.

IT becomes us better to adore the issues of His providence in the effects than to inquire into the causes ; for submission is the only way of reasoning between a creature and its Maker ; and contentment and acquiescence in His will is the greatest duty we can pretend to, and the best remedy we can apply to all our misfortunes.

SIR WM. TEMPLE.

HIS WISDOM SEETH WHAT IS GOOD FOR US.

SITH it hath liked him to sende us such a chaunce, we must, and are bounden, not only to be content, but also to be glad of His visitacion. He sente us all that we have loste ; and sith He hath by such a chaunce taken it away againe, His pleasure be fulfilled. Let us never grudge ther at, but take it in good worth, and hartely thanke Him, as well for adversitie as for prosperitie. And peradventure we have more cause to thank Him for our losse than for our winning: for His wisdom better seeth what is good for us than we do ourselves. Therefore, I pray you be of good chere, and take all the howsold with you to church, and there thanke God, both for that He hath given us, and for that He hath taken from us.

SIR THOMAS MORE.

BELIEF IN THE GOODNESS OF GOD.

'Tis only from the belief of the goodness and wisdom of a Supreme Being that our calamities can be borne in that manner which becomes a man.

DR. MACKENZIE.

JESUS ALL-SUFFICIENT.

LET me lay my head on the bosom of Jesus, and I fear not the distraction of care and trouble. If my God will ever give me the light of His smile, and grant His benediction, it is enough.

REV. C. H. SPURGEON.

GUIDE THOU MY STEPS.

LEAD, kindly Light, amid th' encircling gloom,
 Lead Thou me on.
 The night is dark, and I am far from home,
 Lead Thou me on.
 Guide Thou my steps ; I do not ask to see
 The distant way—one step's enough for me.
 I was not always thus, nor prayed that Thou
 Wouldst lead me on ;
 I loved to see and choose my path—but now
 Lead Thou me on
 I loved the garish day, and spite of fears,
 Pride ruled my will—remember not past years.
 Yet since Thy love is o'er me, sure it still
 Shall lead me on
 O'er moor and fen, o'er crag and torrent, till
 The night is gone ;
 And with the morn those angel faces smile
 Which I have loved long since, but lost awhile.

DR. NEWMAN.

HEAVEN SENDS RESIGNATION.

ANGUISH dire cannot sustain itself,
 But settles down into a grief that loves,
 And finds relief in unproved tears ;
 Then cometh sorrow like a Sabbath. Heaven
 Sends resignation down, and faith ; and last
 Of all, there falls a kind oblivion
 Over the going out of that sweet light
 In which we had our being.

PROFESSOR WILSON.

WE NOW LOOK BACK AND KNOW THAT ALL WAS WELL.

ERE this we have found out His meaning in life, and the flowers of earth are no more regretted ; and there is no point at which we would choose to have rested, now that we look back upon the past experiences and events of the journey ; and both our hands are laid in His, and we look up with unutterable trust and ineffable love. He has led us, little by little, with gentle steps, hiding the full length of the way that we must tread, lest we should start aside in fear and faint for weariness. And as it has been, so it must be ; onward we must go ; He will not leave us here ; there is yet in store for us more contrition, more devotion, more delight in Him. A few years hence, and you will see how true these words are. If you have not forsaken Him, you will be nigher still, walking in strange, it may be solitary paths, in ways that are “called desert ;” but knowing Him, as now you know Him not, with a fulness of knowledge, and a bowing of heart, and a holy self-renouncement, and a joy that you are altogether His. What now seems too much shall then seem all too little ; what too nigh, not nigh enough to His awful cross. Oh, how our thoughts change ! A few years ago, and we should have thought our present state excessive and severe ; we should have shrunk from it then as we may now shrink from the hereafter. But we look back and know that all was well. In all our past life we would not have one grief the less, or one joy the more. It is all well.

“The Harvest of a Quiet Eye.”

SWEETLY BENDING TO HIS WILL.

SINCE thy Father's arm sustain thee,
Peaceful be ;
When a chastening hand restrains thee,
It is He.
Know—this love in full completeness
Fills the measure of thy weakness ;
If He wound thy spirit sore,
Trust Him more.

Without murmur, uncomplaining,
In His hand
Lay whatever things thou can'st not
Understand ;
Though the world the folly spurneth,
From thy faith in pity turneth,
Peace thy inmost soul shall fill,
Lying still !

Like an infant, if thou thinkest
Thou can'st stand,
Childlike, proudly pushing back
The offered hand,
Courage soon is changed to fear,
Strength does feebleness appear ;—
In His love if thou abide
He will guide.

Fearest sometimes that thy Father
Hath forgot ?
When the clouds around thee gather
Doubt Him not.
Always hath the daylight broken,
Always hath He comfort spoken,
Better hath He been for years
Than thy fears.

Therefore, whatso'er betideth,
Night or day,
Know His love for thee provideth
Good alway.
Crown of sorrow gladly take,
Grateful wear it for His sake,
Sweetly bending to His will,
Lying still.

PAUL GERHARDT.



SUBDUE THYSELF.

LIVE as near to Jesus as you possibly can, but die to self. 'Tis a daily work. Self is like a mountain. Jesus is a sun that shines on the other side of the mountain, and now and then a sunbeam comes over the top ; we get a glimpse, a sort of twilight apprehension of the brightness of the sun, but self must be much more subdued before we can bask in the beams of the ever-blessed Jesus, or say in everything, "Thy will be done."

BISHOP BEVERIDGE.



"NOT MY WILL, BUT THINE BE DONE."

THOUGH we cannot by any sorrow we have had measure the deep agony of Jesus' sufferings, we can, from the way in which He met it, draw a lesson and a comfort. Look then from His suffering to His resignation, "Not my will, but Thine be done." See in all your trials and your sufferings the hand of God, and the sight will bring a resignation that will take away more than half their weight. Look at your trials as the chastening of a wise and kind Father, who intends a blessing to come out of them, and then surely your path through them will be greatly eased. Never in any circumstances think that you are out of God's sight ; believe in the providence of God in the smallest things of your life. Believe what He who drank the bitter cup in Gethsemane said, "Not a sparrow falls to the ground without your Father's notice." And when it comes to pass, either through pains of body or pains of mind and heart, that you feel sorrowful even unto death, say to your Father in heaven what the Saviour said, "Thy will be done." Take the cup as though you had visibly received it at His hand. He will not suffer you to be tried beyond what you can bear. There is an end to the longest night, and though your sufferings may be prolonged even unto death, they finish there, and then begin joys which are greater and higher than any you have had in this world. We may also learn from our Saviour in His sufferings with respect to answers to prayer. Here was an earnest prayer—sent up from One who had never sinned : "O my Father, if it be possible, let this cup pass from me." Yet the cup was

not allowed to pass ; but there came an angel from heaven strengthening Him, and He exclaimed, "O my Father, if the cup may not pass away from me, except I drink it, Thy will be done." When agony has made us pray earnestly, and still the agony continues, how hard to believe that God has heard, that He is just and kind, to continue praying ! Remember Gethsemane when your faith fails. God is about our path in a way that we cannot conceive of. You never breathe an earnest prayer that is not in one way or another answered. You will find the truth of this when you have passed into the eternal world. "He sitteth between the cherubims, be the earth never so unquiet. Let the spirit of your hearts be that which was in the heart of the Saviour, 'Thy will be done,' and you shall find in the end that 'He hath done all things well.'"

REV. E. G. CHARLESWORTH.

THERE are many things that make it hard for us to say, "Thy will be done," and we must not be discouraged if we do not at once come up to so high and blessed an attainment as to be able to say, with the thoroughness of purpose with which Paul expressed it, "The will of the Lord be done ;" but we should be seeking to attain to it, so that when once we have discovered God's will we should be able and willing to sacrifice our selfishness and our own affections to Him, who is too wise to err, and too good to be unkind.

REV. WM. CADMAN, M.A.

GOD OFTEN TAKES OUR CHERISHED THINGS.

VERY often what we would offer to God is not what He calls upon us to relinquish. What He demands of us is often what we most cherish ; it is this Isaac of our hearts, this only son, this well-beloved, that He commands us to resign. It is His will that we should yield up all that is most dear, and short of this obedience we have no repose. "Who is he that has resisted the Almighty, and been at peace ?" Give up everything to Him, and the God of peace will be with you.

ARCHBISHOP FENELON.

RELY ON GOD'S WISDOM.

QUIET, Lord, my froward heart,
Make me teachable and mild ;
Upright, simple, free from art,
Make me as a weaned child ;
From distrust and envy free,
Pleased with all that pleases Thee.

What Thou shalt to-day provide,
Let me as a child receive ;
What to-morrow may betide,
Calmly to Thy wisdom leave ;
'Tis enough that Thou wilt care,
Why should I the burden bear ?

As a little child relies
On a care beyond his own ;
Knows he's neither strong nor wise,
Fears to stir a step alone ;
Let me thus with Thee abide,
As my Father, Guard, and Guide.

REV. JOHN NEWTON.



SUBMISSION TO THE LORD'S WILL.

IF but as a creature, O God, Thou hast full right to dispose of me as Thou wilt ; I am Thy clay, fashion me as Thou plearest ; but as Thy redeemed one, as Thine adopted one, I have full and dear interest in Thee as a Father, and Thou canst be no other than Thyself ; let it not be enough for me to hold my peace because Thou, O Lord, hast done it ; but let me break silence in praising Thy name, for “that Thou in very faithfulness and love hast afflicted me.” Oh ! let me meekly lie down, and put my mouth in the dust, patiently submitting to Thy holy pleasure, and blessing the hand from which I smart !

BISHOP HALL.

ACQUIESCENCE IN GOD'S WILL.

LONG have I viewed, long have I thought,
And held with trembling hand this bitter draught ;
'Twas now just to my lips applied
Nature shrank in, and all my courage died.
But now resolved, and firm I'll be,
Since, Lord, 'tis mingled and reached out by Thee.
I'll trust my great Physician's skill,
I know what He prescribes can ne'er be ill ;
To each disease He knows what's fit,
I own Him wise and good, and do submit.
I'll now no longer grieve or pine
Since 'tis Thy pleasure, Lord, it shall be mine.
Thy med'cine puts me to great smart,
Thou'st wounded me in my most tender part ;
But 'tis with a design to cure ;
I must and will Thy sovereign touch endure.
All that I prized below is gone,
But yet I still will pray—Thy will be done.
Since 'tis Thy sentence I should part
With the most precious treasure of my heart,
I freely that and more resign :
My heart itself, as its delight, is Thine ;
My little all I give to Thee ;
Thou gav'st a greater gift, Thy Son, to me.
He left true bliss and joys above,
Himself He emptied of all good but love :
For me He freely did forsake
More good than He from me can ever take.
A mortal life for a divine
He took, and did at last e'en that resign.
Take all, great God, I will not grieve,
But still will wish that I had still to give.
I hear Thy voice, Thou bidd'st me quit
My paradise—I bless, and do submit.
I will not murmur at Thy word,
Nor beg Thy angel to sheathe up his sword.

BISHOP NORRIS.

MURMUR NOT AT GOD'S CHASTENING.

HEART, be still !
 In the darkness of thy woe
 Bow thou silently and low ;
 Comes to thee whate'er God will,
 Be thou still !

Be thou still !
 Vainly all thy words are spoken,
 Till the word of God hath broken
 Life's dark mysteries—good or ill—
 Be thou still !

Rest thou still !
 'Tis thy Father's work of grace,—
 Wait thou yet before His face ;
 He thy sure deliverance will—
 Keep thou still !

Lord my God !
 By Thy grace O may I be
 All submissive, silently,
 To the chastenings of Thy rod ;
 Lord my God !

Shepherd King !
 From Thy fulness grant to me
 Still, yet fearless, faith in Thee,
 Till from night the day shall spring !—
 Shepherd King !

SCHILLER.

THE best way to bear crosses is to consecrate them all in
 silence to God.

DR. FLETCHER.

Is it well with thy husband ? Is it well with the child ? And
 she answered, It is well.—2 Kings iv. 26.

BLESSINGS STILL REMAIN.

WHATSOEVER we suffer, being still
 Fixed and appointed by the heavenly will,
 Behoves us bear with patience as we may
 The potter's moulding of our helpless clay.
 Much, lady, hath he taken ; but He leaves
 What outweighs all for which thy spirit grieves ;
 No greater gift lies e'en in God's control
 Than the large love that fills a human soul.
 If, taking that, He left thee all the rest,
 Would not vain anguish wring thy pining breast ?
 If, taking all, that dear love yet remains,
 Hath it not balm for all thy bitter pains ?

HON. MRS. NORTON.



WHY should I repine,
 That Jesus in His bosom wears
 A flower that once was mine ?

MRS. SIGOURNEY.



"THY WILL, NOT MINE BE DONE."

I HAVE encountered pain and trial,
 Griefs, disappointments, anguish, doubts and fears.
 Fate has poured out on me her chastening vial,
 Melting my choicest pearls in acrid tears.
 My warmest prayer has met with stern denial ;
 My rarest chaplets have been flung on biers ;
 But there's a saving anchor for the one
 Who learns to say, ' Thy will, not mine, be done.'

ELIZA COOK.



AFFLICTIONS cannot injure when blended with submission.

REV. H. F. BURDER, D.D.

LORD JESUS, AS THOU WILT.

LORD Jesus, as Thou wilt ; oh, may Thy will be mine !
 Into Thy hand of love I would my all resign.
 Through sorrow or through joy, conduct me as Thine own,
 And help me still to say, my Lord, Thy will be done !
 Lord Jesus, as Thou wilt ! if needy here and poor,
 Give me Thy people's bread, their portion rich and sure.
 The manna of Thy word let my soul feed upon ;
 And if all else should fail, my Lord, Thy will be done.
 Lord Jesus, as Thou wilt ! if among thorns I go,
 Still sometimes here and there let a few roses blow,
 But Thou on earth along the thorny path hath gone ;
 Then lead me after Thee, my Lord, Thy will be done !
 Lord Jesus, as Thou wilt ! though seen through many a tear,
 Let not my star of hope grow dim or disappear ;
 Since Thou on earth hast wept and sorrowed oft alone,
 If I must weep with Thee, my Lord, Thy will be done !
 Lord Jesus, as Thou wilt ! if loved ones must depart,
 Suffer not sorrow's flood to overwhelm my heart :
 For they are blest with Thee, their race and conflict won ;
 Let me but follow them, my Lord, Thy will be done !
 Lord Jesus, as Thou wilt ! when death itself draws nigh,
 To Thy dear wounded side I would for refuge fly,
 Leaning on Thee to go where Thou before hast gone ;
 The rest as Thou shalt please,—my Lord, Thy will be done !
 Lord Jesus, as Thou wilt ! all shall be well for me ;
 Each changing future scene I gladly trust with Thee.
 Straight to my home above I travel calmly on,
 And sing in life or death, my Lord, Thy will be done !

SCHMOLK.

MAKE not our right the right—or might,
 But make *Thy* right shine clear.

DINAH MULOCH.

RESOLVED and agreed that God's will ought to determine mine, and not mine pretend to determine the will of God.

GOSSNER.

TAKE NOT GOD'S DOING WITH UNTHANKFULNESS.

COMFORT, dear mother ! God is much displeased
That with unthankfulness you take His doing :
In common worldly things 'tis call'd ungrateful,
With dull unwillingness to repay a debt
Which with a bounteous hand was kindly lent ;
Much more to be thus opposite with heaven,
For it requires the royal debt it lent you.

SHAKESPEARE.

JESUS GUIDE ME.

WHEN, my Saviour, shall I be
Perfectly resigned to Thee ?
Only guided by Thy light,
Only mighty in thy might ?
Let me to Thy goodness leave
When and what Thou art to give.
All Thy works to Thee are known :
Let Thy blessed will be done.

REV. JOHN WESLEY.

GOD TAKES BUT WHAT HE GAVE.

No tears relieved the burden of her heart ;
Stunned with the heavy woe, she felt like one
Half wakened from a midnight dream of blood.

But sometimes, when the boy
Would wet her hand with tears,
And, looking up to her fixed countenance,
Sob out the name of mother, Then did she
Utter a feeble groan.
At length, collecting, Zneiab turned her eyes
To heaven, exclaiming, Praised be the Lord !
He gave, He takes away,
The Lord our God is good.

SOUTHEY.

“ARISE AND SHINE!”

WITH quivering heart and trembling will
 The word hath passed thy lips,
 Within the shadow, cold and still,
 Of some fair joy's eclipse,
 “Thy will be done!” Thy God hath heard,
 And He will crown that faith-framed word.

Thy prayer shall be fulfilled ; but how ?
 His thoughts are not as thine ;
 While thou would'st only weep and bow,
 He saith, “ Arise and shine ! ”
 Thy thoughts were all of grief and night,
 But His of boundless joy and light.

Thy Father reigns supreme above ;
 The glory of His name
 In grace and wisdom, truth and love,
 His will must be the same.
 And thou hast asked all joys in one
 In whispering forth, “ Thy will be done.”

FRANCES RIDLEY HAVERGAL.

CONTENT WHILE I AM HIS.

THE good I have is from His store supplied ;
 The ill is only what He deems the best ;
 With Him my Friend, I'm rich with nought beside,
 And poor without Him, though of all possessed.
 Changes may come,—I take, or I resign,—
 Content while I am His, while He is mine.

Whate'er may change, in Him no change is seen :
 A glorious Sun that wanes not, nor declines,
 Above the clouds and storms He walks serene,
 And sweetly on His people's darkness shines.
 All may depart,—I fret not, nor repine,
 While I my Saviour's am, while He is mine.

He stays me falling; lifts me up when down;
Reclaims me wandering; guards from every foe;
Plants on my worthless brow the victor's crown,
Which, in return, before His feet I throw,
Grieved that I cannot better grace His shrine,
Who deigns to own me His, as He is mine.

While here, alas ! I know but half His love,
But half discern Him, and but half adore ;
But when I meet Him in the realms above,
I hope to love Him better, praise Him more,
And feel and tell, amid the choir divine,
How fully I am His, and He is mine.

REV. H. F. LYTE.



TRUST IN GOD.

THE child leans on its parent's breast,
Leaves there its cares and is at rest ;
The bird sits singing by his nest,
 And tells aloud
His trust in God, and so is blest
 'Neath every cloud.

He has no store, he sows no seed ;
Yet sings aloud, and doth not heed ;
By flowing stream or grassy mead,
 He sings to shame
Men, who forget, in fear of need,
 A Father's name.

The heart that trusts for ever sings,
And feels as light as it had wings;
A well of peace within it springs;
Come good or ill,
Whate'er to-day, to-morrow brings,
It is His will.

REV. ISAAC WILLIAMS.



THE RIGHT WAY.

I CANNOT hear THY voice, Lord ! dost Thou still hear my cry ?
I cling to Thine assurance that Thou art ever nigh ;
I know that Thou art faithful, I trust, but cannot see
That it is still the right way by which Thou ledest me.

Is it really leading onwards ? When the shadows flee away,
Shall I find this path has brought me more near to perfect day ?
Or am I left to wander thus that I may stretch my hand
To some more weary traveller in this same shadow-land ?

Is this Thy chosen training for some future task unknown ?
Is it that I may learn to rest upon Thy word alone ?
Whate'er it be, O leave me not, fulfil Thou every hour
The purpose of Thy goodness, and the work of faith with power.

I lay my prayer before Thee, and trusting in Thy word,
Though all is silence in my heart, I know that Thou hast heard ;
To that blest city lead me, Lord (still choosing all my way),
Where faith melts into vision as the starlight into day.

FRANCES RIDLEY HAVERGAL.

RESIGNATION TO THE DIVINE WILL.

THE duty to which the Christian is summoned is to subdue those sinful risings of soul, and with a peaceful composure and serenity to resign every event to the superintendence and determination of God. This resignation to the divine will is a most blessed attainment, and is unquestionably our most reasonable service ; yet experience tells us that it is by no means easily acquired. It is true that when our worldly affairs glide along in a smooth and easy course, and when we are favoured with health and riches, with friends and influence, with domestic comfort and inward peace, we may find it an easy matter to be satisfied with the dispensations of Providence ; but when tribulation abounds, and swelling waters are ready to overwhelm ; when our earthly prospects are blighted, and poverty as an armed man enters our dwellings and seizes our substance ; when disease and death look in at our windows, and mark for

their prey those who are dear to us as our own souls ; when friends prove perfidious, and they whom love and duty should have bound to us, all turned against us ; when grief and anguish rend our hearts and all around is dark, and threatening and tempestuous, then to look up in silent submission, and to be still, because the Lord hath done it, to adore the footsteps of the divine Majesty when we cannot clearly trace the designs of His counsel, and to commit our way to Him who is able to extricate us from every difficulty, peril, and woe,—this is an elevation of soul which can only be attained after many a painful and turbulent struggle between the weakness of nature and perversity of sin, and the principles and hopes of the gospel by which alone they are to be restrained and subdued. But, however difficult it may be, it is encouraging to reflect that, through the grace of our Lord Jesus Christ, it has often been attained even by men “of like passions with ourselves.”

REV. PETER GRANT.



TRANQUILLITY OF MIND.

THERE is but one way to tranquillity of mind and happiness ; let this, therefore, be always ready at hand with thee, both when thou wakest early in the morning, and all the day long, and when thou goest late to sleep, to account no external things thine own, but to commit all these to God.

EPICETUS.



CLINGING TO MY FATHER'S BREAST.

Ô LORD my God, do Thou Thy holy will—

I will lie still—

I will not stir, lest I forsake Thine arm,

And break the charm

Which lulls me, clinging to my Father's breast,

In perfect rest.

REV. JOHN KEBLE.

CHOOSE THOU THE PATH FOR ME.

THY way, not mine, O Lord,
However dark it be ;
Lead me by Thine own hand,
Choose Thou the path for me.

Smooth let it be or rough,
It will be still the best ;
Winding or straight, it leads
Right onward to Thy rest.

I dare not choose my lot ;
I would not if I might ;
Choose Thou for me, my God,
So shall I walk aright.

The kingdom that I seek
Is Thine ;—so let the way
That leads to it be Thine,
Else I must surely stray.

Take Thou my cup, and it
With joy or sorrow fill
As best to Thee may seem ;
Choose Thou my good or ill.

Choose Thou for me my friends,
My sickness, or my health ;
Choose Thou my cares for me,
My poverty or wealth.

Not mine, not mine the choice
In things or great or small ;
Be Thou my guide, my strength,
My wisdom, and my all.

REV. HORATIUS BONAR.



RELIGION dispenses her choicest cordials in every season of exigence, bereavement, and in death. In all the rough blasts of adversity the true Christian stands, like the glory of the forest, erect and vigorous ; stripped indeed of his summer foliage, but more than ever discovering to the observing eye the solid strength of his substantial texture. Relying on the mercy of his

Redeemer, he can calmly acquiesce in all God's dealings, and repose on the fidelity of God ; and in the valley of death he can lift up an eye, dim perhaps and feeble, yet sparkling with hope, to the heavenly inheritance, to those joys which have not entered into the heart of man to conceive.

WILLIAM WILBERFORCE.

AS GOD WILL.

PAIN's furnace-heat within me quivers—
 God's breath upon the fire doth blow,
 And all my heart in anguish shivers
 And trembles at the fiery glow ;
 And then I whisper, " As God will !"
 And in His hottest fire hold still.
 He comes and lays my heart, all heated,
 On the bare anvil, minded so
 Into His own fair shape to beat it
 With His great hammer, blow on blow ;
 And then I whisper, " As God will !"
 And at His heaviest blows hold still.
 He takes my softened heart and beats it—
 The sparks fly off at every blow ;
 He turns it o'er and o'er, and heats it,
 And lets it cool, and makes it glow ;
 And then I whisper, " As God will !"
 And in His mighty hand hold still.
 Why should I murmur ? for the sorrow
 Thus only longer-lived would be ;
 Its end may come, and will to-morrow,
 When God has done His work in me ;
 So I say, trusting, " As God will !"
 And, trusting, to the end hold still.
 He kindles, for my profit purely,
 Affliction's glowing, fiery brand ;
 And all His heaviest blows are surely
 Inflicted by a master-hand ;
 So I say, praying, " As God will !"
 And hope in Him and suffer still.

JULIUS STURM.

ACCUSE not Heaven's high will,
Nor struggle with the tenfold chain of fate
That links thee to thy woes ; Oh, rather yield,
And wait the happier hour, when innocence
Shall weep no more. Rest in that pleasing hope,
And yield thyself to Heaven.

HILL.

GOD LEADETH BY A RIGHT WAY.

O FOOLISH heart, be still, and vex thyself no more ;
Wait thou for God, until He opens pleasure's door ;
Thou know'st not what is good for thee ; but God doth know ;
Let Him thy strong reliance be, and rest thee so.

He counted all my days, and every joy and tear,
Ere I knew how to praise, or e'en had learn'd to fear.
Before I Him, my Father knew, He called me child ;
His help has guarded me all through this weary wild.

The least of all my cares is not to Him unknown ;
He sees and He prepares the pathway for His own ;
And what His hand assigns to me, that serves my peace ;
The greatest burden it might be, yet joys increase.

I live no more on earth, nor seek my full joy here ;
The world seems little worth when heaven is shining clear ;
Yet joyfully I go my way, so free, so blest,
Sweetening my toil from day to day with thoughts of rest.

Give me, my Lord, whate'er will bind my heart to Thee,
For that I make my prayer, and know Thou hearest me ;
But all that might keep back my soul, make Thee forgot,
Though of earth-good it were the whole, Oh ! give it not.

When sickness and distress fill all my soul with fear,
And men their hate express, my sky shall still be clear,
Then wait I, Lord, and wait for Thee ; and I am still—
Though *mine* should unaccomplished be, do thou *Thy* will !

Thou art the strength and stay of every weary soul ;
 Thy wisdom rules the way ; Thy pity does control.
 What ill can happen unto me when Thou art near ?
 Thou wilt, O God, my keeper be ; I will not fear.

C. F. GELBERT.

ENDLESS all malice, if our God is nigh ;
 Fruitless all pains, if He His help deny ;
 Patient I pass these gloomy hours away,
 And wait the morning of eternal day.

LADY JANE GREY.

GOD MEASURES ALL OUR TRIALS.

GOD the Creator, with a pulseless hand
 Of unoriginated power, hath weighed
 The dust of earth and tears of man in one
 Measure, and by one weight ;
 So saith His holy Book.

Shall we then who have issued from the dust,
 And there return ; shall we, who toil for dust,
 And wrap our winnings in this dusty life,
 Say, ' No more tears, Lord God !
 The measure runneth o'er ? '

O Holder of the balance, laughest Thou !
 Nay, Lord ! be gentler to our foolishness,
 For His sake, who assumed our dust, and turns
 On Thee pathetic eyes,
 Still moistened with our tears.

And teach us, O our Father, while we weep,
 To look in patience upon earth and learn—
 Waiting in that meek gesture, till at last
 These tearful eyes be filled
 With the dry dust of death.

MRS. E. B. BROWNING.

LORD, GIVE ME HOPE.

LOST in darkness, girt with dangers, round me strangers,
 Through an alien land I roam,
 Outward trials, bitter losses, inward crosses,
 Lord, Thou know'st, have sought me home.
 Sin of courage hath bereft me, and hath left me
 Scarce a spark of faith and hope ;
 Bitter tears my heart oft sheddeth, as it dreadeth
 I am past Thy mercy's scope.
 Peace I cannot find ; O take me, Lord, and make me
 From this yoke of evil free ;
 Calm this longing, never sleeping, still my weeping,
 Give me hope once more in Thee.

GERHARD TERSTEEGEN.



NOT LOST, BUT ONLY HIDDEN.

WHERE are the days of sorrow,
 And lonely hours of pain,
 When work is interrupted,
 Or planned and willed in vain ?
 Not lost ! They are the thorniest shoots
 That bear the Master's pleasant fruits.
 Where, where are all God's lessons,
 His teachings dark or bright ?
 Not lost, but only hidden,
 Till, in eternal light,
 We see, while at His feet we fall,
 The reasons and results of all.

FRANCES RIDLEY HAVERGAL.



'TIS ENOUGH THAT CHRIST KNOWS ALL.

LORD, it belongs not to my care
 Whether I live or die ;
 To love and serve Thee is my share,
 And this Thy grace must give.

If life be long, I will be glad,
 That I may long obey ;
 If short, yet why should I be sad,
 That shall have the same pay ?

Christ leads me through no darker rooms
 Than He went through before ;
 He that into God's kingdom comes
 Must enter by His door.
 Come, Lord, when grace hath made me meet,
 Thy blessed face to see ;
 For if thy work on earth be sweet,
 What will Thy glory be ?

Then shall I end my sad complaints,
 And weary, sinful days,
 And join with the triumphant saints
 That sing Jehovah's praise.
 My knowledge of that life is small,
 The eye of faith is dim ;
 But 'tis enough that Christ knows all,
 And I shall be with Him.

RICHARD BAXTER.



ALL THE DAYS OF MY APPOINTED TIME WILL
 I WAIT TILL MY CHANGE COME.

OH ! just when thou shalt choose would I depart,
 My Father and my God ! I would not choose,
 Ev'n if I might, the moment to unloose
 The bonds that bind my weak and worthless heart
 From its bright home. So I but have a part
 However humble there, it matters not
 Or long or short my pilgrimage—my path
 Joyful or joyless ; if the flowers may start
 Where'er I tread, or thorns obstruct my path.

I look not at the present ; many years
 Are but so many moments, though of tears :—
 My soul's bright home a lovelier aspect hath ;—
 And if it surely shall be mine—and then
For ever mine ! it matters little when !

REV. THOS. RAYSON TAYLOR.

THE WISEST WILL IS GOD'S.

THE wisest will is God's own will ;
 Rest on this anchor and be still ;
 For peace around thy path shall flow,
 When only wishing here below
 What pleases God.

PAUL GERHARDT.

HOPE BORN FROM TEARS.

I KNOW thou art gone to the home of thy rest ;
 Then why should my soul be so sad ?
 I know thou art gone where the weary are blest,
 And the mourner looks up and is glad !
 Where love has put off in the land of its birth
 The stains it had gathered in this ;
 And hope, the sweet singer that gladdened the earth,
 Lies asleep on the bosom of bliss !

I know thou hast gone where thy forehead is starred
 With the beauty that dwelt in thy soul,
 Where the light of thy loveliness cannot be marred,
 Nor the heart be flung back from its goal ;
 I know thou hast drunk of the Lethe that flows
 Through a land where they do not forget,
 That sheds over memory only repose,
 And takes from it only regret !

In thy far-away dwelling, wherever it be,
 I believe thou hast visions of mine ;
 And the love that made all things a music to me
 I yet have not learnt to resign ;—

In the hush of the night, in the waste of the sea ;
Or alone with the breeze on the hill,
I have ever a presence that whispers of thee,
And my spirit lies down and is still.

Mine eye must be dark that so long has been dimmed,
Ere again it may gaze upon thine :
But my heart has revealings of thee and thy home
In many a token and sign,
I never look up with a vow to the sky,
But a light like thy beauty is there,—
And I hear a low murmur like thine in reply
When I pour out my spirit in prayer.

And though like a mourner that sits by a tomb,
I am wrapped in a mantle of care,
Yet the grief of my bosom—oh ! call it not gloom—
Is not the black grief of despair.
By sorrow revealed, as the stars are by night,
Far off a bright vision appears ;
And hope, like the rainbow, a creature of light,
Is born, like the rainbow from tears.

T. K. HERVEY.



I WILL JOY IN THE GOD OF MY SALVATION.

WE may feel it very hard for the prop around which for years we have clung, and upon which we have rested for our support in heaviness, and for our shelter in the hour of storm, to be wrested from us ; but a proper conception of the divine character and government, and an humble trust in the divine goodness, will lead us to say with the prophet Habakkuk, “ Although the fig tree shall not blossom, neither shall fruit be in the vines ; the labour of the olive shall fail, and the fields shall yield no meat ; the flock shall be cut off from the fold, and there shall be no herd in the stalls : yet I will rejoice in the Lord, I will joy in the God of my salvation.” As the shell of ocean bears ever with it the wind-music of its shores, so faith bears with it to the remotest boundaries of life, even to the grave’s brink, this

grand old dirge of a trusting heart, "The Lord gave, and the Lord hath taken away; blessed be the name of the Lord."

REV. W. D. HORWOOD.

BE SILENT, OH MY SOUL.

STREAM of my life, dull, placid river, flow !
I have no fear of the ingulfing seas ;
Neither I look before me nor behind,
But, lying mute with wave-dipped hand, float on.

It was not always so. My brethren, see
This oar-stained, trembling palm. It keeps the sign
Of youth's mad wrestling with the waves that drift
Immutably, eternally along.

I would have had them flow through fields and flowers,
Giving and taking freshness, perfume, joy
It winds through—here. Be silent, O my soul !—
The finger of God's wisdom drew its line.

So I lean back and look up to the stars,
And count the ripples circling to the shore,
And watch the solemn river rolling on
Until it widen to the open seas.

DINAH MULOCH.

As Thou wilt—*what* Thou wilt—*when* Thou wilt.

THOMAS A-KEMPIS.

BUT peace ! I must not quarrel with the will
Of highest dispensation, which herein
Haply had ends above my reach to know.

MILTON.

BEHOLD, here am I ; let Him do as seemeth good unto Him.—2 Sam. xv. 26.

WHAT ! shall we receive good at the hand of God and not receive evil?—Job ii. 10.

WE know that all things work together for good to them that love God.—Rom. viii. 28.

SUBMIT yourselves therefore to God.—James iv. 7.

BE still and know that I am God.—Psa. xli. 10.

IT is the Lord, let Him do what seemeth Him good.—1 Sam. iii. 18.

FATHER, if Thou be willing, remove this cup from Me ; nevertheless, not My will, but Thine, be done.—Luke xxii. 42.

THE will of the Lord be done.—Acts xxi. 14.

NOW he is dead, wherefore should I fast ? Can I bring him back again ? I shall go to him, but he shall not return to me.—2 Sam. xii. 23.

The Lord gave, and the Lord hath taken away ; blessed be the name of the Lord.—Job i. xxi.

H E A V E N.



ENTIRE REST.

BLESSED are the people of God to whom “there remaineth” an entire “rest” from every form of disquieting assault. Many as Satan’s emissaries are, not one of their legion throng shall ever cross the river of death ; not one of his base suggestions shall ever be heard on the other side of the Jordan. A victory complete, signal, and everlasting hath been obtained for us over our enemies on every side. There shall be rest also from perplexity and fear. Dark, very dark, are the shadows which are flung across the stream of time ; intricate, very intricate, are the ways by which God often leads His people. There, whatever be their measure of sainted bliss, it shall be fixed, unchangeable, eternal. The light of the celestial city shall reveal, with transparent clearness, all that was mysterious and dark in the ways of God’s providence here, whilst the gates of that city shall be closed against every fear that could disturb the repose, or affect the rest of the people of God.

REV. DANIEL MOORE, M.A.



WHO are these which are arrayed in white robes, and whence came they? And he said to me, These are they which came out of great tribulation, and have washed their robes and made them white in the blood of the Lamb ; therefore are they before the throne of God and serve Him day and night in His temple, and He that sitteth on the throne shall dwell among them. They shall hunger no more, neither thirst any

more, neither shall the sun light on them, nor any heat ; for the Lamb which is in the midst of the throne shall feed them, and shall lead them unto living fountains of waters, and God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes.—Rev. vii. 13—17.

THE ransomed of the Lord shall return, and come to Zion with songs and everlasting joy upon their heads ; they shall obtain joy and gladness, and sorrow and sighing shall flee away.—Isa. xxxv. 10.

AND God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes, and there shall be no more death, neither sorrow, nor crying ; neither shall there be any more pain ; for the former things are passed away. These words are true and faithful.—Rev. xxi. 4, 5.



OUR WELCOME IN HEAVEN.

THE solemn hour of death once passed, the spirit upborne by angels finds itself at once ushered into the reception-room of heaven; the first of the many mansions. There we shall see Jesus, not seated, but standing, as when He rose to receive His first martyr, to welcome us home, encircled by the general assembly and church of the first born, the spirits of just men made perfect, and an innumerable company of angels waiting to greet our arrival. In advance, and more eager than all the rest of that blessed throng, will be the loved ones from whom we parted on the margin of the river, across which they passed to the celestial city. Oh, what a reception, what greetings, what joy-wishings then ! “ Welcome, husband, wife, child ! welcome, parent, brother, sister, pastor, friend ! ” will burst from ten thousand times ten thousand lips, louder than the voice of many waters.

REV. OCTAVIUS WINSLOW, D.D.



PERFECT LOVE AND FRIENDSHIP.

THERE we shall meet with many of our dear relations and intimate friends, and perhaps with many of our enemies, to

whom we shall then be perfectly reconciled ; for heaven is a state of perfect love and friendship, and when this blessed society is met together and thus united by love, they shall all sing everlasting songs of praise to God for all His works of wonder, for the effects of that infinite goodness and admirable wisdom, and almighty power, which are clearly seen in the creation and government of the world, and all the creatures in it ; particularly of His favours to mankind for the benefit of their beings, for the comfort of their lives, and for all His merciful providences toward them in this world ; but, above all, for the redemption of their souls by the death of His Son ; and this happiness shall be eternal.

ARCHBISHOP TILLOTSON.



THERE IS ONLY A VEIL BETWEEN US AND HEAVEN.

THE nearness of heaven is suggested by the epithet “veil.” Christians, there is only a veil between us and heaven ! A veil is the thinnest and frailest of all conceivable partitions. It is but a fine tissue, a delicate fibre of embroidery. It waves in the wind ; the touch of a child may stir it, an accident rend it ; the silent action of time will moulder it away. The veil that conceals heaven is only one embroidered existence, and, though fearfully and wonderfully made, it is only wrought out of our frail mortality. So slight is it that the puncture of a thorn, the touch of an insect’s sting, the breath of an infected atmosphere, may make it shake and fall. In a bound, in a moment, in the twinkling of an eye, in the throb of a pulse, in the flash of a thought, we may start into disembodied spirits, glide unabashed into the company of great and mighty angels, pass into the light and amazement of eternity, know the great secret, gaze upon splendours which flesh and blood could not sustain, and which no words lawful for man to utter could describe ! Brethren in Christ, there is but a step between you and death ; between you and heaven there is but a veil.

REV. C. STANFORD.

HOLY, QUIET THOUGHTS BRING US NEARER HEAVEN.

IF there be a heaven so fair
 O'er us ever shining,
 We shall never enter there
 By looking up and pining.
 In one holy, quiet thought,
 Heaven to us is nearer brought
 Than in all the radiance bright
 Of a thousand worlds of light.

REV. J. GOSTICK.



THE PLACE OF COMPLETED FELICITY.

SOAR aloft, O my soul, to that place of completed felicity. Rejoice in thy celestial vocation, comfort thyself with thy eternal inheritance, when the earth burdens and afflicts thee with its cares, and when thy temporal futurity appears dark and dubious. Cheer thyself, under every separation that occasions thee sorrow and dejection, with the thought that thou wilt one day find again in heaven all those of whom death hath deprived thee here; and wilt there enter into the most intimate connection with Christ himself. Accustom thyself to keep the blessedness of heaven constantly in view, so will the world vanish from thy sight, and nothing will then seem so desirable or important to thee as those better regions to which thou art destined. Frequently compare the present short and wearisome state with that pleasing and everlasting condition in heaven, so wilt thou never fail in comfort, in hope, and in joy. In hope thou wilt be blessed.

C. C. STURM.



LET not your heart be troubled: ye believe in God, believe also in Me. In My Father's house are many mansions: if it were not so, I would have told you. I go to prepare a place for you. And if I go and prepare a place for you, I will come again, and receive you unto Myself; that where I am, there ye may be also.—John xiv. 1, 3.

YOUR HOME IS ABOVE.

Do not look down, Christian. Your home is above, your Father is above, your Saviour is above, the dearest friends you have are above, the companions you love, the righteous nation to which you belong, are all above. Look not down, then, Christian; there is deliverance at hand for you. It is on its way. "Though it tarry, wait for it, because it will surely come, it will not tarry." "Lift up your head, for your redemption draweth nigh."

REV. WM. WELDON CHAMPNEYS, M.A.



THE PERFECT PURITY OF HEAVEN.

THE rest into which those who die in the Lord enter is marked with the entire surcease of all our earthly causes of weariness, painfulness, and discouragement. The mind shall never be darkened with a suspicion of the hopelessness of its holy labour, for its immediate relation to the purposes, and its necessary part in the work of the Lord, shall be distinctly seen. It is a rest from all the labour and conflict which accompany the making sure our election,—from all the fear and trembling with which we are now called to work out our salvation. The world, with its fascinations and temptations, shall no longer dispute the claims of God to all our heart; the flesh shall no longer hang as a hindrance and a drag upon our devotion—its feebleness shall no longer lay a check upon the divine enthusiasm of the soul; nor shall Satan any longer stand at our right hand, to distract our mind or to withstand our efforts. In the perfect purity of heaven, in the entire absence of every hindering element, in the instant obedience of the soul to the inward promptings of the divine life, in its spontaneous acquiescence in all goodness, and in its incessant and faultless service, it will enjoy that profound composure and tranquillity which is described as an element of the blessedness immediately after death.

REV. THOMAS HILL.

HEAVEN AROUND US.

ALTHOUGH we are accustomed to think of heaven as distant, of this we have no proof. Heaven is the union, the society of spiritual, higher beings. May not these fill the universe? Milton has said, —

“Millions of spiritual beings walk the earth?
Both when we wake and when we sleep.”

A new sense, a new eye, might show the spiritual world compassing us on every side. Whilst we know not to what place our friends go, we know what is infinitely more interesting, to what beings they go. We know not where heaven is, but we know whom it contains; and this knowledge opens to us an infinite field for contemplation and delight. They who are borne into heaven go not only to Jesus, and an innumerable company of pure beings; they go to God. These new relations of the ascended spirit to the universal Father, how near! how tender! how strong! how exalting! and yet it is the chief element of the felicity of heaven.

WM. ELLERY CHANNING.

THE TEARLESS LIFE IS THERE.

BRIEF life is here our portion,
Brief sorrow, short-lived care;
The life that knows no ending,
The tearless life is there.
Oh happy retribution!
Short toil, eternal rest;
For mortals and for sinners
A mansion with the blest.

BERNARD OF CLUNY.

SINCE the beginning of the world men have not heard, nor perceived by the ear, neither hath the eye seen, O God, beside Thee, what He hath prepared for him that waiteth for Him.—
Isa. lxiv. 4.

PERFECT FREEDOM FROM SIN.

WHO has not sought to unravel the mystery of heaven? Who has not thought that rest, eternal rest, must be the blessedness of that blest abode? And yet what is meant by rest? If it be freedom from all that troubles, all that unduly excites, all that raises or depresses, then may it be; but if it be imagined as a state of perfect quiescence, that cannot be. "My Father worketh hitherto, and I work," were the words of Him who is gone into heaven; and He, in His glorified humanity, ever liveth to make intercession for us; He sitteth on the right hand of God, clothed in human flesh; His rest is work with, and for, His Father in heaven.

And shall not we find rest in this, if indeed it be possible for man to conceive what eye hath not seen nor ear heard? We know how Jesus delighted to speak of doing the work His Father had given Him to do, and since in human flesh divine He ever liveth, in that same flesh which knew in Him no sin, wherewith we shall then be clothed, it must be that the joys, the very rest of heaven will be to us the freedom from sin, the perfect oneness of the blessed above—God and the Lamb, the saints and angels, with all the redeemed, ever working an untiring round of love and joy and praise.

The life of our dear Lord on earth, apart from His suffering humanity, can teach us much of the joy of heaven; with eyes upraised, His soul at one with God, He says, "Father, glorify Thy Son, that Thy Son may also glorify Thee, as Thou hast given Him power over all flesh, that He should give eternal life to as many as Thou hast given Him." O glorious thought—"that we may glorify God." It is for this we have commenced eternity in time, imperfectly here, but there in the atmosphere of peace, of love, living for God, breathing the purity, the all-pervading purity of that sweet world, joying in all joy—singing where all is praise—praying where all is prayer, and glorifying with His own glory, the glory from the only begotten of the Father, even the grace and truth of Jesus Christ. Well may we pray for the "peace of God which passeth all understanding, the love of God, and the fellowship of the Holy Ghost."

THE INHERITANCE FADETH NOT.

THE inheritance fadeth not away. Its spring is everlasting ; its flowers are unwithering ; its verdure is ever luxuriant and bright. Beautiful gardens of paradise ! no wintry blast sweeps with desolating fury through your beauteous trees, or over your fragrant flowers ; no scorching sun burns up the shrivelled root ; no pelting storm assails the sea of life. Amidst your amaranthine bowers there walks the Second Adam, awaiting the arrival of the second Eve, who is yet in the wilderness adorning herself with bridal purity and grandeur ; and in due time she will be ready to meet her Lord, and walk with Him through the unblighted groves of paradise regained.

CAROLINE FRY.



FOR EVER WITH THE LORD.

“FOR ever with the Lord.” Comfortable words indeed ! for they open all the future, and show it to be a future of untroubled, unending life. No death there ! men die but once. No sin there ! the One Offering put it for ever away. No sorrow for lost friends ! they are rejoined in Christ. No fear of change in the presence of the unchanging One. Above all, no possibility of wandering and falling again into those depths from which we are ascending now.

REV. ALEX. RALEIGH, D.D.



TO BE WITH CHRIST IS HEAVEN.

Is it a dream, to be dispelled at last,
That, when the toils of human life are past,
And all the arrows of the foe are spent,
A glorious world receives the raptured saint ?
O dream delicious ! O illusion grand,
That pictures visions of the flowery land,
That wafts the fragrance of its fields of bliss
Across the deserts of a world like this !
Ecstatic dream, that gives to mortal eyes
A passing glimpse of its refulgent skies !

Transporting dream, that lifts the soul above
 To wondrous regions of eternal love !
 O dream divine, thou art the voice of God !
 By thee allured, I seek His grand abode.
 But where, O dream—thou hast not told me where—
 Lies this bright land of rest from sin and care?
 Where is the sphere celestial, on whose shores
 No thunder peals, no surging tempest roars?
 Where the resplendent firmament, that hears
 No sigh of woe, no sound of falling tears?
 Where may the pilgrim's drooping eye behold
 The crystal river with its sands of gold?
 The living waters, on whose banks of green
 The tree of life with mellow fruit is seen?
 The gates of pearl, the throne of dazzling light,
 And the immortal priesthood clothed in white?
 Where the abode of angels, and the place
 Where ransomed men behold their Saviour's face?
 Where in the vast immensity, untrod
 By mortal thought, resides the incarnate God?
 To questions such as these the answer given
 Is clearly this,—to be with Christ in heaven.

REV. W. LEASK, D.D.

ALL BEAUTIFUL AND BRIGHT.

THAT strange "new song"
 Amid a white-robed throng
 Is gushing from her harp in living tone;
 Her seraph voice,
 Tuned only to rejoice,
 Floats upward to the emerald-archèd throne.
 No passing cloud
 Her loveliness may shroud,
 The beauty of her youth may never fade;
 No line of care
 Her sealèd brow may wear,
 The joy-gleam of her eye no dimness e'er may shade.

No stain is there
 Upon the robes they wear,
 Within the gates of pearl which she hath passed ;
 Like woven light,
 All beautiful and bright,
 Eternity upon those robes no shade may cast.

No sin-born thought
 May in that home be wrought,
 To trouble the clear fountain of her heart ;
 No tear, no sigh,
 No pain, no death be nigh,
 Where she hath entered in, no more to "know in part."

Her faith is sight,
 Her hope is full delight,
 The shadowy veil of time is rent in twain ;
 Her untold bliss—
 What thought can follow this !
 To her to live was Christ,—to die indeed is gain.

FRANCES RIDLEY HAVERGAL.



THERE ALL IS LIVING LOVE.

THERE shall be no more fading of the flowers,
 No autumn winds shall lay the beauty low :
 There shall be no more death of joy-winged hours,
 No burial of hope, as here below.

Love shall not die, where all is living love ;
 There the heart grows not strange, or weak or cold
 For grief's wild blast shall blow no more above ;
 There, friends we cling to, fade not—wax not old.

There is not heard the stealthy step of him
 Who, placing icy hand on heart and brain,
 Makes the whole landscape of our life-ray dim,
 And wings the spirit from its home of pain.
 There shall be no more death ! Not then, as now,
 Will be the nameless shudder—the regret
 Of bearing sin's deep stain upon the brow—
 Death's warrant for the deed he stays as yet !

A glorious life, untinged by thought of death !
Then shall we *live*, when once that bourne is ours,
Where fell disease ne'er stops the labouring breath—
Life, happy life—amid the unfading flowers !

DR. PARKER.

THERE BLISS IS PERFECT.

HERE bliss is short, imperfect, insecure ;
But total, absolute, and perfect there.
Here time's a moment, short our happiest state,
There, infinite duration is our date.
Here, Satan tempts and troubles e'en the best ;
There, Satan's power extends not to the blest.
In a weak, simple body here I dwell ;
But there I drop this frail and sickly shell.
Here, my best thoughts are stained with guilt and fear ;
But love and pardon shall be perfect there
Here my best duties are defiled with sin ;
There all is ease without and peace within,
Here feeble faith supplies my only light ;
There, faith and hope are swallowed up in sight.
Here, love of self my fairest works destroys ;
There love of God shall perfect all my joys.
Here, things as in a glass are darkly shown ;
There, I shall know as clearly as I'm known.
Frail are the fairest flowers which bloom below ;
There, freshest plants on roots immortal grow.
Here wants and cares perplex my anxious mind ;
But spirits there a calm fruition find.
Here, disappointments my best schemes destroy ;
There, those that sowed in tears shall reap in joy.
Here, vanity is stamp'd on all below ;
Perfection there on ev'ry good shall grow.
Here, if some sudden joy delight inspire,
The dread to lose it damps the rising fire ;
But there, whatever good the soul employ ;
The thought that 'tis *eternal* crowns the joy.

HANNAH MORE.

SAFE IN THE CITY OF THE EVER HOLY.

O SAFE at home, where the dark tempter roams not,
How I have envied thy far happier lot !
Already resting where the evil comes not,
The tear, the toil, the woe, the sin forgot.

O safe in fort, where the rough billow breaks not,
Where the wild sea-moan saddens thee no more ;
Where the remorseless stroke of tempest shakes not :
When, when shall I too gain that tranquil shore ;

O bright, amid the brightness all eternal,
When shall I breathe with thee the purer air ?
Air of a land whose clime is ever vernal,
A land without a serpent or a snare.

Away, above the scenes of guilt and folly,
Beyond this desert's heat and dreariness,
Safe in the city of the ever holy,
Let me make haste to join thy earlier bliss.

Another battle fought, and oh ! not lost,
Tells of the ending of this fight and thrall ;
Another ridge of time's lone moorland crossed
Gives nearer prospect of the jasper wall.

Just gone within the veil, where I shall follow,
Not far before me, hardly out of sight,
I, down beneath thee in this cloudy hollow,
And thou far up on yonder sunny height.

Gone to begin a new and happier story,
Thy bitterer tale of earth now told and done ;
These outer shadows for that inner glory
Exchanged for ever—O thrice blessed one !

O freed from fetters of this lonesome prison,
How I shall greet thee in that day of days,
When He who died, yea, rather, who is risen,
Shall these frail frames from dust and darkness raise !

THE INBURSTING OF A CLOUDLESS DAY ON ALL THE RIGHTEOUS DEAD.

No mysteries remain but such as comfort us in the promise of a glorious employment. The light of the moon is as the light of the sun, and the light of the sun sevenfold ; and every object of knowledge, irradiated by the brightness of God, shines with a new celestial clearness and an inconceivable beauty. The resurrection morning is a true sunrising, the inbursting of a cloudless day on all the righteous dead. They wake, transfigured at their Master's call ; with the fashion of their countenance altered and shining like His own :—

“Creature all grandeur, son of truth and light,
Up from the dust, the last great day is bright—
Bright on the holy mountain round the throne,
Bright where in borrowed light the far stars shone !
Regions on regions far away they shine,
'Tis light ineffable, 'tis light divine !
Immortal light and life for evermore !”

There was a cloud, and there was a time when man saw not the brightness that shined upon it from above. That cloud is lifted, and God is clear in His own essential beauty and glory for ever.

REV. HORACE BUSHNELL, D.D.

FEARLESS REST.

O PRINCELY lot ! O blissful art !
E'en while by sense of change opprest,
Thus to forecast in heart
Heaven's age of fearless rest.
And I smiled to think God's greatness flowed
Around our incompleteness ;
Round our restlessness, His rest.

MRS. E. B. BROWNING.

“THE Lord God giveth them light.” They dwell thus in the eternal daylight of love and reason.

REV. HORACE BUSHNELL, D.D.

THE RAPTURE OF REST.

OUT of the shadows of sadness,
Into the sunshine of gladness,

 Into the light of the blest •
Out of a land very dreary,
Out of the world of the weary,
 Into the rapture of rest.

Out of to-day's sin and sorrow,
Into a blissful to-morrow,
 Into a day without gloom ;
Out of a land filled with sighing,
Land of the dead and the dying,
 Into a land without tomb.

Out of a life of commotion,
Tempest, swept oft as the ocean,
 Dark with the wrecks drifting o'er,
Into a land calm and quiet,
Never a storm cometh nigh it,
 Never a wreck on its shore.

Out of a land in whose bowers
Perish and fade all the flowers
 Out of the land of decay
Into the Eden where fairest
Of flow'rets, and sweetest and rarest,
 Never shall wither away.

Out of the world of the wailing,
Thronged with the anguish'd, and ailing,
 Out of the world of the sad,
Into the world that rejoices,
World of bright visions and voices
 Into the world of the glad.

Out of a life ever lornful,
Out of a land very mournful,
 Where in bleak exile we roam,
Into a joyland above us,
Where there's a Father to love us;
 Into "our home, sweet home !"

GAINING THE CROWN.

ONE sweetly solemn thought
Comes to me o'er and o'er,
I am nearer home to-day
Than I ever have been before ;
Nearer my Father's house,
Where the many mansions be,
Nearer the great white throne,
Nearer the crystal sea.
Nearer the bound of life;
Where we lay our burdens down ;
Nearer leaving the cross ;
Nearer gaining the crown.
But lying darkly between,
Winding down through the night,
Is the deep and unknown stream,
To be crossed ere we reach the light.
Jesus, perfect my trust,
Strengthen the hand of my faith ;
Let me feel Thee near when I stand
On the edge of the shore of death.
Be near me when my feet
Are slipping over the brink ;
For it may be I'm nearer home—
Nearer than now I think.

PHCEBE CAREY.

FULNESS OF JOY.

IN all the trials and difficulties which surround man in this world, the hope of future happiness bears him up, and enables him to endure them with patience. If it were not for this hope, the children of God would be most miserable. They would have no comfort in sorrow, no support in trials, and no consolation in death. They would live in gloom, and die in despair. But the Christian has a hope well founded, sure and steadfast, which enables him to rejoice in affliction, to triumph in persecution, and to smile at death. He has heaven promised to him hereafter—

where there is perfect knowledge, perfect holiness, perfect freedom from sin and suffering, perfect enjoyment in the realms of bliss. There are laurels which will never fade ; robes of spotless purity which will never tarnish ; palms which will never wither ; diadems which are immortal ; treasures that can never be corrupted ; pleasures which fill the soul with ecstasy for ever. There is fulness of joy at God's right hand, and heaven is an inheritance incorruptible, undefiled, and that fadeth not away. "In My Father's house are many mansions ; I go to prepare a place for you." In these promises they have an earnest of heaven here. Earthly fabrics are smitten by the hand of time, and soon fall and hasten to decay ; thorns spring up in the palaces, and brambles in the fortress ; the mouldering arch and broken walls tell us most eloquently that there is nothing stable beneath the sky. But it will not be so with our Father's house—this temple in the skies. Its foundations are laid deep in eternity, and time only adds to its glory. It has no besieger to fear, and nothing to shake its sure repose, it was built for eternity by the Divine Architect—God.

If this is true (and who can doubt it?) with what patience and resignation should we bear the ills of life! well might the apostle say "Our light affliction," light when compared with our deserts, "which is but for a moment" compared with eternity, "worketh for us an eternal weight of glory." The cross is light, but the crown is weighty. The affliction is small, but the comfort is great—the burden of grief is to be borne but for a moment, but the weight of happiness, joy, and glory is to last for ever. "Fear not little flock ; for it is your Father's good pleasure to give you the kingdom."

REV. DR. JARBO.



A REST FROM EVERY SORROW.

THIS divine rest awaiting us hereafter will be a rest from every sorrow—no more irksome toil of body or of mind, no more poverty or privation, no more spiritual conflict, no more imperfect service, no more dim guesses after truth, no more disappointment, no more death. It will be a rest *in* every delight ; for ever there the crystal river of joy, and the mansions of unclouded peace, the retrospect of work accomplished, the harvest of

precious seed once sown in tears, the knowing as we are known, the loving as we are loved, the perfect service which is perfect freedom, the society of the blessed, the worship of heaven, and uninterrupted communion with God.

REV. E. H. BICKERSTETH.

BEYOND THE CROSS TO THE CROWN.

BEYOND this state of probation to that of fruition ; beyond striving, to attainment ; beyond discipline to perfection ; beyond warfare, to victory ; beyond labour to rest ; beyond constant slips and shortcomings, and half-heartedness at best, to steadfast holiness ; beyond the cross to the crown. The first wonder has passed, and the amazed and almost dizzied soul has straightened and uncrumpled its wings and collected its powers, and can calmly begin to understand its change, and to muse on its future, and to grasp the idea of the possession upon which it has come ; to anticipate the endless succession of amaranthine flowers, ever increasing in glory throughout eternity, and the songs that shall ever throng more and more abundant and ecstatic, and shall never pass away ! And so may we think of our dead that fall asleep in Jesus ; contemplating that ravishing prospect which is theirs and may be ours.

From "The Harvest of a Quiet Eye."

THE LAMB'S ETERNAL GLORY MAKES THE HAPPY CITY BRIGHT.

AROUND them, bright with endless spring, perpetual roses bloom,
Warm balsams gratefully exude luxurious perfume ;
And crocuses and lilies white shine dazzling in the sun ;
Green meadows yield their harvest green, and streams with
honey run :

Unbroken droop the laden boughs with heavy fruitage bent—
Of incense and of odours strange the air is redolent ;
And neither sun, nor moon, nor stars, dispense their changeful
light,

But the Lamb's eternal glory, makes the happy city bright.

ST. AUGUSTINE.

EACH FEELS THE OTHER'S JOYS.

THE saints on earth, when sweetly they converse,
 And the dear favours of kind Heaven rehearse,
 Each feels the other's joys ; both doubly share
 The blessings which devoutly they compare.
 If saints such mutual joy feel here below
 When they each other's heavenly foretastes know,
 What joys transport them at each other's sight
 When they shall meet in empyreal height !
 Friends, e'en in heaven, one happiness would miss,
 Should they not know each other when in bliss.

BISHOP KEN.

THE BLESSED AND HARMONIOUS SOCIETY OF
HEAVEN.

IN contemplating the blessed and harmonious society of heaven, how intensely interesting is the prospect that in it we shall recognise those whom we have loved, and been loved by on earth ! For of all the afflictions to which we are subject in this vale of tears there is none so painful as the death of our Christian friends. And though time may in some degree alleviate the anguish of our hearts, yet there are seasons when memory recalls with vividness the loved ones who are gone, and causes our wound to bleed afresh.

“Busy memory in barbarous succession musters up
 The past endearments of our softer hours.”

How consoling then is the knowledge that the broken bonds of affection shall be re-united in a world where sorrow is unknown ! To this the apostle refers, as a reason why we should bow with submission to the stroke of temporary separation, “For if we believe that Jesus died and rose again, even so them also which sleep in Jesus will God bring with Him. For the Lord himself shall descend from heaven with a shout, with the voice of the archangel, and with the trump of God ; and the dead in Christ shall rise first. Then we which are alive and remain shall be caught up together with them in the clouds, to meet the Lord in the air, and so shall we ever be with the Lord. Wherefore comfort one another with these words.”—1 Thess. iv. 4—18.

REV. PETER GRANT.

IN Thy presence is fulness of joy ; at Thy right hand there are pleasures for evermore.—Psa. xvi. 11.

As for me, I will behold Thy face in righteousness ; I shall be satisfied, when I awake, with Thy likeness.—Psa. xvii. 15.

BEHOLD, what manner of love the Father hath bestowed upon us, that we should be called the sons of God.

Beloved, now are we the sons of God, and it doth not yet appear what we shall be : but we know that, when He shall appear, we shall be like Him ; for we shall see Him as He is.—1 John iii. 1, 2.

THIS is the promise that He hath promised us, even eternal life.

And now, little children, abide in Him ; that when He shall appear, we may have confidence, and not be ashamed before Him at His coming.—1 John ii. 25, 28.

THEY rest not day and night, saying, Holy, holy, holy, Lord God Almighty, which was, and is, and is to come. They fall down before Him that sat on the throne, and worship Him that liveth for ever and ever, and cast their crowns before the throne, saying, Thou art worthy, O Lord, to receive glory, and honour, and power.—Rev. iv. 8, 10, 11.

THEY sang a new song, saying, Thou art worthy, for Thou wast slain, and hast redeemed us to God by Thy blood out of every kindred, and tongue, and people, and nation ; and hast made us unto our God kings and priests ; and we shall reign on the earth. And I beheld, and I heard the voice of many angels round about the throne, and the beasts, and the elders : and the number of them was ten thousand times ten thousand, and thousands of thousands ; saying with a loud voice, Worthy is the Lamb that was slain to receive power, and riches, and wisdom, and strength, and honour, and glory, and blessing. And every creature which is in heaven, and on the earth, and under the earth, and such as are in the sea, and all that are in them, heard I saying, Blessing, and honour, and glory, and power, be unto Him that sitteth upon the throne, and unto the Lamb for ever and ever. Amen.—Rev. v. 9—14.

Now unto Him that is able to keep you from falling, and to present you faultless before the presence of His glory with exceeding joy. To the only wise God our Saviour be glory, and majesty, dominion, and power, both now and ever. Amen.—Jude 24, 25.

AND he shewed me a pure river of water of life, clear as crystal, proceeding out of the throne of God and of the Lamb. In the midst of the street of it, and on either side of the river, was there the tree of life, which bare twelve manner of fruits, and yielded her fruit every month ; and the leaves of the tree were for the healing of the nations. And there shall be no more curse : but the throne of God and of the Lamb shall be in it ; and His servants shall serve Him ; and they shall see His face, and His name shall be in their foreheads. And there shall be no night there ; and they need no candle, neither light of the sun ; for the Lord God giveth them light : and they shall reign for ever and ever.—Rev. xxii. 1—6.



L'ENVOI.

WRITE, O Christ, these meditations in our hearts, imprint them so fast in our memories that we may all the days of our lives have frequent forethoughts of our appointed change, chiefly in that last and solemn day of our death, when the prince of this world will be busy, and we shall be weak. Let Thy Comforter then bring them to mind, that by faith we may overcome ; and, having the ark of Thy covenant in eye, cheerfully pass through the waters of Jordan, and so take possession of that land which flows with all variety of delights without either end or satiety. “Even so, come, Lord Jesus.”

REV. SAMUEL WARD.

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*"Solidity indeed becomes the pen
Of him that writeth things divine to men."*

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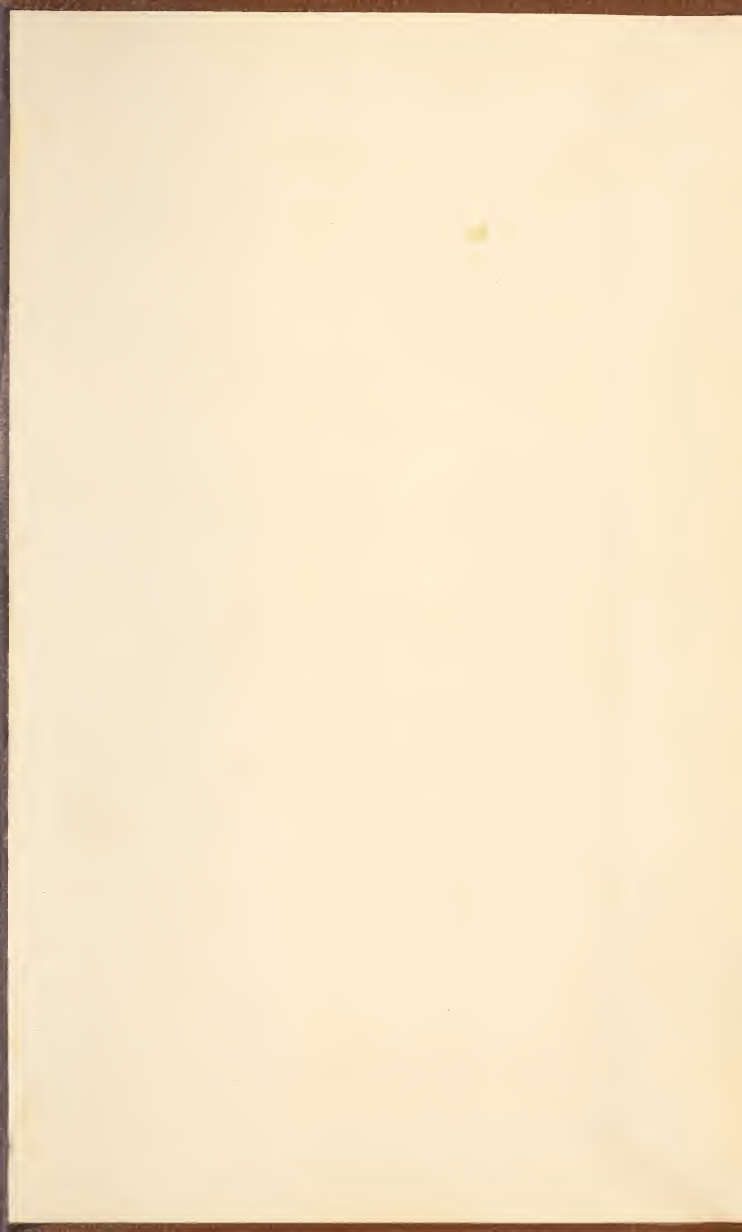


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